THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND IN THE CLOTHING BUSINESS, ASK HIM ABOUT IT

DO you realize that the greatest forward movement ever known in the clothing business is taking place right now before your eyes?

The movement is world-wide and it has to do with the handling and selling of goods in retail clothing stores everywhere.

The first great evolution in the clothing trade was the transition of ready-made apparel from cheap, ill-fitting "hand-me-downs" to the splendid workmanlike product of today. The introduction of skilled hand work; the advent of tailor shops on the premises with light, air and sanitation in place of the scattered sweat shops of the slums. Finally, the passing of the custom tailor and the general vogue of "ready" garments with the best class of men in all walks of life.

The non-progressive retail clothier held things back. The production of clothing advanced as far as it could with retail methods as they had been.

Progress Had to Stop—Waiting for the Retailer to Catch Up

WITH all the care and skill of the clothes maker, his high-priced talent, his painstaking work, the retail clothier persisted in the stockkeeping methods of twenty years ago.

He took these fine garments and stacked them up in great piles in his store; crushing out the individuality of the garment — wrinkling it — spoiling the fit — yanking a coat out of a heavy pile, straining the seams, ruining its shape — destroying whatever grace of line, of distinction, there had been in the garment by the sheer weight of the stacked up goods on his stock tables.

Fine clothing was subjected to smoke, grime and the dust of many sweepings.

In short, the retail clothier was careless and indifferent to all that the manufacturer had done. He did not show the clothes in the classy spirit of their production.

The merchant whose stock represents the most advanced ideas in clothes making is likely to represent the most advanced ideas in the way he sells that stock and to be more stylish in his selections.

The Progressive American Clothier Sells the Finest Apparel in the World

WHEN it comes to values, the alert, progressive, New Way Clothier is the more likely to sell his goods on a close margin of profit and to treat you fair and square in every way—because that is the modern ideal of merchandising.

Years ago, when ready-made clothes were called "hand-me-downs" and every dealer piled his goods on the counter or shelf or stacked them high on tables throughout the store, profits were seventy-five per cent. to one hundred per cent. in the retail clothing business—but only the roughest sort of people wore the clothes.

See what marvelous changes have come about in the clothing industry.

In these days the college man, the banker, the merchant, the professional man, the rich farmer or stockman—every sort of man and the best dressed man everywhere is a patron of "ready" clothes.

The very finest clothes in the world are made in this country "ready to put on."

Organization and modern methods have brought this about.

The great clothing house can afford to hire the talent—and a genius at $20,000 a year may dictate the lines of a coat that you buy for a twenty dollar note.

These clothes are tailored beautifully, shaped and worked by hand, treated with the respect due a fine garment and sold to the clothier who appreciates their quality and who keeps them as they should be kept.

If you were a clothier and you bought such goods wouldn't you have each coat pressed, kept free from dust and dirt—and hung on a separate shoulder form, behind glass, in a New Way Crystal Wardrobe?

Would you be likely to pile up your coats on tables in the middle of the floor?

Would any man do it if he stopped to think twice about it?

Alert, New Way Methods are the Surest Signs of a Modern Stock

AS a buyer and wearer of clothes you want the best that modern skill can produce.

You want every advantage your money will buy. You are most likely to get it in a modern store.

Find the clothier with the New Way Crystal Wardrobe methods.

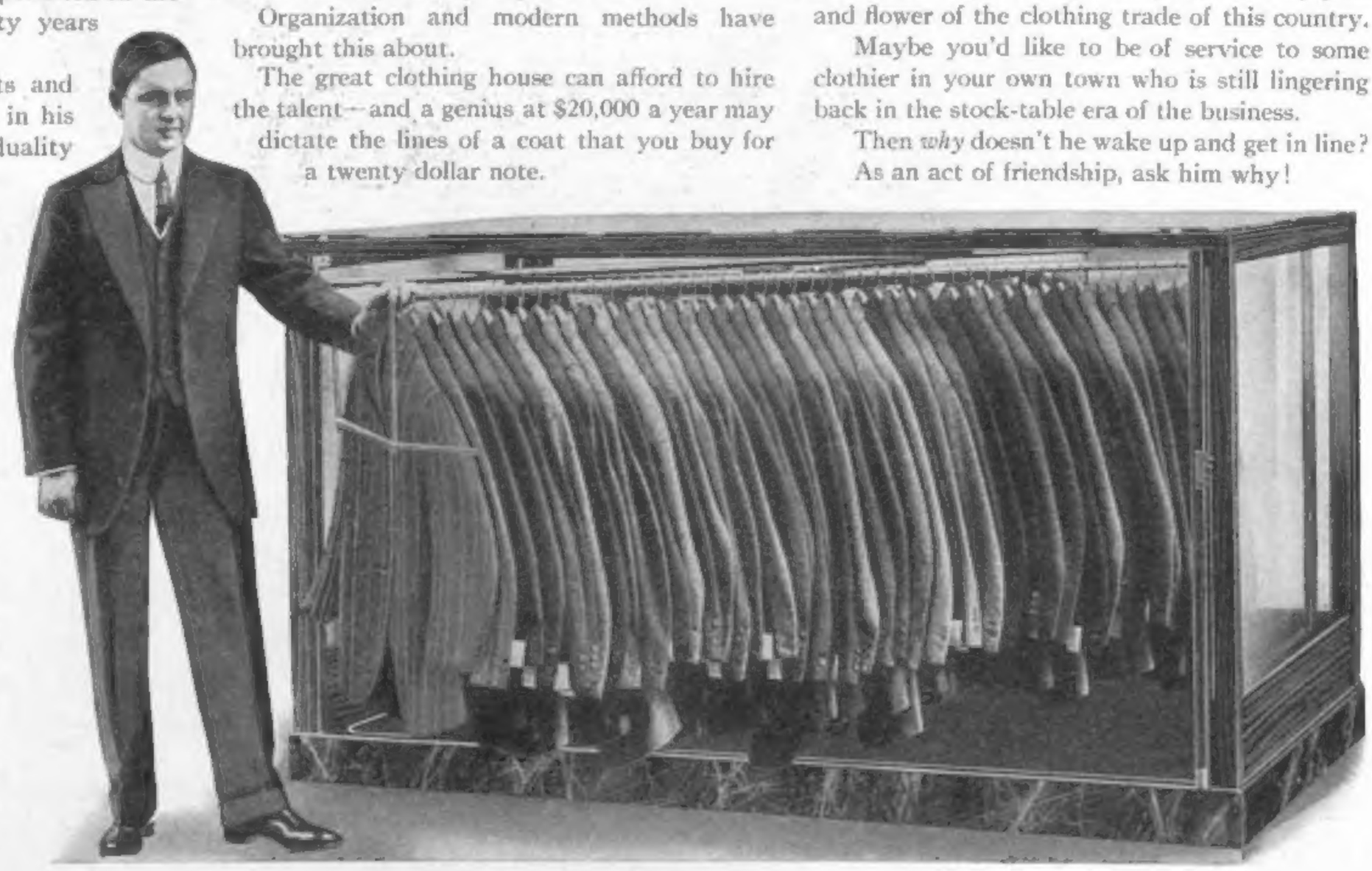
He's the livest clothing merchant in this country.

We can send you the names of a thousand such stores not very far away from you; the very pick and flower of the clothing trade of this country.

Maybe you'd like to be of service to some clothier in your own town who is still lingering back in the stock-table era of the business.

Then *why* doesn't he wake up and get in line?

As an act of friendship, ask him why!



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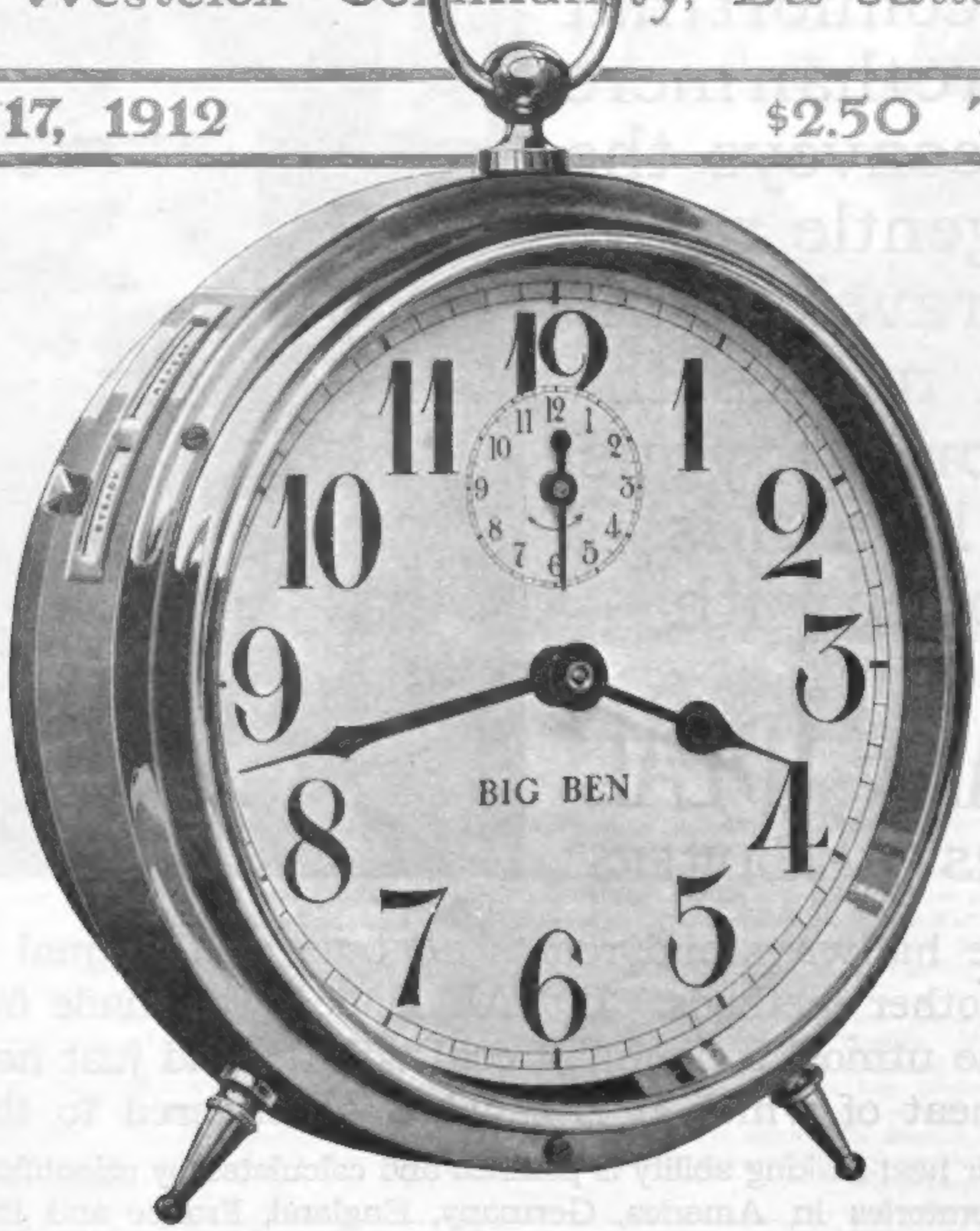

If you'd rise early just say when
And leave your call with me—Big Ben

BIG BEN has something to say to people who like to get up promptly in the morning.

He guarantees to call them on the dot whenever they want and either way they want, with one prolonged steady call or successive gentle rings.

And he guarantees to do it day after day and year after year if they only have him oiled every year or so.

There are 16,000 jewelers in the country who have known him since he was *that high* and who'll vouch for everything he says.

$2.50

Three Dollars in Canada.

Heating that's 'warm as toast'

To be "warm as toast" suggests a comfort that means more than mere heat. It conveys the idea of a gentle radiation that travels to the heart and makes the whole world joyous. Comfort like *this* is what we offer with

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

They warm the hallways and rooms *all over* with equal distribution far surpassing any other methods. IDEAL Boilers are made from an absolute knowledge of the utmost a pound of coal will do, and just how to burn it so that the total heat of which it is capable is delivered to the rooms above.

A No. 1-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 483 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $206, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Their heat-making ability is planned and calculated by scientific men at our Testing Laboratories in America, Germany, England, France and Italy, and thoroughly proved out before placing them on the market. You buy a certainty in coal-saving features. And, IDEAL Boilers last!

There are no fragile parts, no steel drums to warp, burn out or spring apart, leaking gas and ash-dust. No parts to be re-packed, calling for oft overhauling. The sections are joined by our clever machine-made nipples—iron to iron—no leaks. Therefore 50 years' right use would not bring out a repair bill.

AMERICAN Radiators are equally well made. Impossible to wear or rust them out—good for a century. Besides, they have a style, finish and ornamentation unequalled. Please let us tell you the full *why*, *how* and present *attractive prices*. Ask for book (free), "Ideal Heating."

Ask for catalog of the Arco Wand Vacuum Cleaner—a stationary machine located in cellar, having iron suction pipes reaching all rooms or parts of building. When ready to clean any room (floors, walls, ceiling, furniture, draperies, mattresses, drawers, corners, crevices, etc.), you merely turn electric switch that starts the Cleaner machine in cellar, attach dainty, light rubber hose to iron suction pipe opening in baseboard of room, and like a household magician you make a few gentle strokes with the handsome, bottomless-throated Arco Wand, which draws dust, lint, threads, cobwebs, bits of paper, insect eggs, etc., down the iron suction pipes into big sealed, disinfectant bucket in cellar. The Arco Wand gives you vacuum on tap in every part of your house—it is permanent, like steam or hot water heating. Cost of running adds only a few dimes to your monthly electricity bill. With utmost simplicity the Cleaner is put into old or new houses, flats, stores, hotels, churches, schools, banks, theaters, hospitals, etc. Send for catalog.

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THE RECORDING ANGEL

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IF YOU take a certain train at two o'clock in the afternoon, say, at Twenty-third Street Station, in New York, and travel steadily southward till you are an hour behind time, you come to the carmine hills of Georgia—round, soft hills that the grasses love. They are all dyed with the blood of heroes and divided by cotton fields, and broken down worm fences, and happy, disreputable-looking negro cabins and an occasional white folks' house. The hills do not notice you as you pass. They are suckling the grass. They are asleep in the golden sunshine. They are dreaming in the perfume of the cotton blooms. You would not be astonished if one of them should turn over and stretch, and show the other breast, they are so very comfortable, so very fertile and lazy. No wonder that every train coming southward in this direction loses time. You cannot stoke even a New England engine enough to make it hurry in such an atmosphere of repose and somnambulance. You have missed your dinner at Mount Airy, but it makes no difference. You are not hungry. You are breathing the manna-laden air of imaginary plenty. You begin to feel romantic and poetical. You hum some familiar old Southern tune. This, undoubtedly, is an indication that you are nearing Ruckersville, Georgia, where the scenes of this story are laid.

You will know when the train nears Ruckersville by the cotton warehouses in the suburbs; and the suburbs are only one block from the center of the town, which you will also recognize by the Daddisman Hotel on one side and the stores on every side, and by a curious duck-legged statue, dedicated to the Heroes in Gray, which squats in the middle of the square. It—the town—is admirably situated to have developed into a flourishing city. But your aristocrat never builds a city. He can ride against one and conquer it, and he can save it from an invading army, but he has neither the patience nor the energy to build one. It takes a parvenu, or at least a Yankee, to do that. And Ruckersville was settled by a Dublin aristocrat, who came over hurriedly with General James Oglethorpe to avoid offensive financial difficulties at home.

This is how the place grew for three generations, merely according to its birthrate. And it was an amazingly large town when you took that fact into consideration. No one moved into it from the outside, except by marriage, any more than a business man would move into a dream to speculate. It grew amazingly, like a pumpkin vine, in every direction except the one that led to factories and progress. The first thing a stranger notices is that it was evidently settled first by a set of headstrong families, and then laid off into streets to accommodate the east and west whims of their prejudice and pride. This was due to the fact that these families were nearly all related to one another, each asserting its independence, antagonism or contempt of the blood bond, after the manner of relatives, who are known to hate each other more than any other class of people in the world. Thus the Fanning-Rucker residence is built with its back door opening before the distant face of the Rucker-Martins' residence, on account of the fact that Mrs. Fanning-Rucker was a Fanning before her marriage, and took this means of expressing her contempt for all other Ruckers after the death of her husband, because they had objected to his marrying her on the ground that the Fannings "had nothing to recommend them but their money." This elevation of her back-door nose had, in turn, compelled the Rucker-Martins to add a side front to their house and change the direction of the street, so that they could go out of the front gate in the morning without smelling Mrs. Fanning-Rucker's breakfast dishes and without seeing her kitchen sink.

Every Young Man in Ruckersville Had Died for Her, Figuratively, in Vain

No street in Ruckersville ever knew the day or the hour when it would be changed to accommodate some outraged emotion. Marriage, in fact, inspired the geometrical topography of the town, and accounted for the amazing number of elbows in the streets and for the numerous long forearms between dwellings. You may live immediately next door to and on a straight fifty-foot line with a stranger or a friend; but when it comes to relatives the situation is different. The dominant Ruckersville instinct was to shrug its architectural shoulders, to build the verandas with averted gaze, and to keep enough distance between its habitations to discourage a gadabout hen, in case she fancied the crowing of the rooster in the next dooryard. No mixing of chickens was tolerated.

Thus the town stands, insufferably erect, supported by long-shanked verandas, showing a tribal reserve in its distances, shaded by immense trees at irregular intervals, divided by long, crooked white streets that are magnificently fringed with weeds and goldenrod. And in season it is pervaded by the perfume of cotton blooms from the surrounding cotton fields, and at all seasons by the male odor of tobacco smoke. The only truly busy inhabitants there, until quite recently, were the bees, who did a thriving business and created annually frightful family disturbances by swarming and deserting one Rucker's hives for another Rucker's hives. This was considered personal by the respective owners of the hives, and gave rise to bitterness, all the more lasting because the Ruckersville bees appeared to have inherited their stings from the original cavaliers and were too quick at the thrust and too fiercely tempered to be meddled with. They hived where they listed, and defended themselves with demoniacal frenzy when any effort was made to ding-dong them back home with their former owner's dinner bell. They were invariably supported in their determination to stay where they were by the Rucker whose hives were complimented by their migratory instinct.

There was a devilish old Brigham Young bee drone in the Ruckersville honey business, who had in this way alienated some of the best families and nearest relatives. He was said to have descended from an Italian queen bee imported in a cigar box by the grandson of the original settler of Ruckersville. This was

Colonel Joseph Rucker who, as I have already intimated, came over with Oglethorpe and built his mansion on a grant of land from the king. That is now the site of Ruckersville. Joseph Rucker was an Irishman and had a beam in his eye. He was gifted with courage, a genius for making love, and clear-blue optimism. Whatever may be said of Adam, I, for one, am convinced that Eve was of Irish descent. There was something so naïvely simple and iridescently witty in the way she managed to get Adam out of his innocuous state of innocency and idleness, and started in the decent labor of digging and sweating, like a proper man, for his living. And Colonel Joseph Rucker was undoubtedly descended from this maternal line. First, he is recorded as having had a genial genius for inducing others to work and to risk their substance and salvation for his sake. He died, full of honors, at a ripe old age, without ever having put his own hand to the plow; the husband, serially, of three devoted and industrious women, the father of three sets of children, and the promoter of certain water-power schemes—largely at the expense of others—on Broad River, which flowed like a sweet Jordan close to the town but which refused to be bridled, in spite of the fact that nearly every man in the town who was not a direct descendant of the Colonel had mortgaged his homestead in the effort to accomplish this.

Another proof of his optimism was the pattern of architecture he set, which was enthusiastically copied by his neighbors. The original Joseph-Rucker mansion still stands in a grove of live oaks upon a gentle eminence near the middle of the village, with its back turned hopefully upon the adjacent cemetery and its front facing the rising sun. It is an immense white house, with windy chimneys, many rattling windows, a wide veranda, and weather boarding so carelessly put on that it is a monument to the builder's belief in eternal summer. Not, you understand, that there is no winter weather in Ruckersville, but that there was nothing in the animation of the Colonel that corresponded to cold and inclemency, or that could forestall Providence with a blanket of storm sheeting. His god was a mint-julep deity of his own accommodating creation, who made the earth for the pleasure of man, for the cradle care of woman, for the beauty of every flower that blows, and for the joy of little children.

At the imminent risk of tiring that class of readers who are accustomed to being humored by the author with a duel or a scandal in the first chapter, I have been obliged to include this digression about the Colonel, because he was either the direct or indirect progenitor of so many of the characters who shall figure in this story, and because he left behind him a strain of morning-mindedness in them that they still retain. There is julep in their veins, the highest courage in their imaginations, and every sort of aimless improvidence in their deeds. It is when the leaven of industry, of accomplishment and of progress is dropped into such cake-dough humanity as this, that comedy, tragedy and queer adventure result; and it is of these that I shall write in this story.

I say on this particular day—it was Tuesday, the fourteenth of June, 18—, a stranger alighted from the train, who was obviously neither a drummer nor a politician; and no one recognized him for a relative. He had a long-horned-steer expression. He wore a wide-brimmed hat, with a leather band buckled around the crown. His eyes held you up like a brace of steel-blue pistol barrels. And the deep double crinkle of the skin above them added a steady directness to their aim. The bottom of his face showed through an ugly red stubble, like the jawbone of a pithecanthropus. His mouth was glued together in a straight line under a nose that insulted you by its mere shape. It was high, thin, and drawn back at the lower corners of the neatly, delicately-turned nostrils, as if he smelled you and found the odor disagreeable. His clothes were conventional, but scandalously ill-fitting like the loose brown hide of an erect animal. He was bow-legged, as it turned out, from having sat in the saddle for so many years. And he straddled in his gait, with his feet set wide apart like a person who has practiced walking straight even when drunk. Altogether he did not give the impression of being a good man, but at the same time one inferred that he would not brook having his virtues questioned, provided he was in the mood to claim them. If an immense bald eagle had alighted upon the station platform, with three inches of spurs sticking out from his feathery legs, it would not have created more excitement, more wondering amazement. He stretched himself, covered the row of idlers leaning against the wall of the station with a glance that left them immediately as if they were of no consequence, swept out over the town and took in the stores, the Bilfire saloon, the Daddisman Hotel, the squatty statue to the Heroes in Gray, in the center of the square beyond the station. It swept on down through the emerald twilight of oaks and poplars on every side, among which the long white legs of the piazzas gleamed and proclaimed the quality of the population. Then he undid his mouth, stretched it at the corners and snickered. This was the only comment he was ever heard to make upon Ruckersville.

"Don't Fight! I've Got the Devil in This House and am Likely Enough to Have Disturbance Without Your Breaking Loose!"

The next moment he lifted one thin, sunburnt hand, shoved back his hat brim till a thick lock of fine dark-red hair showed, drew forth an enormous gold watch that was attached to his waist-band by a miniature gold chain, looked at it, and straddled off along Elbert Avenue with the air of a man who knew where he was going.

As he turned the first corner and was lost to the view of the astonished group at the station he came upon Miss Mildred Percey. Their eyes met. He passed without lifting his hat. Miss Mildred pressed her hand to her heart. It was a gesture she had that expressed alarm. She always did it when she met a cow in the road, or went into a dark room at night where a man might be concealed under the bed. She went on, wondering who the stranger was. Also she wondered if he were married. This is the difference between men and women. When a man looks at a woman he knows instinctively at once whether or not she is married, and usually he does not concern himself to register the impression into anything so definite as a thought. But when a woman looks at a man old enough to have a beard on his face and young enough not to be gray, she cannot tell whether or not he is single, and she always wonders—especially if she is single herself. Miss Mildred was not married. But she was thirty-five. Therefore, she continued more and more to speculate, as she crimped along with her short mincing steps, concerning the rude stranger who had not lifted his hat to her.

Again she placed her hand upon her heart. She had fallen in love and did not know it. She had often fallen this way before, but no one had ever asked her to marry him. At the same time no man had ever passed her before without lifting his hat.

It is a fact that she was thirty-five, but she denied it with every art known to Ruckersville femininity. She wore an agonizingly tight corset, a severely firm bust supporter, and beautiful slippers too small for her feet. Her outer garments were loose and sweetly flowing, to deny the lacing within. An exquisite and expensive blond braid permitted a few of her own locks to escape negligently in waves about her naturally pretty ears, and they supported a gracefully youthful cherubim hat upon her head, the crown of which was naïvely garlanded with a wreath of wild roses. She had large, prayerful blue eyes, a tender, lonesome-looking mouth, good teeth and a lovely chin—round, soft, with a disposition to quiver when she was moved by any kind of emotion. Her nose was not her own. She had merely inherited it—without being strong enough to change it—from a distant male Rucker ancestor, and it really accounted for her not being married. It was too high, too thin, too long. It was a kind of physical libel upon the gentleness of her disposition, which she could not conceal as she did the natural ampleness of her bosom. This she did not want, or deserve either; and it had also been inherited from her habitual child-bearing forebears. On this particular afternoon she was powdered and painted a little. She was on her way to the regular weekly meeting of the Woman's Club.

The stranger did not know that he had passed Miss Mildred Percey. He was engaged with his own reflections. He advanced leisurely—insufferably so—along the shaded avenue, looking first at one house, then at another. Apparently he recalled the row of ancient boxwood in the Rucker-Martins' garden, or it may have been the ivy on the giant chimneys at either end of the house. He paused before the gate of the Misses Yancey's residence and squinted so insolently at the iron Juliet galleries that surrounded the upstairs windows, that the two sadly mature maidens within paused in the preparations they were making at their mirrors, before going to the Woman's Club, and stood trembling with alarm behind drawn curtains. An awful-looking man standing at their front gate in broad daylight, staring speculatively at their windows and doors, meant that they must look under every bed and in every closet for him before they retired that night. Also it meant that they would not sleep soundly for thinking about him.

Meanwhile, you will understand, of course, that the stranger at the gate was not thinking of anything so timid as an elderly maiden. He was looking at an immense rose vine that covered the Juliet galleries and flirted a thousand pink-hearted yellow blooms in the soft summer air. He was studying the delicate, feminine, many-branched symmetry of a row of pink crêpe trees behind the house, against which it rose like a picture upon an old, faded valentine. At last he lifted his folded arms from the gate frame and resumed his walk. The Misses Yancey let go their stifled breaths, resumed their toilets, and knew they would be late at the Woman's Club, not only because they had been interrupted in their dressing but because they must delay still longer to lock every door and bar every window lest the dreadful-looking character should return in their absence and enter the place, conceal himself and be ready to rob and kill them the minute night fell upon their defenseless state.

"The house will be like an oven when we return, if we close it," said Miss Agnes, the younger of the sisters, as she dabbled her nose afresh with powder, because the excitement through which she had just passed had caused it to perspire.

"Still, two unmarried women, living alone, cannot afford to take any chances with a person like that hanging around," said Miss Mary, the elder, as she slammed her wardrobe door and locked it.

"Of course not," returned Agnes sensitively, as if she thought that her sister thought she wished to take chances at some unimaginable adventure. She had once been secretly in love with an ungainly young blacksmith who was accustomed to pass the house, and she was always afraid her sister would discover her innocent romantic digression.

II

BY THIS time the stranger had reached the edge of the town. That is to say, he had entered a pasture through a sagging wagon gate and was walking along a path that led to a worm fence on the other side. Four red cows and a bull regarded him attentively. The cows held their heads up, but the bull lowered his and blew upon the ground through his nose. This not having the effect of hastening the intruder, he pawed it with his heavy hoofs and gave a deep, guttural bellow. The man condescended to observe him. This was in itself an offense. He horned the grass and bellowed again, with all the different notes of ferocity in bull-bellowing. The man refused to take to his heels. This convinced the bull that a rival had entered his preserves. There was nothing to do but curl his tail over his back and charge. He did it. The man side-stepped, stooped, caught the bull by the under jaw and the horn on the other side of his head and gave his neck a twist. The bull lost consciousness in the somersault that followed. When he recovered he was lying in the grass at full length, with a taste of tobacco on his tongue. The man was some distance farther down the path. The four cows had not moved or changed expression. They were feminine; they had been milked. They knew the man better than the bull did, who knew only himself. They were not indignant at the man, nor critical of the bull. They enjoyed the peculiar satisfaction of mere observers. You will have noticed the same silent satisfaction in a certain class of women when two men fight.

There was a crack in the fence sufficiently wide to admit the body of a man, and sufficiently narrow to exclude, say, that of a bull. The rails above and below it were sleek and indicated the hospitality of those, whoever they were,

that lived beyond. The stranger flung one leg over the lower rail, bent his body limberly through the crack and drew the other leg after him. He passed into an oat field, ruffled into green waves by the wind. The path was fringed with sassafras bushes and red sumac. He broke off a twig of sassafras and began to chew the sweetly scented bark. He was approaching another wagon gate that opened at the back of a house, of that peculiar gray that white paint turns when it has not been renewed in twenty-five years. There was the skeleton of an old carriage standing just inside, with the iron tires of its wheels lying in dark circles on the grass and its shafts elevated in a kind of horseless lament. A hen flew cackling off her nest under the seat. Then a dog began to bark somewhere out of sight. In front, the house, with the cornices and fluted columns, had the appearance of a fine old lady who has seen better days and remembers them. An immense elm stood in the foreground, like an elderly gentleman in waiting who had been left there ages ago for this purpose. You understood at once why the only gateway was at the back. It would have been an impertinence to approach such a house from the front. Only the sun did that, when it was rising in the morning over the opposite hill.

The stranger stood beside the old carriage frame, resting one hand upon it. The dog that had barked came forward and licked the other hand. It was a hound. He was like a man overtaken in a dream. This was really the case. He was suddenly hypnotized by the boy he had been in the old house so many years ago, by the shadows that lay unchanged upon the grass, by the little singing sound the brook made at the bottom of the hill. For the first time the sad consciousness of the prodigal invaded him—a sort of pang—as he remembered his mother, seen so often between the fluted columns of the old hooded porch as she called—always called him "back home," after the manner of mothers. Vaguely he began to wonder what would have happened if the first prodigal's mother had met him instead of his father. He felt that it would have been much more difficult for the prodigal. She would never have rejoiced, nor forgiven him with a ring on his finger; but she would have done it with tears, and in clinging to him would have reminded him of every sin he had committed. Man that is born of woman cannot help himself. So far there is no other way to get born. Otherwise, few of them would risk the long future obligations to be just good that it entails. Especially the prodigal would not risk it. When you have been in the far country, having a damned but a good time, it is easier to meet your father upon your return than your mother. A father is always so much nearer, more intelligently kin to a prodigal than any female relative can be. He discovered that, while he mourned the death of his father, he was glad his mother was dead and where she really belonged.

But life has a curious way of adding apocryphal passages to the ancient Scriptures which are quite as effective as if Moses had put them in. Suddenly he perceived what he had not observed before, the figure of a woman seated upon the porch—a woman who belonged, not to any scriptures but to far more ancient history, when the life of man was neither moral nor immoral, but merely life. She sat silent, serene, mysterious, with her eyes fixed upon him with that strange authority of the Delilahs, Jezebels and Cleopatras. And in the first instant of that imperative gaze he ceased to be the prodigal. He was a grotesquely modern giant, shorn of his other strength. He was a poor young buckram Anthony in top boots, who had forgotten his empire. When some men fall in love they discard civilization. They are of no service to the nation; their instincts belong merely to the race. But a peculiar kind of woman is required to inspire this ardent reversion to type. You will know them by this—their lovers never indite love sonnets to them, never sing troubadour songs beneath their casements, never confess their sins to them, never appeal to the maternal in them as men do when they are courting mere virgins that are always most easily reached through their cradle-rocking instinct. A woman of this kind invariably swaddles and nurses her lover and husband until she has an infant of her own composition to engross her attention. Then she neglects the husband and devotes herself more exclusively to the real baby. Fortunately for the good of the country, of any country, most women are of this class. They make merely faithful wives and devoted mothers. The other kind make faithful husbands and dangerous wives, and they do not often bear children. If Cleopatra had become a mother Anthony would have bundled her and the infant up and gone back home in time to save Rome. Or he would have left her to follow him, which she would surely have done.

The woman who sat upon the porch, holding the gaze of our hero, was one of those finished products of Nature. She was virgin and good, but the angels had had nothing to do with this circumstance. She willed her own righteousness to suit her own convenience. She was the feminine incarnation of red and gold that is indescribable. Her head was lifted like a graceful summit upon which the sun seemed to shine forever. This was due to an abundance of light-colored hair, arranged with insolent severity above a face which, in spite of its fairness, gave an impression of shade, of darkness, of the place where the sun did not shine. This may have been due to the fact that her eyes were very large, deep brown, and overhung by thick brows of the same color. The length of these brows was amazing and they curved like the wings of a swallow stretched in flight. The impression of mystery was given more particularly by the mouth. There was no revelation in it such as women usually make. The lips were beautiful, red, thick and firmly closed, as if she were determined to have it all from you and confess nothing herself. This was really the case. Every young man in Ruckersville for ten years had told her more than he knew about himself, had prayed to her and had died for her, figuratively, in vain. She did not even sympathize or offer to be a sister. She simply watched them through their romantic epilepsy like a trained nurse, feeling their pulses and charting their symptoms. It may be that she was interested, but certainly she had never been moved.

There is one thing some men never understand, that it is useless to appeal to the tenderness of a woman who is made and put together without a single dimple, and the lines of whose features are as regular and symmetrical as if she had been chiseled, instead of being born of flesh and blood. Such women have no tenderness. They have merely intelligence and passion. They never make the concession even of coquetry. They are singular human pyramids, full of the silent secrets of former creations. They are the deep hieroglyphics of femininity, undecipherable by either themselves or others—which is just as well. When a personality gets as ancient as that it does not belong to us and should be left to those archeologists of human nature, the psychologists. Lovers are the only people in the world who do not know this. Women abominate the mysterious in woman and show it. Children instinctively avoid them. But a man will wear himself to the bone in order to discover them. They appeal to the same spirit of adventure in him that makes him freeze to death trying to discover the North Pole. The difference in the hallucination is that your Peary does not expect to find a good fire and a warm resting-place awaiting him at the end of his journey, but your lover does.

The man who was now staring at the slim white figure of the woman on the porch, and was experiencing the distraction of having her gaze back at him with a frankness as old as life, resisted as long as he was able the temptation to advance and address her, for he felt sure she would not speak to him. Then he turned, went back to the gate, paused again with that indecision which blood sometimes makes, quite irrespective of one's brain, then took his way through the oat field. He was accompanied by the dog. A dog, particularly a hound, loves the vagabond in man.

As he passed through the pasture the bull turned his tail to him and pretended not to know he was going by. If you cannot kill your rival, the only self-respecting thing to do is not to recognize his existence. This accounts for the dignified indifference many a man shows to his enemy. We are all really ferocious in this particular. Civilization has only taught us the same intelligence of discretion that the bull practiced.

The man saw nothing—neither the tail of the bull nor the mildly inquisitive stare of the cows, nor the

(Continued on Page 44)

For the First Time the Sad Consciousness of the Prodigal Invaded Him

THE SHIP'S JESTER

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Blacksmith for the Whaler Shandon Belle!" Bellowed Mr. Nye

THE steam whaler Shandon Belle, well found and ready for sea, with her wild, devil-may-care crew aboard and sober at last, lay in the stream off Meiggs Wharf, waiting for the turn of the tide to go outward with the ebb. Tom Nye, the chief mate, was standing beside the foremast, reading aloud from a long list of names. He was a short, squat, powerful man, with a smiling mouth and glittering eyes. Both of his hands were bent inward at the wrists until they seemed at least half an inch out of alignment with his forearms, furnishing indubitable evidence that Mr. Nye had fought his way up from the bottom to his present position as chief "kicker" of the Shandon Belle.

At the forward end of the port alleyway the crew had assembled. They were the usual types of a whaling crew—neither better nor worse—remarkable chiefly for bloodshot eyes and scraggly, blond mustaches; and as Tom Nye called each name aloud its owner growled "Here!" detached himself from the crowd and, under the keen scrutiny of Mr. Nye, crossed the deck for'd of the house and disappeared down the starboard alleyway. When the crowd in the port alleyway had slowly dwindled, one by one, until but two men remained, Tom Nye folded his list, stared at the two and chuckled pleasurably.

"And who might you two savages be?" inquired Mr. Nye.

"Green hands," replied both in chorus.

Tom Nye walked to the rail and spat overboard before he continued his cross-examination.

"Is that so?" he inquired sweetly. "So you two're green hands! I wonder, now, if I'd 'a' known that if you hadn't told me?" Here Mr. Nye's blue eyes glittered balefully and his smiling mouth expanded in a broad grin at his own little joke. "And you're so blasted new to your salt-water names that you've forgot them already, eh?"

The green hands seemed to indicate by their silence that such was undeniably the case; so Mr. Nye produced the list, scanned it a moment and settled the matter of identity after his own abrupt and characteristic fashion.

"Small man with gold teeth—Collins. Cock-eyed man—Lewis," he wrote opposite two names on his list. He thrust one powerful arm outward. It collided with the chest of the small man with the gold teeth and sent him reeling backward against the house.

"I christen thee Collins," said Mr. Nye cheerfully. "See that you remember who you are next time I pass the word for you. You're Lewis," he continued, making a dive for the cock-eyed man, who dodged nimbly out of harm's way. "A word of advice to you, Cocky Lewis: When the Old Man's on deck keep that bent lamp of yours to windward. He's sensitive and might think you're winkin' at him." And with this parting pleasantry Mr. Nye rolled aft to the skipper's cabin to report all hands present and accounted for, with the exception of the blacksmith.

Let us pause here long enough to reflect on the whimsicalities of that destiny which is currently reported to play such an important part in the affairs of men. At the precise moment the chief mate of the Shandon Belle discovered that the blacksmith was missing, a deputy sheriff presented himself before the proprietor of the Greatest Show on Earth and served him with sundry attachments preferred against the G. S. O. E. by certain outraged tradesmen who had maintained and supported the menagerie during a week of dull business. And, at exactly the moment when Tom Nye made due report to the skipper, a young man with a yearning look in his eyes and a shabby suitcase groped his way through the clouds of tobacco smoke in the office of a Jackson Street crimp and announced himself as a candidate for a job on the ocean wave.

We shall digress just long enough to present a verbatim report of the ensuing conversation between this young man and Scab Johnny, the crimp.

"Deep water or coastwise?" inquired Scab Johnny.

"The dark blue for mine. Liverpool would suit me fine."

"Green or ordinary?"

"What do you mean?"

Scab Johnny reached for a scratch-pad and wrote: "Green hand."

"Hang round the office for a couple of hours," said Scab Johnny politely, "and I'll land you a job. Got a steamer sailing for Liverpool this afternoon."

The young man sat down on a box in the corner of the office and began his wait for the promised job. Here we shall leave him for the present and get back aboard the Shandon Belle, with the remark in passing that the visit of Tom Nye to his skipper's cabin to report the blacksmith missing, the visit of the deputy sheriff to the proprietor of the Greatest Show on Earth, and the visit of the young man with the yearning look in his eyes and the shabby suitcase to Scab Johnny, jointly and severally combined to equip Tip McCune with a circus of his own.

Where were we? Oh, yes—back aboard the whaler Shandon Belle.

"The blacksmith's gone, sir," said Tom Nye.

Some people might attempt to tell you what the skipper said to this, but I shall not. He did remark that he had paid thirty dollars bloodmoney to Scab Johnny and three months' advance to the blacksmith—and this remark was mostly adjectives.

"Well, he's gone, sir," continued Mr. Nye. "All the rest of the men are accounted for; but Tubal Cain is missing."

The skipper fixed his accusing glance on Mr. Nye.

"How did he make his getaway?" he demanded.

"Probably dropped overboard on the flood tide and took a chance on swimming ashore. The watch found his shoes and overalls on the deck this morning. He's probably stuck some other skipper for a three months' advance by this time. The second mate reports that he heard a launch coughin' round the ship last night, and it probably laid off about a cable length in the dark and picked the hound up. I think that crimp, Scab Johnny, stands in and furnishes the launch for half the advance."

"All crimps are thieves!" replied the skipper bitterly. "As for this blacksmith, let us hope the villain's dead. I hope and pray that he may be thoroughly and effectually drowned, and that his soul roasts in h—l till the North Pole is subdivided into city lots! Clear away number one boat, Mr. Nye, and go ashore and rustle up another blacksmith—and be quick about it! Take the second mate with you to hold the boat-crew while you're uptown. Find a blacksmith somewhere. Promise him anything, but get him and come back in a hurry. The tide serves at three-thirty."

Evidently Mr. Nye appreciated the importance of haste, for half an hour later he swung up Jackson Street from East Street and thrust his wind-scarred face into the dingy office of Scab Johnny.

"Blacksmith for the whaler Shandon Belle!" bellowed Mr. Nye, and glared at the row of men of undoubted salt-water antecedents who sat smoking on a long bench that flanked one side of the crimp's office. "Cruise in Bering Sea and up into the Arctic. Winter at Herschel Island."

"Hello, Tom!" said Scab Johnny. "Come in."

Mr. Nye came in.

"I've got a blacksmith," said Scab Johnny, lowering his voice confidentially. "Young fellow and a first-class workman. The bulls are after him and he wants to make his getaway on a whaler. You step outside, Tom, and pretend you're going away disappointed. I'll send him after you in a few minutes and he'll follow you down to the wharf. He's leery of leavin' a trail the bulls can follow."

"Ah-hah!" replied Mr. Nye knowingly. "Which one is he?"

"Young feller sittin' on the box."

Mr. Nye glanced cautiously at the young fellow sitting on the box.

"Too light, I'm afraid," he told Scab Johnny. "Looks kinder pale, like he had a flock o' T. B. bugs chewin' on him."

"Scared stiff," corrected the crimp.

"Funny it shows in his hands," sneered Mr. Nye. "I hate to hire a man that ain't my own fightin' weight, and I haul ship every time when it comes to shippin' a blacksmith with hands like them. I want no lily-whites aboard the Shandon Belle. Is that the best you've got in blacksmiths?"

"Only thing in stock at present, Tom."

"Then," said Mr. Nye dryly, "keep it for a sample. I'll breeze along the front and see some other crimp who makes a specialty of keepin' blacksmiths with corns on their hands. No lily-whites for me!"

At the end of a three-hour search of crimps' offices, sailors' boarding houses, waterfront saloons and uptown employment offices, Mr. Nye was forced to the conclusion that it must be the closed season on blacksmiths. Apparently those migratory sons of Vulcan who preferred a job on the bounding main, with a portable forge on the deck of a whaler, were as scarce as radium in pound packages. There were dozens of the ordinary domestic variety, all eager for a job until Mr. Nye had unfolded his proposition. In vain did Mr. Nye, with glowing argument and specious lie, descant upon the delights of life on whalers in general and the Shandon Belle in particular. In vain he cited instances of blacksmiths who had grown rich by reason of the gambling instinct that had prompted them to sign on for a "lay" on the season's catch in lieu of wages. The blacksmiths were obdurate. They preferred *terra firma* and the local union scale; and in the end Mr. Tom Nye, filled with despair and disgust—not to mention certain other impedimenta which manifested their presence in a roving and uncertain eye and a pendent lower lip—returned to the Shandon Belle.

"I've raked the city with a fine-tooth comb—hic!" he reported to the skipper; "and—hic!—hic!—all the blacksmiths are workin', sir; and—hic!—hic!——"

"You lie!" thundered the skipper, wild with rage. "You're pickled to the eyebrows, you brute! You haven't tried to get me a blacksmith."

He struck Mr. Nye twice with great force, stepped over the prostrate mate and rushed out on deck. Until he had secured a blacksmith he dared not proceed on his cruise. Swearing horribly, he ordered the second mate to pipe the boat-crew overside, sprang into the sternsheets and embarked for Meiggs Wharf. On the way over he complained bitterly to the second mate of Mr. Nye's behavior.

"It's getting so nowadays," he stormed, "that a skipper can't even trust his mate. If he wants a thing well done he's simply got to do it himself!"

. . . . . .

Scab Johnny, standing in the door of his office, saw the skipper of the Shandon Belle coming up Jackson Street. Instantly he jerked his head over his shoulder, caught the yearning glance of the young man sitting on the box, and croaked hoarsely:

"Stick yer hands in yer pockets!"

Once more the peace at Scab Johnny's place was broken. Through the thick tobacco smoke a man bounded into the office, and an instant later a rasping, chain-locker voice made a vulgar demand for Scab Johnny.

Scab Johnny came from his desk, whither he had retreated under pretense of a rush of business, and took his prospective client aside. As he advanced he telegraphed a lightning wink to the skipper, who lowered his voice instantly; and the two went into executive session. Presently the skipper of the Shandon Belle threw a quick glance at the young man on the box.

"That's the only blacksmith I know of," whispered Scab Johnny; "and you can't get him unless you shanghai him. He wants a job on some tramp bound for Liverpool; but we can job the feller and get him aboard before he discovers he's on a whaler. Then—up hook and let him holler his head off. He'll have signed the articles before he's wise to the game; and ——"

The crimp paused significantly. The skipper understood.

"How much bloodmoney?"

"Thirty dollars."

"You're a thief; but I'll take him at the figure."

The crimp crossed the room and spoke to the young man on the box.

"I've landed a job for you," he said in a guarded voice. "You're to have charge of the pantry on the steamer King George, sailing for Liverpool this afternoon. That's the skipper over there. I'd heard he was shy a man in the steward's department, and the minute I saw him comin' up the street I knew I had your job located. That's why I told you to put your hands in your pockets. The Old Man's a stickler on the men in his steward's department keepin' their nails manicured and their hands as clean as a whistle, and I wasn't takin' no chances. You're to get fifty a month and found—and you're to go with the Old Man out to the vessel. And—whatever you do—don't speak to him unless he speaks to you. He's the surliest brute afloat or ashore. All you've gotter do is to mind your eye and do what you're told to do—and do it quick! The deputy shippin' commissioner'll be here in ten minutes and sign you up; and you'll land in Liverpool as flush as a dook!"

The young man winked wisely and a grateful smile lit up his rather sad features. He was to have charge of the pantry! Pretty good job that, particularly when one hasn't had breakfast or luncheon. Hence, when the deputy shipping commissioner obligingly called, in response to the crimp's telephone message and the certainty of a five-dollar fee for his trouble, the young man signed where they told him to and the job was finished. He was a green hand indeed—otherwise he must have realized the incongruity of signing articles before a United States deputy shipping commissioner for a job on a British tramp.

On their way down to the boat at Meiggs Wharf the skipper questioned him regarding his bag. The young man indicated his suitcase; whereupon the skipper muttered something about rigging him out from the slop-chest. The young man wondered why they used a slop-chest instead of a slop-bucket in the pantry! The whole matter was extremely vague; but it was a new life for him and he trusted to time to imbue him with a quick understanding of the vocabulary of the sea. Still, he was aware that he had shown his ignorance by carrying a suitcase instead of a bag; so he said apologetically:

"I made up my mind to go to sea in somewhat of a hurry."

"So I understand," replied the skipper, and chuckled a little.

Everything progressed nicely until the boat shot under the quarter of the Shandon Belle. Then the young man read the name on her stern, towering above him, and recalled the incident of the man who had invaded the "employment office" earlier in the day, looking for a blacksmith for the whaler Shandon Belle. Moreover, his nostrils were assailed by an unmistakable odor—even a landlubber could tell she was a whaleship by that; and a vague apprehension began to manifest itself in his countenance.

"Up you go, my hearty!" said the skipper cheerfully, indicating the companion-ladder.

"But this is a whaler," protested the young man, "and whalers don't run to Liverpool."

"This one does," snapped the captain.

"But I don't want to ship on a whaler. You've double-crossed ——"

A hand closed over the back of his neck and he was rushed up the companionway before he could even think of physical resistance.

Arrived at the head of the ladder, the skipper helped the young man to a kick and a violent shove, which sent him sprawling halfway across the deck and into the arms of a short, powerful man whose breath, when he gasped at the impact of the new arrival, savored somewhat strongly of a distillery.

"Steady, my lad!" said the alcoholic one, whom the reader has of course recognized as none other than Mr. Tom Nye, the chief mate. "Stead-y-y-y! You'll roll worse than that with a nor'west gale on your counter and a—— Shoot me for a junk-thief if it ain't the lily-white!"

The skipper approached Mr. Nye, puffing slightly from his late exertions.

"There's a blacksmith for you," he growled triumphantly. "I'll have you understand, Tom Nye, that when I go after a blacksmith I get a blacksmith, even if I do have to shanghai him. Don't stand there staring at me with your teeth in your mouth! Go for'd and tend to your business gettin' up the hook."

Mr. Nye opened his mouth twice to speak, but seemed to choke each time. "Aye, aye, sir!" he gurgled presently; and, herding his savages before him, he ran for'd to the fo'castle head where the harsh, metallic grinding of the winch proclaimed presently that the anchor-chain was paying in on the drum. The boat was swung into the davits, the skipper mounted the bridge, and as the dripping, mud-incrusted anchor swung clear of the water the Shandon Belle quivered slightly, gave one long farewell blast from her siren and slipped easily down the bay with the tide.

As for the young man with the yearning look in his eyes and the shabby suitcase, he leaned up against a sticky, oily stanchion and laughed very quietly to himself. Thus Mr. Nye found him.

"Well, lily-white," said the mate, "what's the big joke?"

"It's on the captain," gurgled the young man.

"Huh!" said Mr. Nye, and smiled himself. "What's your name when supper's ready?"

"Tip McCune."

"All right, Tip McCune. See that door there? Well, it leads to the fo'castle. Stow your suitcase in there and pick out a berth for yourself, and be sure you always come a-runnin' when I send for you."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Tip McCune.

Mr. Nye looked sharply into Tip McCune's sad countenance and was certain he detected a deep-seated sense of humor there. He had a haunting suspicion that Tip McCune was, in some vague way, poking fun at him.

"I'm a pleasant man myself, McCune, and easy to get along with," he said, apropos of his suspicions; "but if I was you I wouldn't try no jokes on the skipper."

Whereupon Tip McCune winked boldly at Mr. Nye. "I've got my fingers crossed," he said. Mr. Nye choked and walked away, pretending he had not heard; and his glittering eyes glittered more than usual as he thoughtfully rubbed a dark-blue abrasion on the point of his chin.

"Somethin's goin' to happen," said he to himself. "Somethin's goin' to happen. But it's the skipper's funeral; and come what may, I'll stick by that young man."

. . . . . .

The Shandon Belle was three days at sea before Mr. Nye, now entirely recovered from the strain of securing a blacksmith for the cruise, decided that he might just as well overhaul the whaling gear in order to keep the crew busy. Under his direction they set to work, and it was presently evident to the mate's practical eye that a little blacksmithing here and there would not be amiss. A portable forge, an anvil, hammers and a long bar of steel were accordingly brought on deck, and a temporary smithy established on the main deck for'd; which being accomplished, Tom Nye desired that the word be passed for the blacksmith. Presently he appeared, very pale and wobbly.

"What's wanted?" he inquired shortly.

"Say 'sir' when you speak to me!" said Mr. Nye firmly.

"What's wanted, sir?" repeated the blacksmith.

"You're coming on very nicely. A little blacksmithing, if you please. Get busy and forge out a couple of deadeyes and half a dozen extra boathooks. Some of them cargo hooks need touchin' up. Besides that, the chief engineer has a few small jobs for you down below."

"But I can't do it today," quavered the blacksmith. "I'm too seasick. And besides, I'm not a ——"

"In the bright lexicon of youth," said the skipper, coming up at that moment, "there ain't no such word as 'can't.' You do a little work to earn your keep, McCune, and you'll forget you're sick. Fall to lively now—and no back talk."

"If you'll pardon the suggestion, sir," said Tom Nye respectfully, "I'll ask that this job go over a few days until the blacksmith gets his sea legs. He does look frightful green, sir; and if he should faint and fall into the forge, or burn himself with a hot iron, now, sir ——"

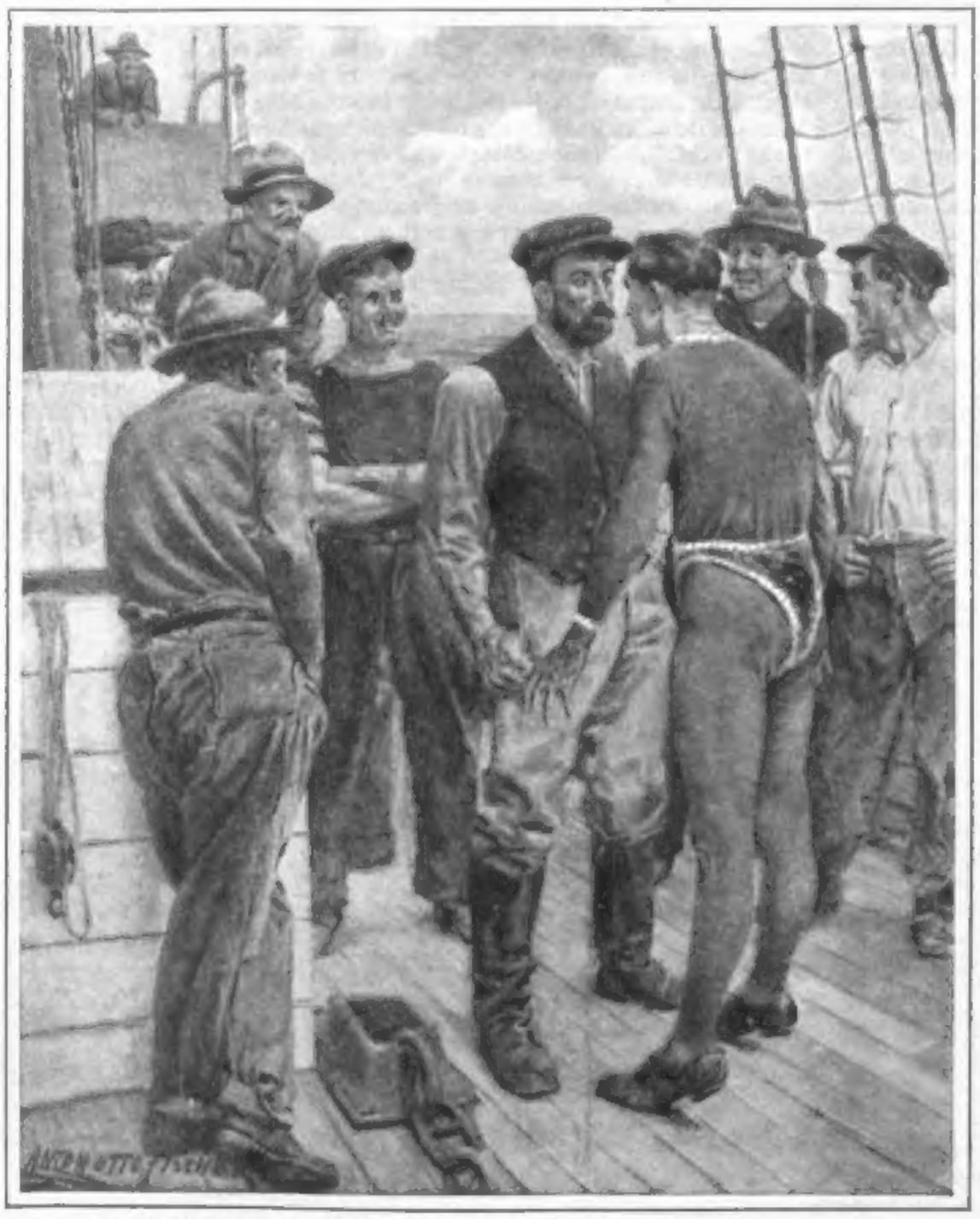
"Very well, Mr. Nye," said the skipper, somewhat surprised. "Since you suggest it, we'll give the young man three days to resume his natural color. Three days, mind you!" He glowered at the blacksmith and walked aft.

"Thank you, sir," said the blacksmith when the skipper had departed. Mr. Nye endeavored to appear quite fierce as he answered.

"What for? For beggin' off for you? Stow it, young man—stow it! If I'd 'a' hired you you'd been working now, my bully boy—and don't you forget it. If you must know why I begged off for you, however, I'll tell you. If you're a blacksmith, then I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury; and if the skipper wasn't a fool he'd see it too. I could 've had you first, but I wouldn't take you—and I got my crown-block mighty well punched because I didn't. The skipper thinks he's a smart man—and it ain't up to me to explain. Let him find out how smart he is after we've been at sea a week and no blacksmith. You know what'll happen, Tip McCune? He'll have to get in and do the blacksmith work himself. He was a helper once, before he took to sea."

"Of course I'm not a blacksmith," replied Tip McCune. "I never said I was and never represented myself as one in any way. The man that got me the job told me the steamer was bound for Liverpool and that I was to be in charge of the pantry."

"The thievin' crimp!" raved Mr. Nye. "I don't doubt a word of your yarn, McCune. Crimps is the curse of life! They're always doin' us up."



"Ain't He a Bird, Sir? Just Think o' Shanghaing a Blacksmith and Having Him Turn Out a Acrobat in Red Tights!"

"But how about me?" quavered the pseudo blacksmith.

"You?" queried Mr. Nye. "Who are you? It's the likes of me that suffers for the likes of you."

Very sadly Tip McCune staggered to his bunk in the fo'castle and remained there two days, at the end of which period he was aware of a gnawing in his stomach and a revival of his interest in life. The following day, in answer to a query from the skipper, the cook reported the blacksmith out of danger, and the skipper sent for him.

"You'll work today, McCune," said the skipper.

"Blacksmithing or at the job I signed on for—in charge of the pantry?"

"Forget the pantry, McCune," said the skipper pleasantly. "You're aboard a whaler now and I'm the king. You'll follow your trade, you lazy swine!"

"Why, I'm not a blacksmith, sir!" said Tip McCune.

"Of course not," snapped the skipper. "I know that. Don't bother telling me. Nevertheless, you'll do the blacksmithing work on the whaler Shandon Belle, and don't forget it! Call yourself a shoemaker if you like. I don't care."

"But I assure you, captain, I am not a blacksmith. Why, look at my hands! This Scab Johnny person tried to palm me off on Mr. Nye for a blacksmith, but he looked at my hands and refused to take me. He could see right off that I'd never swung a sledge."

A quick, startled look came into the skipper's eyes. He looked at Tip McCune's hands.

"Is that really the truth, McCune?" he asked.

"Surest thing you know, cap," came the answer.

"Then," replied the skipper, with that sweet smile that always presaged a swift punch upward from the hip, "you're a dirty, deceiving, beachcombing hound, and you stood in on the play. Take that!"

The skipper struck, but Tip McCune was not on hand to receive the blow. To the skipper's amazement Mr. McCune bounded straight into the air, turned a double somersault and landed on the deck six feet away. He alighted smiling.

"Bust my bobstay!" gasped the skipper, while from the bridge came an involuntary burst of applause. Tom Nye and the helmsman had been witnesses to the skipper's disappointment and Tip McCune's remarkable escape.

"He ain't no blacksmith, sir," volunteered Mr. Nye.

"Hell's bells! I should say he ain't," sputtered the master of the Shandon Belle admiringly. "Do you often get taken that way, my man?" he inquired of the bogus blacksmith.

"Easiest thing I do," replied Tip McCune. "And since I'm not a blacksmith, and you don't need me in the pantry, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what you're going to do with me."

"Not the slightest objection, Mr. McCune," replied the skipper. "I'm going to put you to work in the stokehole, shoveling coal."

"I can't shovel coal," wailed Tip McCune. "It'd kill me."

"I hope it does; but what would Your Highness suggest? If there's anything else you can do well, speak up. A fair-minded man should always be open to a suggestion from a subordinate."

"Do you really want to see me do something I can do well?" asked Tip McCune eagerly.

"I do," said the skipper grimly, "provided you can do it well."

Thus encouraged, Mr. McCune promptly shed his overshirt and trousers, and a howl of admiration went up from Tom Nye and those members of the crew who happened to be near—for what they saw was a perfectly proportioned young man, arrayed in bright red silk tights and silver spangles. The blacksmith had disappeared with the rough shirt and trousers, and before them stood an undoubted hero of the circus ring.

"Lord bless my mildewed heart!" gasped Mr. Nye. "If that chap ain't one of the Tincano Trio from Sholto's Circus I'm an Eskimo! I took in that circus the night before we left Frisco. It's the prize tumbler for a thousand!"

For a moment Tip McCune stood gracefully at his ease, hands on hips, smile on face. Presently he bowed slightly as if to a great audience, after which he jumped six feet in the air, turned a double somersault and alighted with all the ease of a butterfly. A rapt expression came over his face. He threw his head back and a dreamy look crept into his eyes as he shuffled the opening steps of a singularly graceful and delightful buck-and-wing dance. For perhaps a minute he seemed to be feeling himself out; but presently he got down to business. He jigged, he clogged, he sidestepped, his agile feet tapping the deck so fast and rhythmically as to charm the senses and delight the soul. Never, in all their adventurous lives, had Tom Nye and the skipper seen such dancing. They watched Tip McCune, fascinated until presently, having executed every step known to the profession and a few extemporized on the spur of the moment for the special edification of his audience, he bounded once more into the air; and, still turning somersaults until he seemed merely a bright red blur coming onward with the speed of a comet, he executed one grand, final flipflop and landed on the deck so close to the skipper that they stood facing each other, toe to toe.

"Rot me and grind my bones!" said the skipper admiringly.

"Did I do that well?" demanded Tip McCune.

"I'll agree, you did," admitted the skipper when the storm of applause had subsided. "Who in blazes are you?"

"I'm a circus tumbler out of a job," complained Tip McCune. "The show went broke and I wasn't eating; and I thought if I could work my way back to Liverpool I could go on to London, pick up an engagement in the music halls there for a few months and come back to the U. S. A., billed as a headliner in vaudeville—The Eccentric English Acrobat, Tip McCune. Gee, but it sounded good just to think of it! However, you and that Jackson Street porch-climber have spoiled it all; so what's the use of talking about it?"

"Ain't he a bird, sir?" cried Mr. Nye from the bridge. "Just think o' shanghaing a blacksmith and having him turn out a acrobat in red tights!"

The sarcasm was not lost on the skipper, who turned livid with fury.

"I wonder what we'll do for a blacksmith now!" continued Mr. Nye musingly. "I'm mighty sorry I never studied for the job before I took to going to sea."

The skipper's malevolent glance commenced wandering about the deck in search of a missile to hurl at the mate, who continued blandly:

"Still, as the poet says, every cloud has a silver linin', sir. Just think what a drawin' card the young man'll be in the bull rooms at Herschel Island this winter! I tell you, sir, he's a find. We'll be the envy o' the fleet. With a spry young feller like McCune jiggin' an' tumblin' round, just think how quick the nights'll pass, even if they are six months long!"

"By the gods of war, Nye," snapped the skipper, eagerly seeking an opportunity to escape the cutting sarcasm of his mate, "you give me a bright idea. In ancient times every king had a court jester. Now I'm the king of the Shandon Belle, and what's the matter with me havin' one too? Nothin' at all the matter. Therefore, Tip McCune, you will be known hereafter as the ship's jester. That's your job. You're to furnish amusement throughout the cruise; and any time me or my mates speak to you and you don't come back quick with a good fly joke you're out of luck. How's that for a bright idea, Nye? If he keeps us amused he's excused from work and messes in the cabin. If he don't keep us amused—into the stokehole he goes."

"Nothin' could be fairer," replied Mr. Nye heartily. "All fine as a fiddle—with two exceptions. One of 'em is Comox, where we coal, and the other is Skagway, where we dump that jag of freight the owners made you accept. If this bird ever sets foot on the wharf at either port we're shy the ship's jester."

"I'll make you responsible for him," answered the skipper tartly. "You see to it that he trains regular and keeps in condition." And laughing heartily at his little pleasantry the skipper disappeared in his cabin.

At Comox, on Vancouver Island, the Shandon Belle coaled heavily for her long cruise, while the ship's jester, locked in Mr. Nye's room, peered sorrowfully through a porthole and reflected on the indiscretion of his failure to look before he leaped. If he had only taken the trouble to read the articles he signed in Scab Johnny's place he would not have been in his present predicament. Too late he realized that the skipper of the Shandon Belle had him legally. He must finish the voyage.

He was destined to finish it much sooner than he expected. Notwithstanding the fact that the Shandon Belle was a whaler, bound for Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean, the attractive freight rates to Skagway, owing to the Klondike excitement then at its height, had induced the grasping owners of the whaler to divert the vessel long enough to deliver a thousand tons of freight at that port before continuing on to Sitka for more coal. With the privilege that went with his job as ship's jester, Tip McCune had succeeded in extracting this information from Mr. Nye, and the knowledge caused his spirits to rise perceptibly. If the Shandon Belle entered the harbor at Skagway during the night she would not move into her berth at the wharf until the following day. Until they moved in to the wharf Mr. Nye would permit him the freedom of the ship; so Tip McCune made up his mind to buckle a life-preserver round him, drop overboard and swim ashore in the dark.

The Shandon Belle was loafing along at about a nine-knot gait, though she could do thirteen under pressure; and the ship's jester, after secretly consulting with the bo'sun, ascertained that at her present rate of speed the vessel would arrive off Skagway late in the afternoon. The information pleased him so greatly that at supper that night he unfolded a long string of ancient jokes, at which the skipper and Mr. Nye laughed uproariously. Later, when the second mate pressed him for a song, Mr. McCune expanded in a shrill falsetto rendition of They All Love Jack; and the skipper was so impressed that he ordered the cook to brew a kettle of hot grog for all hands.

By the time the vessel drew out of Clarendon Straits and into the Lynn Canal, Tip McCune's popularity was such that he could have started a mutiny had he so desired. He was as quick with his tongue as he was with his feet, both brands of speed being heritages of his Celtic forebears; and when the skipper wasn't laughing at the fund of droll stories which Tip McCune appeared to have on tap perennially, the skipper was continually remarking to Mr. Nye that if ever he—Mr. Nye—so much as presumed to lay a finger on the ship's jester he—the skipper—would shoot Mr. Nye like a dog.

The Shandon Belle was abreast Battery Point, nosing her patient way up into Chilkoot Inlet the fifth day after leaving Comox, when Mr. Nye, who was on duty at the time, called to the bo'sun to pass the word for the ship's jester. When Tip McCune appeared in answer to the summons Mr. Nye presented him with a cigar stolen from the skipper, and bade him perform the duties of his office.

"You've been springin' a lot of stale guff, Tip, my lad," said Mr. Nye, "and it's high time you told me somethin' new and original. Nothin's interested me all day, and I'm in danger, as the feller says, of being bored to death."

"All right," replied the ship's jester soberly. "I'll tell you something new and original. As I was passing along the main deck a minute ago I happened to look down at a seam in the deck. You know those seams are caulked with pitch; and as I looked at this particular seam it winked and bubbled at me."

"Under the skipper's rulin' in your case, Tip," said Mr. Nye, "I could hit you for that. It don't amuse me none."

"It didn't amuse me any, either," was the reply, "because when I looked round all the other seams were winking and bubbling, and I wondered if the ship could be afire!"

"Great grief, Tip!" gasped Mr. Nye. "Is this a joke?"

"No," said Tip McCune; "it is not a joke. Isn't that a little wisp of smoke curling up from the corner of the hatch-coaming?"

Mr. Nye turned, gave one quick glance and dashed down on to the main deck. Half a minute later he bounded into the pilot house and began a furious and continuous ringing of the ship's bell.

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He Strolled Down to the Beach to Look at His Property

THE PANAMA PLUM TREE

Will Europe Get the Fruit?—By A. C. Laut

DRAWN BY EDWARD A. WILSON

IF YOU happen to want to build a house, and buy Washington lumber for it, the freight rate on a carload of that lumber to terminal points round Boston and New York will be from three hundred and ninety-five to four hundred and twenty-five dollars, according to your distance from those main terminal points. If you had that lumber shipped by way of Panama, instead of the transcontinentals, the freight would be eight dollars a ton, or one hundred and sixty dollars for a carload of forty thousand pounds. By schooner instead of steamer, in time of cut rates you can get a quotation of even four dollars and fifty cents a ton, or ninety dollars a carlot. Yet you can talk yourself black in the face and you cannot get an Easterner or Middle-Westerner to see how the opening of the Panama Canal is going to benefit him one continental—not to mention two hundred and fifty dollars saved on one carload of lumber!

The same condition obtains in regard to your Easterner's or Middle-Westerner's breakfast orange. He is paying freight—though he does not know it—at the rate of ninety cents plus on a box of his breakfast oranges. By Panama the freight on those oranges will be nearer forty cents than ninety cents. To be explicit, instead of the consumer paying twenty-three dollars a ton on oranges and lemons from the West, he is going to pay only ten dollars a ton by Panama. Yet if you ask the Easterner what personal interest he has in Panama, he goes plumb-glum—dumb-silent hasn't any interest; doesn't care one hoot—and so on.

New York is on a straight line with Panama and on a shorter line than is Los Angeles or San Francisco or Portland or Tacoma or Seattle. It takes from fifteen to eighteen days to steam from the Pacific Coast ports down to Panama. It takes from six to ten days to go from the Atlantic ports down to the canal. Yet the Pacific Coast ports are spending a hundred million dollars on preparations for the canal. The papers are full of it; and you can't meet a most casual acquaintance who hasn't hopes and plans of what Panama means to him. In New York—well, with the exception of about four papers you'll find more about the Turkey Dance or Mr. Somebody's last attack of the tender passion than you will about Panama.

After the Fashion of Little Jack Horner

"OF AMERICA'S billions of international commerce," wailed the chief proponent of the subsidy propaganda at the Merchant Marine Congress of 1911—"of the billions"—and it may have been trillions, for all I know—"of the total international commerce of the United States, ninety-one per cent is carried by foreign vessels; only nine per cent by a domestic marine." And do you know to what a frenzied pitch that statement—which is not only a statement but a fact—worked up the Merchant Marine Congress of 1911? Nearly all the promised speakers failed to turn up; and the Merchant Marine Congress of 1911, "with the completion of the Panama Canal only nineteen months away," broke up a dismal failure—a plain, flat fiasco. The East wasn't interested—that's all; and the press was bored to the extinguishing point of suppressing any publicity.

However, don't you run away with the idea that because of all this the East is dead to Panama. New York is a big, noisy place, where the biggest things aren't always making the biggest noise. The ashcart man emptying a tin can makes more noise than a train running in and out of the new Pennsylvania Station; and that comparison is largely true of what's going on about Panama. The general Eastern public isn't awake yet to what it all means; but "the call" is on the wire that is going to waken the public up to one of the biggest booms, biggest world developments, biggest diversions of wealth and opportunity that have occurred in America in a hundred years! No—not a campaign of muckraking and spring-tooth-harrowing and steam-rollering the railroads! That is all past. When the steam roller comes the railroads are going to be on top—not under. To be sure there was a million a year spent in suppressing isthmian traffic long ago, and there was a fight for the harbors on the Pacific Coast, and all that; but that is all past. Today the railroads are not fighting free harbors. They are building five and six and ten million dollar steamship slips and piers and wharfs. They are applying to have obsolete navigation laws changed that hamper the operation of steamship lines. To be sure it would please them if that toll on Panama traffic were put so high—say, as high as Suez in its first years, two dollars a ton, or ten francs that Panama rates would come only slightly under transcontinental rates; but the railroad men of America are not fools.

If Panama pours twenty million immigrants into the Pacific states that means more to them in local traffic than all the Panama Canal can divert! Also, the railroad men see that if Panama is properly handled it may mean the diversion back to America of more annual wealth than the conquerors of Mexico and Peru ever carried back to Spain!

Says Lewis Nixon, an authority on shipping and steamship building in America: "Three hundred million dollars a year are now paid to foreigners in connection with the transfer of our freight and people 'by foreign steamships.' This drain, in the last thirty years, has caused the export of six billion dollars of our gold." Take a good look at these figures! They would have looked big to the old Spanish conquerors, wouldn't they? They would have maintained Spain as the most opulent nation in Europe for another century. Well, that's the prize the big transportation men hope to save to America; and they hope to save it through the stimulus Panama is to have on an American merchant marine.

Under all the noisy indifference on the part of the general public toward Panama, let's see what is doing; and don't fly off the handle if the opinions of the biggest men contradict each other, and if a higgledy-piggledy of obsolete navigation laws, dating back to 1789 and 1812 and 1840 and 1871, also contradict one another and can only be observed in the breaking—as one was, not many weeks ago, up on the lakes, when, under stress of storm and accident, a foreign passenger excursion boat put in and disembarked her United States passengers at a United States port, thereby breaking the law that forbids a foreign ship to ply from port to port in the United States. According to law, the fine was one hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars. The Government took cognizance of the impossibility of the law and the fine was compromised for a few hundred dollars. Conflicting views and conflicting laws will be set down here; and before Panama opens, the public will have to decide which views and laws shall be maintained.

What is doing under the apparent indifference to Panama? "There is a worldwide boom in steamship traffic," declares a foremost authority on traffic matters of the Atlantic Coast. "A remarkable revival has occurred in the ocean-carrying trade. Boats are wanted for the West Indies, for South America, for long-voyage business. Inquiry for cargo room in New York is met by the answer there is no space in any port vacant and rates have doubled." This boom may not be entirely in anticipation of Panama; but, with the prize of Panama traffic in the very near future stimulating plans and rates, the boom is one of the factors making for big development when Panama does open. This, of course, affects only the nations that have the ships; and of the sixty-four hundred steamers docking in New York in 1910 only seven hundred were American. Of the remaining hundreds marked "foreign," some are not so foreign as they seem; for they are financed by American capital, though they fly a foreign flag owing to our impossible navigation laws. The point to remember is that the world is entering on an era of revived ocean traffic. The United States' share of this will be just in proportion to the number of her ships engaged in it.

Within the past few months New York has witnessed harbor dredging to the extent of five million dollars, and pier enlargements to the total plan of twenty-four millions to take care of the extended traffic that has sprung up.

Indifferent Uncle Sam

GRAIN rates from New York to Buffalo have been reduced a cent a bushel. Why? Because Montreal has been shipping three times as much grain as New York. And Western shippers are preparing to send grain via Panama. To appreciate what a saving Panama will effect in grain rates, one has only to compare rail rates, Chicago to New York—ten cents a bushel—versus New York to Liverpool—three cents a bushel; or one-third as much for three times the distance by water as by rail.

A few weeks ago the Belgian ensign was hauled down from two of the big liners and the Star-Spangled Banner run up in its place. How can this be done if the navigation laws forbid the registry under the American flag of foreign vessels? These two vessels happened to have been built in the first place in America. Now that Panama is near completion and an enormous coast-to-coast trade anticipated, these two vessels are going into commission as American merchant marine; for the same navigation laws which forbid the registry of foreign-built vessels under the American flag also forbid traffic of a foreign vessel from port to port in the United States.

Simultaneous with this change in the Red Star liners, the United Fruit Company, which has a fleet of thirty vessels from New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New Orleans to Central America, and which is owned by American capital but compelled to fly a foreign flag owing to the United States navigation laws, asked permission to place seventeen of its largest vessels under American registry. The vessels could be built cheaper under foreign registry. As these vessels were foreign-built, they have been, up to the present time, refused registry under the American flag.

It is only a few seasons since Bates and Cheeseborough put the California-Atlantic line on between Atlantic and Pacific ports, at present breaking bulk at Panama; and this line has taken five million dollars' worth of business from foreign carriers and the railroads.

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BELOWSTAIRS IN A HOTEL

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON

"He Couldn't Have Sworn at Me Worse if He'd Been My Own Husband!"

BETWEEN abovestairs and belowstairs in a hotel there is as wide a difference as there is between the stage and the dressing rooms, or the classroom and the football grounds, or a dress suit and the unwilling, unedited human being who incases himself therein. We demand smooth service and we receive it—at a price—whether we go to a small hotel where a bellboy takes our bags, coming back later with an avid smile to bring us a totally unnecessary pitcher of ice-water; or whether, as at another house, a bellboy "rooms" us and departs forever, leaving a floorwaiter to hover about us until our bags are packed for leaving. Belowstairs we look upon mainly as machinery for our needs; but it is really a seething, unrelated, casual mass of humanity, kept in order by highly paid experts, whose business it is to secure efficiency.

We realize that there must be a little stress belowstairs—indeed the sense of hurry there may contrast agreeably with the sense of repose and ease abovestairs; for even in the dining rooms, where ravenous men consult their watches unbelievingly five minutes after they have ordered, there is an intention to secure serenity in softly shaded lights, pleasant and quiet—if swift—waiters, and in the solicitous and soothing expressions of the head waiters and captains.

Few of us, however, realize what an inferno of sound and activity there is behind the swinging doors that separate abovestairs and belowstairs!

How Service Waits on Appetite

HERE the waiters, having got a checker's stamp on their order bills, lose their even gait as they burst into the huge kitchen. They do not see its mosaic floor; its deal tables piled with dishes and silver; the sharply marked departments for hot meats and for cold meats; for entrées and for soups and vegetables; for salads and fruits; for tea, coffee, milk, butter and eggs; and for bread and pastry. They do not see the splendid dishwasher and the tense-faced men who operate it, or the checkers, or the watchful stewards who keep the disorder orderly. Their eyes are fixed on the long, hot ranges, where work scores of driven and sometimes hot-tempered cooks, their white caps composing nicely against the great copper vessels which hang above them.

The faces of the waiters are fierce. They appreciate nothing of the din about them. Despite it—despite the hundreds of workers—the effect is of isolation, for each man is a concentrated egoist, determined to get what he wants from the person or object that has it. Those on the floor, whatever their work, dart from point to point, miraculously avoiding collision with other darting people. If a collision does ensue each speaks his mind freely.

Each waiter sees only the face of the cook at whom he shouts his order, or perhaps the face of the fat, earnest go-between who moves up and down in front of the range, repeating orders which he thinks have been imperfectly heard, conducting his work largely by instinct, since mere intelligence would not take him very far. With frowning brows, glazed eyes and slightly dropped jaw each waiter collects the food for his tray, races to the checker and shows what he carries as well as the items on his bill, pausing watchfully here, for if he loses his stub he will have to pay the hotel for it; then he dashes to the door, enters abovestairs and once more becomes a pleasant-faced waiter, composedly bearing a meal to a valued patron.

Thus we receive our expert service, and because we pay for it we do not marvel at it. We are accustomed to great hotels; we take it as a matter of course that they have their private laundries and icehouses—and, for all we know, dairies and greenhouses. We are accustomed, also, to expert management in America—we have seen it in great business offices, great department stores; and, if anything, we assume that special efficiency of method should be brought to bear in handling the great primitive matter of feeding and housing people.

It is an axiom that a great hotel has its several departments: its general manager and his assistants; the housekeeper and her chambermaids, scrubwomen and housemen; the maitre d'hôtel—so called when he receives more than a hundred dollars a month—and his waiters; the steward and his assistant stewards, dishwashers and silvermen; the chef and his cooks, bakers, vegetable women and salad girls; the engineer and his corps; the carpenters, painters, decorators, upholsterers and their corps; the controlling department, which manages the office force; and the highly important auditing department and its efficient checkers.

It is an axiom, too, that every department must be subdivided—must have not only responsible heads but responsible subheads. It is axiomatic again that these heads must be the best that money can buy; that they must have perfected their system through experience in great hotels all over the country, and that they must go on improving their methods if the executives are to survive.

What is not axiomatic—what makes the business problem of a hotel different from that of a department store or a great office—is the human nature it must handle both abovestairs and belowstairs. Abovestairs is comparatively easy—the creatures demanding to be fed and housed must be treated with perfect deference, promised everything they want and given it through the efforts of the army beneath. Belowstairs is as different as it is difficult. It is human nature not confined behind desks and counters and trying—if it is wise—to protect its nerves; but it is human nature, unable by the nature of its work to protect its nerves, unleashed, volcanic, in perpetual action.

To take only the kitchen phase: on the floor there may be—of the steward's staff, chef's staff and maitre d'hôtel's staff—perhaps eight hundred people. A few of these are skilled laborers; the others are unskilled, often unpracticed, frequently foreign and, above all, undowered with any special sense of loyalty to or affection for the kitchen. Working, as they do, at an astounding rate of speed—usually by electric light—isolated, looking on their fellow workers largely as trees walking, they cannot get the sense of attachment that a stenographer has for the office even of the most soulless corporation, that the shopgirl has for her special niche behind the counter. The kitchen corps have the habit, indeed, of several hours of rushing work; but the circumstances are such that they can scarcely get the habit of a place in the sense that the stenographer and the shopgirl do. This condition being so, most of them are about as casual as sparrows.

The World's Real Cosmopolitans

THE heads may see some greatness—if not some romance—in their business; for, after all, the feeding of the people has something inspiring about it. A steward who must buy food for ten thousand people daily; who walks into the shellfish department and sees eight barrels of oysters opened for the day's consumption; who walks into his storeroom and sees five hundred cans of French peas carried off for one banquet; who knows that sixty thousand pieces of china are washed every day by his men—may feel that he is working for more than money.

As the chef looks at his oven that produces thousands of rolls daily; as he walks beside his range, many feet long, supervising the cooking, showing a new man here how to broil a chop perfectly, cautioning an old hand dizzy with the heat that too many orders are getting past, the chef has reason to feel that his work is of great importance; but the underling naturally cares only for his money and for having as good a time as he can. It is a question whether the work does not affect body and mind with a tendency to perpetual motion. At any rate many of these underlings go on to other places as consistently as a London belle goes on to different house parties. Your real cosmopolitan is not the European traveler who sees the outside of Paris and London—it is your unmarried laboring class, with the same restlessness in its blood. It is not only outdoor laborers, such as miners and bridgeworkers, who are the real cosmopolitans, but the indoor workers, who see certain vital phases of life from the inside, since their vantage point is close to the kitchen.

A "permanent" in a great hotel gives a generous Christmas gift to a bellboy; on New Year's Day he comes with fresh asking in his eyes.

Few of Us Realize What an Inferno of Sound and Activity There Is Behind the Swinging Doors That Separate Abovestairs and Belowstairs!

"I come to tell you-all goodby'm; I cert'n'y am mighty sorry to leave the hotel 'count of you," he explains.

"Don't you like this hotel, John?"

"Oh, yes'm. I like it; but I been here three months now, and it's time to leave. I'm goin' to Hot Springs; they is mighty generous there with they tips."

"But the season is only two months there. Will you come back here then?"

"Law! No'm; I'm jest honin' to tell the head clerk what I think of him. I jest plain got to do that, so I cain't come back no mo'. But I ain't plannin' on it anyway. I'm goin' to Detroit and travel the boats."

"Travel the boats?"

"Yes'm. I go wherever they tote me; it ain't no difference to me, 'cause the ge'mens is always the same. I have fo' little tables to take care of, and some of 'em done sit there all the time; and when they sit there a while they don't care how much they give me. Yas'm; money sure do come on those boat trips. Reckon I'll go West next fall when the boat stops. You-all won't see me no mo'. Got a letter you'd like me to post—or cain't I do somethin' fo' you before I go?"

Motives for Moving

THE waiters and waitresses are scarcely less casual—the ones who are free. Those who have others dependent on them—children or parents—know the terror common to other people who also give hostages to fortune. They are afraid to resent slights or injustices, they must ignore all disadvantages, for to be out of work a week would be a misfortune too heavy to be faced; but the free ones have no such reluctance. It would be quite possible for an abovestairs traveler to be served by the same waiter in New York, in Chicago and in Los Angeles. The waiter might like the New York seabreezes for August, the Chicago autumn and the California winter. Numbers of waiters go South or West when the Northern winter comes, and many of them are so much desired that their traveling expenses are paid—at least one way; for among these casual persons there are those so gifted at their work that they are worth the price they cost.

And the women are almost as full of initiative as the men. Hundreds of waitresses take a summer vacation at Bar Harbor or Cape Cod, looking forward to the change, buying their new clothes, hoping to meet new friends, quite in the same fashion as the sheltered young women they wait upon. They hope just as strongly and secretly that the summer flitting is going to bring into their lives a romance—or romances—that will really be worth while.

One never can tell what is going on behind the composed faces of the black-gowned, white-aproned young persons standing in the dining room of a family hotel. The head waitress may have gone to the pantry for a moment and, as if on signal, two of the young women sidle up to each other.

"I'm going to duck tonight, Minnie," says one.

"What's up, Sara—found a better job?"

"I have, Minnie—believe me—in a hotel where there ain't so many transients. The transients that come here hang on to their change like they thought it would cripple them if they let go. Besides, I don't like the trick that family of cousins has at my other table there. They came in of a Tuesday. Well, if they had been real ladies they would each of passed over the next Tuesday. Did they? No; the four of them loosened up on Wednesday. The next week, Thursday—and so on. They pinched four days a month off me. Well, Minnie, I don't stand for that—believe me!"

"Have you told her, Sara?" asks Minnie with a glance at the head waitress who has reëntered and, with a flick of her eyes, has appreciated the position of each of her subordinates. Sara picks up the napkin of one guest and pours fresh water for another. Then, by careful indirection she drifts back to Minnie.

"Told her! Well, I guess not! I want to leave her in the lurch after the way she called me down yesterday! That's why I went out and got a new job."

"Well, you know you were neglecting your work," said Minnie reasonably. She is negotiating for the position of head waitress in a restaurant and her point of view is shifting. "I'm thinking of leaving myself. I can't stand the chef. Last night all I did was eat Mrs. Brown's chop in the pantry. She'd had a nip out of it and it really was not of much account; but, of course, he thought it could of been made into a stew for the chambermaids. Such cursing I never heard! He couldn't have sworn at me worse if he'd been my own husband! I ain't going to stand for it. I don't have to take anything off anybody."

Each Waiter Sees Only the Face of the Cook at Whom He Shouts His Order

Minnie is a fine, radiant creature—one of the sort bound to survive anywhere. She has no money, no position, no education, and she never thinks of restraining her feelings—unless her pocket would suffer from the explosion. She has magnificent health, which will always carry her through the world with her head high.

"Mattie is coming back on account of the chef's swearing," said Sara after going through some motions for the edification of the head waitress. "She's been to a big hotel where they don't just have three cooks like we have, but a whole lot of them, each for a different thing; and they're so far off from the waitresses you can't hear a thing they say. It was awful lonely—so many people you never met! She says she missed the chef's cursing. She felt like it herself when it was so hot out here and every one wanting to be waited on at once, and them in the bedrooms telephoning down for trays—why, she would of liked to swear herself, and she pretended to herself that he was just doing it for her. And then she enjoyed it when the grease flew up and stung his face—he had a special swear for that. I suppose it's a difference between a man swearing right at you or at something else. Here she comes to butt in."

One type is not casual: the foreigners who have not been long in this country, who belong to the corps of the steward, dishwashers and silvermen, and who belong to the corps of the housekeeper, chambermaids—and especially the scrubwomen. Security is given in the case of the scrubwomen because there are three applicants to every one position, and because most of these women are middle-aged mothers of families who have known the double edge of want both for themselves and for those belonging to them. They have seen their husbands out of work, or crippled, or dead; and they would not risk change of work for fear it might mean loss of work. Fear has too long been their bosom companion and they do not know how to do anything but scrub.

The foreign chambermaids stay partly because they have brought with them the Old World patience and partly because they have inherited from their forebears an instinct to remain in the same place. Need has driven them to a foreign land indeed; but with the first satisfaction of the need of daily bread they settle down just where they are to learn the habits of the new country. If they are alert, quick to assimilate, they move on some day to something better if it is our spirit of progress they have caught, or to something different if they have only absorbed our spirit of change. Many of them have others dependent on them. A guest gives her chambermaid a much-desired present of towels with pink borders.

"What's the matter, Velma?" she asks, as the little girl's brown eyes fill with tears. "Don't you like them?"

"Oh, sure, I like them; but I don't get married yet. Oh, I don't know when I get married—a man he won't wait too long! My mother dies last Tuesday; and what can my father do, with nothing but the old grandmother that eats so much yet, and all the childrens learning to be American in schools?"

"Are they little children, Velma?" Velma's point of view about size differs from her questioner's.

"Oh, not little—five and seven, eight and nine years old; and one eleven, working in the box factory that we tells she is fourteen. But funerals cost so much in this country and my father ain't got health; and now my mother can't work for him. I got to give all my wages for shoes and dresses for the childrens in school. My father works when the coughing lets him. But I ain't able to get married till the nine-year-old can go working in the box factory."

The foreign chambermaids come more into contact, through housekeeper and guests, with American life than the dishwashers and the silvermen in the kitchen. These foreign men are singularly isolated. Several of them work near the great new dishwashers—or perhaps the dishwashers of an older fashion. It may consist of a cage of dishes as big as half a cask, collected from a dumbwaiter or a pick-up table, as the case may be, by a foreigner who is perhaps a Bohemian. Another foreigner, perhaps a wiry-armed Russian, with the help of a derrick, lifts this huge cage from one vat of whirling, soapy water into another, and still another. It may be that the two men who receive it are French and Scotch—they may be of any nationality. Near them are Swiss and Germans, who are wiping silver with incredible deftness and speed. Here is double isolation—foreigners having for their outer environment the deafening clash of dishes and silver and the roar of the waiters shouting their orders across the room to the cooks. From this outer circle of abnormal life, this unnatural high pressure of work, they absorb impressions of American life, if, indeed, they have energy left over from their own work for absorption. Their closer environment consists of other foreigners whose point of view they find is as hard to understand as the American.

Keeping the Underlings in Line

IT SEEMS strange that people confined within the same space of a few hundred cubic feet can be so unrelated. One would naturally expect a servants' dining hall to be a social place; for, though only four meals are served, yet relays eat them and the seats are vacant only for a few hours. When the men file in, however, they drop into the nearest vacant seat—here again there is no sense of attachment to a special place—and they feed for the most part without talk or laughter, rarely speaking except to ask a waitress for more food. They are just long lines of hunched-over backs, resting from a severe strain and recuperating for another.

The duty of the highly skilled managers has its paradoxical phase—to change their seething mass of humanity into machines which give every last ounce of energy possible the heads must be unrelenting in discipline, the hardest kind of martinets; and on the other hand they must bind their subordinates to them with bonds of love and loyalty. They are sure of plenty of applicants for vacant places, but they dread breaking them in. The heads have subheads or understudies who have been thus employed for years and to whom is allowed plenty of latitude as one means of keeping them. These subheads usually have sub-subheads whom the subheads have personally trained and whom somehow—but usually without raising wages—they must manage to

(Continued on Page 56)

HIGHGRADE LINES

How Young Elkan Lubliner Tried to Break Into Them

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SURE, I know, Mr. Scheikowitz," cried Elkan Lubliner, junior partner of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company, as he sat in the firm's office late one February afternoon; "but if you want to sell a highgrade concern like Joseph Kammerman you must got to got a highgrade line of goods."

"Ain't I am telling you that all the time?" Scheikowitz replied. "*Aber* we sell here a popular-price line, Elkan. So what is the use talking we ain't ekvipt for a highgrade line."

"What d'ye mean we ain't equipped, Mr. Scheikowitz?" Elkan protested. "We got here machines and we got here fixtures, and all we need it now is a highgrade designer and a couple really good cutters like that new feller which is working for us."

"That's all right, too, Elkan," Marcus Polatkin interrupted; "but it ain't the ekvipment which it is so important. The reputation which we got for selling a popular-price line we couldn't get rid of so easy, understand me, and that *Bétzimmer* buyer of Kammerman's wouldn't got no confidence in us at all. The way he figures it we could just so much turn out a highgrade line of goods here as you could expect a feller which is acting in a moving pictures to all of a sudden sing like Caruso."

"Besides," Scheikowitz added, "highgrade designers and really good cutters means more capital, Elkan."

"The capital you shouldn't worry about at all," Elkan retorted. "Next week my Yetta gets falling due a second mortgage from old man Fluxman for five thousand dollars, and ——"

Polatkin made a flapping gesture with his right hand.

"Keep your money, Elkan," he said. "You could got lots of better ways to invest it for Yetta as fixing ourselves up to sell big *Machers* like Joseph Kammerman."

"But it don't do no harm I should drop in and see them people. Ain't it?"

"Sure not," Scheikowitz continued as he swung round in his revolving chair and seized a pile of cutting clips. "They got an elegant store there on Fifth Avenue which it is a pleasure to go into even; and the worst that happens you, Elkan, is you are out a good cigar for that Mr. Dalzell up there."

Elkan nodded gloomily, and as he left the office Polatkin's face relaxed in an indulgent smile.

"The boy is getting awful ambitious lately, Scheikowitz," he said.

"What d'ye mean, ambitious?" Philip Scheikowitz cried angrily. "If you would be only twenty-three years of age, Polatkin, and married to a rich girl, understand me—and also partner in a good concern, which the whole thing he done it himself, Polatkin you would act a whole lot more ambitious as he does. Instead of knocking the boy, Polatkin, you should ought to give him credit for what he done."

"Who is knocking the boy?" Polatkin demanded. "All I says is the boy is ambitious, Scheikowitz—which if you don't think it's ambitious a feller tries to sell goods to Joseph Kammerman, Scheikowitz, anyhow what is it then?"

"There's worser people to sell goods to as Joseph Kammerman, Polatkin, which he is a millionaire concern, understand me," Scheikowitz declared; "and you could take it from me, Polatkin, even if you would accuse him he is ambitious *oder* not, that boy always got idees to do big things—and he works hard till he lands 'em. So if you want to call that ambitious, Polatkin, go ahead and do so. When a loafer knocks it's a boost every time."

With this ultimatum Scheikowitz followed his junior partner to the rear of the loft, where Elkan regarded with a critical eye the labors of his cutting-room staff.

"*Nu*, Elkan," Scheikowitz asked, "what's biting you now?"

Elkan winked significantly—and a moment later he tapped an assistant cutter on the shoulder.

"Max," he said, "do you got maybe a grudge against that piece of goods, the way you are slamming it round?"

The assistant cutter smiled in an embarrassed fashion.

"The fact is," he said apologetically, "I wasn't thinking about them goods at all. When you are laying out goods for cutting, Mr. Lubliner, you don't got to think much—especially pastel shades."

"Pastel shades?" Elkan repeated.

"That's what I said," the cutter replied. "*Mit* colors like reds and greens, which they are hitting you right in the face, so to speak, you couldn't get your mind off of 'em at all; but pastel shades, that's something else again. They quiet you like smoking a cigarette."

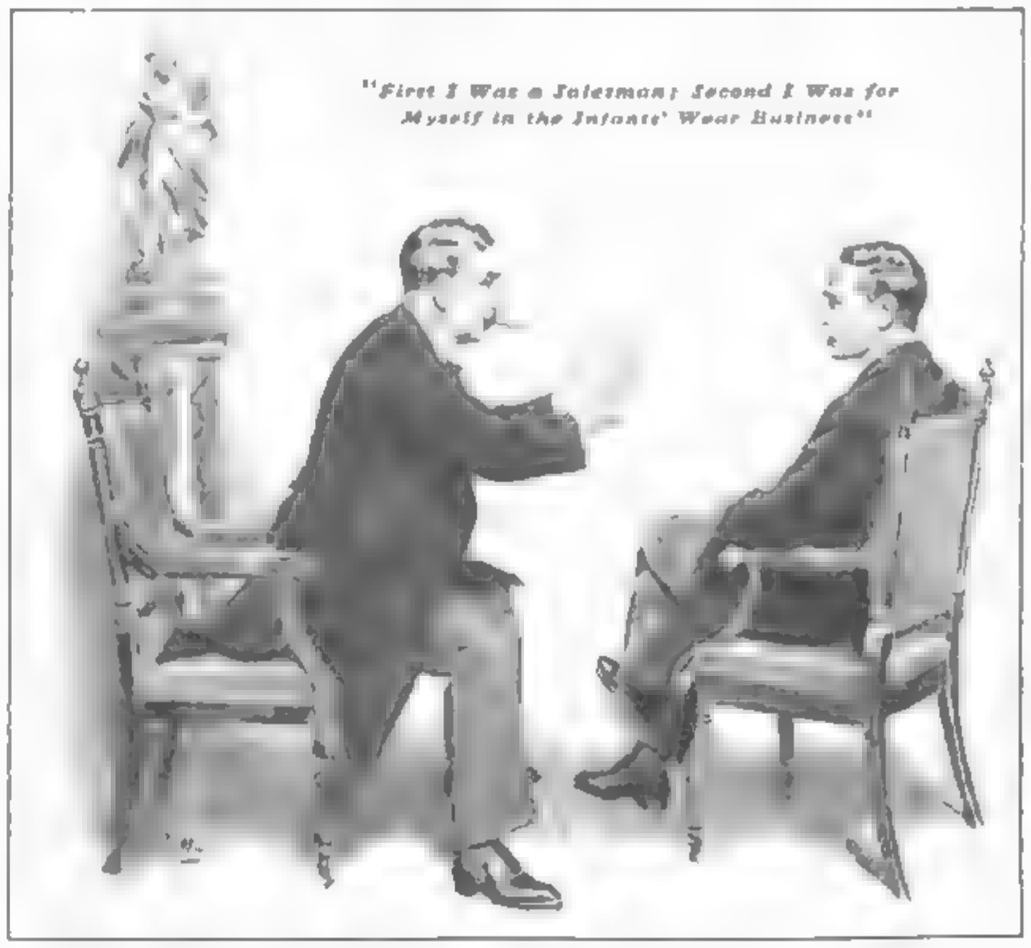
Elkan turned to his partner with a shrug.

"When I was working by B. Gans," the cutter went on, "I am laying out a piece of old gold crêpe *mit* a silver-thread border, and I assure you, Mr. Lubliner, it has an effect on me like some one would give me a glass of schnapps already."

"*Steigen*, Max," said Elkan, moving away, "you got too much to say for yourself."

Max nodded resignedly and continued the spreading of the goods on the cutting table while Elkan and Scheikowitz walked out of the room.

"That's the new feller I was telling you about," Elkan said. "*Meshugganeh* Max Merech they call him."



"First I Was a Salesman; Second I Was for Myself in the Infants' Wear Business"

"*Meshugga* he may be," Scheikowitz replied, "but just the same he's got a couple of good idees also, Elkan. Only this morning he makes Redman the designer pretty near crazy when he says that the blue soutache on that new style 2060 kills the blue in the yoke, y'understand; and he was right too, Elkan. Polatkin and me made Redman change it over."

Elkan shrugged again as he put on his hat and coat preparatory to going home.

"A lot our class of trade worries about such things!" he exclaimed. "So far as they are concerned the soutache could be crimson and the yoke green, and if the price was right they'd buy it anyhow."

"Don't you fool yourself, Elkan," Scheikowitz said while Elkan rang for the elevator. "The price is never right if the workmanship ain't good."

II

THAT Elkan Lubliner's progress in business had not kept pace with his social achievements was a source of much disappointment to both Mrs. Lubliner and himself; for though the firm of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company was still rated seventy-five thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars—credit good—Elkan and Mrs. Lubliner moved in the social orbit of no less a personage than Max Koblin, the Raincoat King, whose credit soared triumphantly among the A's and B's of old-established commission houses.

Indeed it was a party at Max Koblin's house that evening which caused Elkan to leave his place of business at half-past five; and when Mrs. Lubliner and he sallied forth from the gilt and porphyry hallway of their apartment dwelling they were fittingly arrayed to meet Max's guests, none of whom catered to the popular-price trade of Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company.

"Why didn't you told him we are getting next week paid off for five thousand dollars a second mortgage?" Yetta said, continuing a conversation begun at dinner that evening.

"I did told him," Elkan insisted; "but what is the use talking to a couple of old-timers like them?"

Yetta sniffed contemptuously with the impatience of youth at the foibles of senility, as exemplified by the doddering Philip Scheikowitz, aged forty-five, and the valetudinarian Marcus Polatkin, whose hair, albeit unfrosted, had been blighted and in part swept away by the vicissitudes of forty-two winters.

"You can't learn an old dawg young tricks," Elkan declared, "and we might just so well make up our minds to it, Yetta, we would never compete with such highgrade concerns like B. Gans *oder* Schwefel & Zucker."

They walked over two blocks in silence and then Elkan broke out anew.

"I tell you," he said, "I am sick and tired of it. B. Gans talks all the time about selling this big *Macher* and that big *Macher*, and him and Mr. Schwefel gets telling

"Why, the Last Time I Seen That Show I Says I Wouldn't Sit Through It Again for a Hundred Dollars"

about what a millionaire like Kammerman says to him the other day, or what he says to Mandelberger, of Chicago, y'understand—and I couldn't say nothing! If I would commence to tell 'em what I says to such customers of ours like One-Eye Feigenbaum *oder* H. Margonin, of Bridgetown, understand me, they would laugh me in my face yet."

Yetta pressed his arm consolingly as they ascended the stoop of Max Koblin's house on Mount Morris Park, West, and two minutes later they entered the front parlor of that luxurious residence.

"And do you know what he says to me?" a penetrating barytone voice announced as they came in. "He says to me, 'Benson,' he says, 'I've been putting on musical shows now for fifteen years, and an idee like that comes from a genius already. There's a fortune in it!'"

At this juncture Mrs. Koblin noted the arrival of the last of her guests.

"Why, hello, Yetta!" she cried, rising to her feet. "Ain't you fashionable, getting here so late?"

She kissed Yetta and held out a hand to Elkan as she spoke.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Elkan, keeping Yetta's dinner waiting because you claim you're so busy downtown?" she went on. "I guess you know everybody here except Mr. Benson."

She nodded toward the promulgator of Heaven-born ideas, who bowed solemnly.

"Pleased to meet you, Mister — —"

"Lubliner," Elkan said.

"Mister Lubliner," Benson repeated, passing his begemmed fingers through a shock of black, curly hair. "And the long and short of it is," he continued, addressing the company, "tomorrow I'm getting a scenario along them lines I just indicated to you from one of the highest-grade fellers that's writing."

Here ensued a pause, during which B. Gans searched his mind for an anecdote concerning some retailer of sufficiently good financial standing, while Joseph Schwefel, of Schwefel & Zucker, cleared his throat preparatory to launching a verbatim report of a conversation between himself and a buyer for one of the most exclusive costume houses on Fifth Avenue; but even as Schwefel rounded his lips to enunciate an introductory "Er," Benson obtained a fresh start.

"Now you remember The Diners Out, Ryan & Bernbaum's production last season?" he said, addressing Elkan. "In that show they had an idee like this: Eight ponies is let down from the flies—see?—and George DeFrees makes his entrance in a practicable airyoplane—I think it was George DeFrees was working for Ryan & Bernbaum last year, or was it Sammy Potter?"

At this point he screwed up his face and leaning his elbow on the arm of his chair he placed four fingers on his forehead in the attitude known theatrically as Business of Deep Consideration.

"No," he said at last—"it was George DeFrees. George jumps out of the airyoplane and says: 'They followed me to earth, I see.'"

Benson raised his eyebrows at the assembled guests.

"Angels!" he announced. "Get the idee? 'They followed me to earth, I see.' Cue. And then he sings the song hit of the show: Come Take a Ride in My Airyoplane."

B. Gans shuffled his feet uneasily and Joseph Schwefel pulled down his waistcoat. As manufacturers of highgrade garments they had accompanied more than one customer to the entertainment described by Benson; but to Elkan the term "ponies" admitted of only one meaning, and this conversational arabesque of flies, little horses, aeroplanes and George DeFrees made him fairly dizzy.

"And," M. Sidney Benson said before B. Gans could head him off, "just that there entrance boomed the show. Ryan & Bernbaum up to date clears a hundred and twenty thousand dollars over and above all expenses."

"Better as the garment business!" Max Koblin commented—and B. Gans nodded and yawned.

"Ain't we going to have no pinocle?" he asked. Max rose and threw open the sliding doors leading to the dining room, where cards and chips were in readiness.

"Will you join us, Mr. Benson?" he asked.

"That'll make five with Mr. Lubliner," Benson replied; "so supposing you, Gans and Schwefel go ahead, and Mr. Lubliner and me will join you later. Otherwise you would got to deal two of us out—which it makes a pretty slow game that way."

"Just as you like," Max said; and after Mrs. Koblin and Yetta had retired abovestairs to view the most recent accession to Mrs. Koblin's wardrobe Benson pulled up the points of his high collar and adjusted his black stock necktie. Then he lit a fresh cigar and prepared to lay bare to Elkan the arcana of the theatrical business.

"Yes, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "the show business is a business like any other business. It ain't like you got an idee it is—opening wine for a bunch of chickens, understand me, and running round the streets till all hours of the morning."

"I never got no such idee," Elkan protested.

"You ain't, Mr. Lubliner," Benson continued, "because it's very evidence to me that you don't know nothing about it; but there's a whole lot of people got that idee anyhow, y'understand; and what I am always trying to tell everybody is that the show business is like the gurment business *oder* the drygoods business—a business for a business man, not a loafer!"

Elkan made an inarticulate noise which Benson took to be an expression of interest and encouragement.

"At the same time art has got a whole lot to do with it," he went on—"art and idees; and when you take a feller like Ryan, which he could write a show, write the music, put it on and play the leading part all by himself, y'understand, and a feller like Bernbaum, which used to was Miller, Bernbaum & Company in the pants business—you got there an ideel combination!"

Elkan nodded and looked helplessly round him at the Circassian walnut, of which half a forestful had gone to make up the furnishings of Koblin's front parlor.

"But," Benson said emphatically, "you take me, for instance—and what was I?"

He told off his former occupations with the index finger of his right hand on each digit of his left.

"First I was a salesman; second I was for myself in the infants' wear business; third I was *noch einmal* a salesman. Then I become an actor, because everybody knows my act, which I called it Your Old Friend Maslowsky. For four years I played all the first-class vaudeville circuits here and on the other side in England. But though I made good money, Mr. Lubliner, the real big money is in the producing end."

"Huh-huh!" Elkan ejaculated.

"So that's the way it is with me, Mr. Lubliner," Benson continued. "I am just like Ryan & Bernbaum, only instead of two partners there is only just one; which I got the art, the idees and the business ability all in myself!"

"That must make it very handy for you," Elkan commented.

"Handy ain't no name for it," Benson replied. "It's something you don't see nowheres else in the show business; but I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Lubliner—the work is too much for me!"

"Why don't you get a partner?" Elkan asked.

Benson made a circular gesture with his right hand.

"I could get lots of partners with big money, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "but why should I divide my profits? Am I right or wrong?"

"Well that depends how you are looking at it," Elkan said.

"I am looking at it from the view of a business man, Mr. Lubliner," Benson rejoined. "Here I got a proposition which I am going to put on—a show of idees—a big production, understand me; which if Ryan & Bernbaum makes from their Diners Out a hundred thousand dollars, *verstehst du*, I could easily make a hundred and fifty thousand! And yet, Mr. Lubliner, all I invest is five thousand dollars and five thousand more which I am making a loan at a bank."

"Which bank?" Elkan asked—so quickly that Benson almost jumped in his seat.

"I—I didn't decide which bank yet," he replied. "You see, Mr. Lubliner, I got accounts in three banks. First I belonged to the Fifteenth National Bank. Then they begged me I should go in the Minuit National Bank. All right. I went in the Minuit National Bank. H'afterward Sam Feder comes to me and says: 'Benson,' he says, 'you are an old friend from mine,' he says. 'Why do you bother yourself you should go into this bank and that bank?' he says. 'Why don't you come to my bank?' he says, 'and I would give you all the money you want.' So you see, Mr. Lubliner, it is immaterial to me which bank I get my money from."

Again he passed his jeweled fingers through his hair.

"No, Mr. Lubliner," he announced after a pause, "my own brother even I wouldn't give a look-in."

Elkan made no reply. As a result of Benson's gesture he was busy estimating the value of eight and a quarter carats at eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents a carat.

"Because," Benson continued, "the profits is something you could really call enormous! If you got the time I would like to show you a few figures."

"I got all evening," Elkan answered, whereat Benson pulled from his waistcoat pocket a fountain pen ornamented with gold filigree.

"First," he said, "is the costumes."

And therewith he plunged into a maze of calculation that lasted for nearly an hour. Moreover, at the end of that period he entered into a new series of figures, tending to show that by the investment of an additional five thousand dollars the profits could be increased seventy-five per cent.

"But I'm satisfied to invest my ten thousand," he said, "because five thousand is my own and the other five thousand I could get easy from the Kosciusko Bank, whereas the additional five thousand I must try to interest somebody he should invest it with me. And so far as that goes I wouldn't bother *myself* at all."

"You're dead right," Elkan said by way of making himself agreeable, whereat Benson grew crimson with chagrin.

"Sure, I'm dead right," he said; "and if you and Mrs. Lubliner would come down to my office in the Siddons Theater Building tomorrow night, eight o'clock, I would send one of my associates round with you and he will get you tickets for the Diners Out, understand me; and then you would see for yourself what a big house they got there. Even on Monday night they turn 'em away!"

"I'm much obliged to you," Elkan replied. "I'm sure Mrs. Lubliner and me would enjoy it very much."

"I'm sorry for you if you wouldn't," Benson retorted; "and that there Diners Out ain't a marker to the show I'm putting on, Mr. Lubliner—which you can see for yourself, a business proposition which pans out pretty near two hundred thousand dollars on a fifteen-thousand-dollar investment, is got to be right up to the mark. Ain't it?"

"You Got Your Choice to Go to a Popular Show Like the Diners Out or to a Really Highgrade Show, Mr. Lubliner"

"I thought you said ten thousand dollars was the investment," Elkan remarked.

"I did," Benson replied with some heat; "but if some one comes along and wants to invest the additional five thousand dollars I wouldn't turn him down, Mr. Lubliner."

He rose to his feet to join the pinocle players in the dining room.

"So I hope you enjoy the show tomorrow night," he added as he strolled away.

III

FROM six to eight every evening Max Merech underwent a gradual transformation, for six o'clock was the closing hour at Polatkin, Scheikowitz & Company's establishment, while eight marked the advent of the Sarasate Trio at the Café Román, on Delancey Street. Thus at six Max Merech was an assistant cutter; and, indeed, until after he ate his supper he still bore the outward appearance of an assistant cutter, though inwardly he felt a premonitory glow. After half-past seven, however, he buttoned on a low, turned-down collar, with its concomitant broad Windsor tie, and therewith he assumed his real character—that of a dilettante.

At the Café Román each evening he specialized on music; but with the spirit of the true dilettante he neglected no one of the rest of the arts, and was ever to be found at the table next to the piano, a warm advocate of the latest movement in painting and literature, as well as an appreciative listener to the ultramodern music discoursed by the Sarasate Trio.

"If that ain't a winner I ain't no judge!" he said to Boris Volkovisk, the pianist, on the evening of the conversation with Elkan set forth above. He referred to a violin sonata of Boris' own composition which the latter and Jacob Rekower, the violinist, had just concluded.

Boris smiled and wiped away the perspiration from his bulging forehead, for the third movement of the sonata, marked in the score *Allegro con fuoco*, had taxed even the technic of its composer.

"A winner of what?" Boris asked—"money? Because supposing a miracle happens that somebody would publish it nobody buys it."

Max nodded his head slowly in sympathetic acquiescence.

"But anyhow you ain't so bad off like some composers," he said. "You've anyhow got a good musician to play your stuff for you."

He smiled at Jacob Rekower, who plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and shrugged deprecatingly.

"Sure, I know," Rekower said; "and if we play too much good stuff Marculescu raises the devil with us we should play more popular music."

He spat out the words "popular music" with an emphasis that made a *Tarrok* player at the next table jump in his seat.

"*Nu*," said the latter as the deal passed, "what is the matter with popular music? If it wouldn't be for writing popular music, understand me, many a decent, respectable composer would got to starve!"

He turned his chair round and abandoned the card game the better to air his views on popular music.

"Furthermore," he said, "I know a young feller by the name Milton Jassy which last year he makes two thousand dollars already from syncopating *Had gadjo* and calling it the Wildcat Rag, and this year he is writing the music for a new show and I bet yer the least he makes out of it is five thousand dollars."

"Yow! Five thousand dollars!" Merech exclaimed. "Such people you hear about, but you *oser* see 'em."

"Don't you?" said the *Tarrok* player, drawing a card-case from his breast pocket. "Well, you see one now."

He laid face upward on the table a card which read:

For a brief interval Volkovisk, Rekower and Merech regarded Jassy's card in silence.

"Well," Merech said at last, "what of it?"

Jassy shrugged and waved his hand significantly.

"Nothing of it," he said, "only your friend there is knocking popular music; and though I admit that I didn't got to go to the Wiener conservatory so as I could write popular music exactly, y'understand, still I could write sonatas and trios and quartets and even concerti and symphonies till I am black in the face already and I couldn't pay my laundry bill even!"

For answer Volkovisk turned to the piano and seized from the pile of music a blue-covered volume. It was the violin sonata of Richard Strauss, and handing the violin part to Rekower he seated himself on the stool. Then with a premonitory nod to Rekower he struck the opening chords, and for more than ten minutes Jassy and Merech sat motionless until the first movement was finished.

"When Strauss wrote that he could *oser* pay his laundry bill either," Volkovisk said, rising from the stool. He sat down wearily at the table and lit a cigarette.

"So you see," he began, "Richard Strauss ——"

"Richard Strauss nothing!" cried an angry voice at his elbow. "If you want to practice practice at home. I pay you here to play for my customers, not for yourselves, Volkovisk; and once and for all I am telling you you should cut out this nonsense and *spiel* a little music once in a while."

It was the proprietor, Marculescu, who spoke, and Volkovisk immediately seated himself at the piano. This time he took from the pile of music three small sheets, one of which he placed on the reading desk and the other on Rekower's violin stand. After handing the other sheet to the cellist he plunged into a furious rendition of Wildcat Rag.

In the front part of the café a group of men and women, whose clothes and manners proclaimed them to be slummers from the upper West Side, broke into noisy applause as the vulgar composition came to an end, and in the midst of their shouting and stamping Jassy rose trembling from his seat. He slunk between tables to the door, while Volkovisk began a repetition of the number, and it was not until he had turned the corner of the street and the melody had ceased to sound in his ears that he slackened his pace. When he did so, however, a friendly hand fell on his shoulder and he turned to find Max Merech close behind him.

"*Nu*, Mr. Jassy," Max said, "you shouldn't be so broke up because you couldn't write so good as Richard Strauss."

Jassy stood still and looked Max squarely in the eye.

"That's just the point," he said in hollow tones. "Might I could if I tried; but I am such an *Epikouros* that I don't want to try. I would sooner make money out of rubbish than be an artist like Volkovisk."

Max shrugged and elevated his eyebrows.

"A man must got to live," he said as he seized Jassy's arm and began gently to propel him back to the Café Román.

"Sure, I know," Jassy said; "but living ain't all having good clothes to wear and good food to eat. Living for an artist like Volkovisk is composing music worthy of an artist. *Aber* what do I do, Mister ——"

"Merech," Max said.

"What do I do, Mr. Merech?" Jassy continued. "I am all the time throwing away my art in the streets with this rotten stuff I am composing."

IV

"WELL, I tell you," Max said after they had reëntered the café and had seated themselves at a table remote from the piano, "composing music is like manufacturing garments, Mr. Jassy. Some one must got to cater to the popular-price trade and only a few manufacturers gets to the point where they make up a highgrade line for the exclusive retailers. Ain't it?"

Jassy nodded as the waiter brought the cups of coffee.

"Now you take me, for instance," Max continued. "Once I worked by B. Gans, which I assure you, Mr. Jassy, it was a pleasure to handle the goods in that place. What an elegant line of silks and embroidery they got it there! Believe me, Mr. Jassy, every day I went to work there like I would be going to a wedding already, such a beautiful goods they made it! *Aber* now I am working by a popular-price concern, Mr. Jassy, which, you could take it from me, the colors them people puts together in one garment gives me the indigestion already!"

Again Jassy nodded sympathetically.

"And why did I make a change?" Max went on. "Because them people pays me seven dollars a week more as B. Gans, Mr. Jassy; and though art is art, understand me, seven dollars a week ain't to be coughed at neither."

For a few minutes Jassy sipped his coffee in silence.

"That's all right too," he said; "but with garments you could make just so much money manufacturing a highgrade line as you could if you are making a popular-price line."

Max nodded sapiently.

"I give you right there," he agreed, "and that's because the manufacturer of the highgrade line does business in the same way as the popular-price concern. *Aber* you take the composer of highgrade music and all he does is compose. He's too proud to poosh it, Mr. Jassy; whereas the feller what composes popular music he's just the same like the feller what manufacturers a popular-price line of garments—he not only manufacturers his line but he pooshes it till he gets a market for it."

"There ain't no market for a highclass line of music," Jassy said hopelessly.

"Why ain't there?" Max demanded. "Did you ever try to market a symphony? Did Volkovisk ever try to get anybody with money interested in his stuff? No, sirree, sir! All that feller does is to play it to a lot of *Schnorrers* like me, which no matter how much we like his work we couldn't help him none. Now you take your own case, for instance. You told us a few minutes ago you are writing some music for a new show. Now, if you wouldn't mind my asking, who is putting in the capital for that show?"

"Well," Jassy replied, "a feller called Benson is putting it in and part of the capital is from his own money and the rest he borrows."

"Just like a new beginner would do in the garment business," Max commented. "*Aber* who does he borrow it from? A bank maybe—what?"

"Some he gets from a bank," Jassy replied, "and the rest he is trying to raise elsewheres. Tonight he tells me he is getting an introduction to a business man which he hopes to lend from him five *oder* ten thousand dollars."

"Five *oder* ten thousand dollars!" Max cried. "*Shema beni!* For five thousand dollars Volkovisk could publish all the music he ever wrote and give a whole lot of recitals in the bargain. One thousand dollars would be enough even."

"That I wouldn't deny at all," Jassy rejoined. "*Aber* who would you find stands willing he should invest in Volkovisk's music a thousand dollars? Would he ever get back his thousand dollars even, let alone any profits?"

"It's a speculation, I admit," Max commented; "but you take Richard Strauss, for instance, and if some feller would staked Strauss to a thousand dollars capital when he needed it, understand me, not alone he would got his money back but if we would say, for example, the thousand dollars represents a ten-per-cent interest in Strauss' business, today yet the feller would be worth his fifty thousand dollars, because everybody knows what a big success Strauss made. Actually the feller must got orders at least six months ahead. Why for one song alone they pay him a couple thousand dollars!"

"Well," Jassy asked, "if you feel there's such a future in it why don't you raise a thousand dollars and finance Volkovisk?"

Max laughed aloud.

"Me—I couldn't raise nothing," he said; "*aber* you—you are feeling sore at yourself because you are writing popular stuff. Here's a chance for you to square yourself with your art. Why don't you help Volkovisk out? All you got to do is to find out who is loaning this here Benson the ten thousand dollars and get him to stake Volkovisk to a thousand."

Jassy tapped the table with his fingers.

"For that matter I could say the same thing to you," he declared. "You consider Volkovisk's talent so high as a business proposition, Merech, why don't you get some business man interested—one of your bosses, for instance?"

He rose from his chair as he spoke and placed ten cents on the table as his share of the evening's expenses.

"Think it over," he said; and long after he had closed the door behind him Max sat still with his hands in his trousers pockets and pondered the suggestion.

"After all," he mused as Marculescu began to turn out the lights one by one, "why shouldn't I—the very first thing in the morning?"

It was not, however, until Polatkin and Scheikowitz had gone out to lunch the following day, leaving Elkan alone in the office, that Max could bring his courage to the sticking point; and so fearful was he that he might regret his boldness before it was too late he fairly ran from the cutting room to the office and delivered his preparatory remarks in the outdoor tones of a political spellbinder.

"Mr. Lubliner," he cried, "could I speak to you a few words something?"

Elkan rose and slammed the door.

"Say, lookyhere, Merech," he said, "if you want a raise don't let the whole factory know about it, otherwise we would be pestered to death here. Remember, also," he continued as he sat down again, "you are only working for us a few weeks—and it don't go so quick as all that."

"What d'ye mean, a raise?" Max asked. "I ain't said nothing at all about a raise. I am coming to see you about something entirely different already."

Elkan looked ostentatiously at his watch.

"I ain't got too much time, Merech," he said.

"Nobody's got too much time when it comes to fellers asking for raises, Mr. Lubliner," Max retorted; "*aber* this here is something else again, as I told you."

"Well, don't beat no bushes round, Merech!" Elkan cried impatiently. "What is it you want from me?"

"I want from you this," Max began huskily: "Might you know Tschaikovsky maybe *oder* Rimsky-Korsakoff."

"Tschaikovsky I never heard of," Elkan replied, "nor the other concern neither. Must be new beginners in the garment business—ain't it?"

"They never was in the garment business, so far as I know," Max continued; "*aber* they made big successes even if they wasn't, because all the money ain't in the garment business, Mr. Lubliner, and Tschaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, even in the old country, made so much money they lived in palaces yet. Once when I was a boy already Tschaikovsky comes to Minsk and they got up a parade for him—such a big *Macher* he was!"

"I don't doubt your word for a minute, Merech; *aber* what is all this got to do *mit* me?"

"It ain't got nothing to do with you, Mr. Lubliner," Max declared—"only I got a friend by the name Boris Volkovisk, and believe me or not, Mr. Lubliner, in some respects Tschaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff could learn from that feller, because you could take it from me, Mr. Lubliner, there's some passages in the Fifth Symphony, understand me, which I hate to say it you could call rotten!"

Elkan stirred uneasily in his chair.

"I don't know what you are talking about at all," he said.

"I am talking about this," Max replied; and therewith he began to explain to Elkan the aspirations and talent of Boris Volkovisk and his—Max'—scheme for their successful development. For more than half an hour he unfolded a plan by which one thousand dollars might be judiciously expended so as to secure the maximum benefit to Volkovisk's career—a plan that during the preceding two years Volkovisk and he had thoroughly discussed over many a cup of coffee in Marculescu's café. "And so you see, Mr. Lubliner," he concluded, "it's a plain business proposition; and if you was to take for your thousand dollars,

say, for example, a one-tenth interest in the business Volkovisk expects to do, understand me, you would get a big return for your investment."

Elkan lit a cigar and puffed away reflectively before speaking.

"*Nu*," he said at last; "so that is what you wanted to talk to me about."

Max nodded.

"Well, then, all I could say is," Elkan went on, "you are coming to the wrong shop. A business proposition like that is for a banker, which he is got so much money he don't know what to do with it, Merech."

Max' face fell and he turned disconsolately away.

"At the same time, Max," Elkan added, "I ain't feeling sore that you come to me with the proposition, understand me. The trouble ain't with you that you got such an idee, Max; the trouble is with me that I couldn't see it. It's like a feller by the name Dalzell, a buyer for Kammerman's store, says to me this morning. 'Lubliner,' he says, 'I couldn't afford to take no chances buying highgrade garments from a feller that is used to making a popular-price line,' he says, 'because no matter how well equipped your factory would be the trouble is a popular-price manufacturer couldn't think big enough to turn out expensive garments. To such a manufacturer goods at two dollars a yard is the limit, and goods at ten dollars a yard he couldn't imagine at all. And even if he could induce himself to use stuff at ten dollars a yard, y'understand, it goes against him to be liberal with such high-priced goods, so he skimps the garment.'"

He blew a great cloud of smoke as a substitute for a sigh.

"And Dalzell was right, Max," he concluded. "You couldn't expect that a garment manufacturer like me is going to got such big idees as investing a thousand dollars in a highgrade scheme like yours. With me a thousand dollars means so many yards piece goods, so many sewing machines or a week's payroll; *aber* it don't mean giving a musician a show he should compose highgrade music. I ain't educated up to it, Max; so I wish you luck that you should raise the money somewheres else."

■

WHEN M. Sidney Benson entered his office in the Siddons Theater Building late that afternoon he found Jassy seated at his desk in the mournful contemplation of some music manuscript.

"*Nu*, Milton," Benson cried, "you shouldn't look so *rachmanos*. I surely think I got 'em coming!"

"You think you got 'em coming!" Jassy repeated with bitter emphasis. "You said that a dozen times already—and always the feller wasn't so big a sucker like he looked!"

"That was because I didn't work it right," Benson replied. "This time I am making out to do the feller a favor by letting him in on the show, and right away he becomes interested. His name is Elkan Lubliner, a manufacturer by cloaks and suits, and tonight he is coming down with his wife yet, and you are going to take 'em round to the Diners Out."

"I am going to the Diners Out *mit* 'em!" Milton ejaculated with every inflection of horror and disgust.

"Sure!" Benson replied cheerfully. "Six dollars it'll cost us, because Ryan pretty near laughs in my face when I asked him for three seats. But never mind, Milton, it'll be worth the money."

"Will it?" Jassy retorted. "Well, not for me, Mr. Benson. Why, the last time I seen that show I says I wouldn't sit through it again for a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars is a lot of money, Milton," Benson said. "*Aber* I think if you work it right you will get a hundred times a hundred dollars before we are through, on account I really got this feller going. So you should listen to me and I would tell you just what you want to say to the feller between the acts."

Therewith Benson commenced to unfold a series of "talking points" which he had spent the entire day in formulating; and as he proceeded Jassy's eyes wandered from the title page of the manuscript music inscribed "Opus 47—Trio in G moll," and began to glow in sympathy with Benson's well-laid plan.

"There's no use shilly-shallying, Milton," Benson concluded. "The season is getting late, and if we're ever going to put on that show now is the time."

Milton nodded eagerly.

"*Aber* why don't you take 'em to the show yourself, Mr. Benson?" he asked hopefully. "Because, not to jolly you at all, Mr. Benson, I must got to say it you are a wonderful talker."

Benson shrugged his shoulders and smiled weakly.

"I am a wonderful talker, I admit," he agreed; "but I got a hard face, Milton, whereas you, anyhow, look honest. So you should meet me at Hanley's afterward, understand me, and we would try to close the deal there and then."

He dug his hand into his trousers pocket and produced a modest roll of bills, from which he detached six dollars.

"Here is the money," he added, "and you should be here to meet them people at eight o'clock sharp."

On the stroke of eight Milton Jassy returned to Benson's office in the Siddons Theater Building and again seated himself at his desk in front of the pile of manuscript music. This time, however, he brushed aside the title page of his Opus 47 and spread out an evening paper to beguile the tedium of awaiting Benson's "prospects." Automatically

"*Jo! I am a Goose, am I? You Loafer, You! Out of Here Before I Kick You Out!*"

he turned to the department headed Music and Musicians, and at the top of the column his eye fell on the following item:

Ferencz Lánczhid, the Budapest virtuoso, will be the soloist at the concert this evening of the Philharmonic Society. He will play the Tschaikovsky Violin Concerto, Opus 35, and the remainder of the program will consist of Dvorák's Symphony, *Aus der Neuen Welt*, and the ever-popular Meistersinger Overture.

Jassy heaved a tremulous sigh as he concluded the paragraph and leaned back in his chair, while in his ears sounded the adagio passage that introduces the first movement of the New World Symphony. Simultaneously the occupant of the next office slammed down his rolltop desk and began to whistle a lively popular melody. It was Wildcat Rag, and Milton struck the outspread newspaper with his clenched fist. Then rising to his feet he gathered together the loose pages of his Opus 47 and placed them tenderly in a leather case just as the door opened and Elkan and Yetta entered.

"I hope we ain't late," Elkan said.

"Not at all," Milton replied. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Lubliner—ain't it?"

As he drew forward a chair for Yetta he saluted his visitors with a slight, graceful bow, a survival of his conservatory days.

"Sit down," he said; "we got lots and lots of time."

"I thought the show started at a quarter past eight—ain't it?" Elkan asked.

"It does and it doesn't," Milton replied hesitatingly; "that is to say, some shows start at a quarter past eight and others not till half past eight."

"But I mean this here Diners Out starts at a quarter past eight—ain't it?" Elkan insisted.

"The Diners Out!" Milton exclaimed as though he heard the name for the first time. "Oh, sure, the Diners Out starts at a quarter past eight, and that's just what I wanted to talk to you about."

He turned to Yetta with an engaging smile which, with his black hair and his dark, melancholy eyes, completely won over that far from unimpressionable lady.

"Now, Mrs. Lubliner," he began, "your husband is a business man—ain't it? And if some one comes to him and says, 'Mr. Lubliner, I got here two garments for the same price—say, for example, two dollars. One of 'em is made of cheap material, *aber* plenty of it *mit* cheap embroidery on it, understand me; while the other is from finest silk a garment—not much of it, y'understand, but plain and beautiful.'"

"What for a garment could you got for two dollars?" Elkan asked—"especially a silk garment?"

"He's only saying for example, Elkan," Yetta interrupted.

"Garments I am only using, so to speak," Milton explained. "What I really mean is: You got your choice to go to a popular show like the Diners Out or to a really highgrade show, Mr. Lubliner. So I leave it to you, Mr. Lubliner. Which shall it be?"

Once again he smiled at Yetta.

"Why, to the highgrade show, sure," Yetta replied, and she seized her husband by the arm. "Come along, Elkan!" she cried; and after Milton had secured the leather portfolio containing his Opus 47 they proceeded immediately to the elevator.

"We could walk over there from here," Milton said when they reached the sidewalk, and he led the way across town toward Carnegie Hall.

"What for a show is this we are going to see?" Elkan asked. "Also a musical show?"

Milton nodded.

"The best musical show there is," he declared. "Do you like maybe to hear good music?"

"I'm crazy about it," Yetta replied.

"Symphonies, concerti and such things?" Milton inquired.

"Symphonies?" Elkan repeated. "What is symphonies?"

"I couldn't explain it to you," Milton said, "because we ain't got time; *aber* you would see for yourself. Only one thing I must tell you, Mr. Lubliner—when the orchestra plays you shouldn't speak nothing—Mrs. Lubliner neither."

"I wouldn't open my mouth at all," Elkan assured him solemnly; and a few minutes later Milton seated himself in the last row of the parterre at Carnegie Hall, with Elkan and Yetta—one each side of him.

"So you ain't never been to a symphony concert before?" Milton began, leaning toward Elkan; and, as the latter shook his head, a short, stout person in the adjoining seat raised his eyebrows involuntarily. "Well, you got a big pleasure in store for you," Milton went on; "and another thing I must got to tell you: Might you would hear some pretty jumpy music which you would want to keep time to *mit* your foot. Don't you do it!"

Elkan's neighbor concealed a smile with one hand, and then he, too, turned to Elkan, who had received Milton's warning with a sulky frown.

"You're friend is right," he said. "People always have to be told that the first time they go to a symphony concert; and the next time they go they not only see the wisdom of such advice, but they want to get up and lick the man that does beat time with his foot."

He accompanied his remark with so gracious a smile that Elkan's frown immediately relaxed.

"A new beginner couldn't get too much advice," he said, and his neighbor leaned farther forward and addressed Milton.

(Continued on Page 38)

The A B C of Unscrambling Eggs

An Interview With Senator Albert B. Cummins

By Henry Beach Needham

DECORATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

IN THE late seventies the farmers of the Middle West were all fenced in by the Barb-Wire Trust, and their position was exceedingly uncomfortable and restrained. The trust had gathered in all patents on barb wire and on machines for making barb wire, and the farmers were getting the barb at every turn. Fence wire was selling at ten, eleven or twelve cents a pound. Unwilling to be gouged any longer, the Farmers' Protective Association, of Des Moines, Iowa, started a factory to manufacture barb wire. Of course the trust got after them, charging infringement of patents. In the first litigation the trust won. The farmers blamed their own attorneys. Finally they determined to make one last try to beat the trust. A delegation of farmers came to town one day and put this question to a disinterested person of wide acquaintance and fair understanding:

"Is there an honest lawyer in Des Moines?"

"I believe there is one down in Judge Wright's office," was the reply. "Hasn't been practicing long. His name is Cummins—A. B. Cummins."

The farmers went to Cummins and laid their case before him. He took the papers and mulled over them for two days and two nights. Then he returned the documents with this memorandum:

"This is simple.—A. B. C."

And today the farmers of Iowa ascribe to that incident the genesis of the expression, "As simple as A B C."

Cummins took up the cause of the farmers against the trust and won a complete victory. When he began the fight he had never tried a patent case. Opposed to him were the best patent lawyers of the country, among them Ben Thurston, of Providence, Rhode Island, and Fred Lehmann, who is now solicitor-general of the United States. In the final decision, rendered by Justice Brewer, afterward a member of the United States Supreme Court, every machine patent controlled by the trust was knocked out and all but one of the patents on barb wire, the exception being of no great importance. Cummins had fought for five years. During that time he neglected all other practice for the farmers' litigation. But in the end he saw the trust beaten—dissolved forever. And instead of paying eleven cents the farmers of Iowa and elsewhere got their fence wire for three cents a pound. A. B. C. proved himself to be some trust-buster.

Cummins and the Blind Goddess

IT WAS in this litigation that John W. Gates discovered Cummins. Gates had organized a company to manufacture fence wire in St. Louis in opposition to the trust. The company was operating on nerve; the capital was next to nothing, and Gates himself was as poor as the turkey that scratched round in Job's back yard. But Gates was keenly interested in the wire litigation, because he expected hourly to be sued by the trust. So he traveled to Keokuk, Iowa, where Cummins was fighting an application for a temporary injunction against the Farmers' Protective Association. At the conclusion of the arguments in court Gates had to borrow money to get back home. But he took with him a promise from Cummins to act as his counsel.

Some time after this John W. Gates conceived the idea of forming a steel and wire combination. He took Cummins to New York to meet the men who had agreed to finance the undertaking. This was A. B. C.'s first plunge into high finance—and his last. He saw properties valued at thirty-two million dollars merged in a combination and the capitalization placed at ninety million dollars. He saw a banking house, which assumed no responsibility, take common stock to the par value of eleven million six hundred thousand dollars—stock that was quoted at fifty-nine, soon after the combination was launched, and that was therefore worth over six millions—and merely because the transaction passed through its office. But he saw nothing done in violation of law, nothing that was regarded as irregular in business circles.

"Those who know Cummins best," said a friend, "declare that it was not Cummins the lawyer who rebelled, but Cummins the carpenter." You see, his father was a carpenter, and in his early youth A. B. C. learned the carpenter's trade. It was by his skill with tools that he paid his way through preparatory school and college and obtained his legal education.

Cummins might have remained in New York, but instead he returned to Iowa—to become leader of the bar, thrice governor of his state, United States senator, and a public man who is seriously mentioned for the presidential nomination. He is a man of unusual legal attainments. His is a mind that can grasp and grapple with complex economic problems. His is a moral mind, and he can view each Government question from the standpoint of the public welfare as well as from the angle of commercial expediency. Cummins knows. He knows, because his preparation for the job he now holds by virtue of popular choice was as complete as the highbrow reformer or the lowbrow politician or the "high-low" Wall Street business man could reasonably ask. In Congress today there is no man who has given so much careful and intelligent study to the trust problem as Senator Cummins has devoted to this great question, no man whose experience and training so well entitle him to offer a solution. His views are set forth in the following interview, which I obtained from him in the holiday recess of Congress.

"The anti-trust law has had a checkered career," said Senator Cummins. "It was despised and disregarded in its infancy, but hated and feared as it grew toward its majority. It was a weak absurdity as exemplified in the Knight case, but a sword of Damocles as interpreted in the Standard Oil case. No law save this one ever recovered from such a blow as was administered to it in the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Sugar Trust suit; and its convalescence through almost twenty years of intermittent fever to complete health in the oil and tobacco litigation is the most wonderful evidence of the power and persistence of the will of the people working through the rational forces of civilization, that this country has ever seen. It is apparent, however, that its vicissitudes are not over, for the Circuit Court in New York has taken the righteous opinion and explicit mandate of the Supreme Court in the American Tobacco Company case and has approved a plan of reorganization which leaves the independent tobacco manufacturers and the general public in worse plight than they were in before the Government attacked the monopoly; and the utterly inexplicable thing is that the attorney-general refuses to take an appeal so that the Supreme Court may have a chance to say whether the reorganization is in harmony with the law and with its opinion, and publicly announces his approval of the action of the Circuit Court.

"Without going into details the effect of the plan which now has judicial approval is to divide the business of the American Tobacco Company among fourteen corporations, three very large ones which take substantially all the business and property, and eleven comparatively small ones which take what remains; and the old stockholders of the American Tobacco Company own or control all these corporations and have practically the same proportionate interest in each of them which they had in the old company. The purpose of the Supreme Court was to create a condition which would restore competition. The man who says there is likely to be or will naturally be competition among these fourteen corporations needs either a brain or a conscience; he can take his choice. If it were not known to be in truth a tragedy the whole performance would be accepted by any audience as a screaming farce."

Competition the Fair Regulator of Prices

HERE we have a commentary on the Tobacco decree that is disheartening to all who have sought relief from the oppressions of the trusts. A Republican senator characterizes the outcome of one of the Government's three great suits against illegal monopolies as a "tragedy" with the elements of a "screaming farce"!

More temperate—or, let us say, diplomatic—was the opinion expressed by Elbert H. Gary. Asked if the "decrees will restore competition between the integral companies which formerly constituted the Tobacco and the Standard Oil Trusts," Judge Gary replied:

"I hope so; but the question is involved in some doubt."

"If we find that this is all that the law will do for the people," continued Senator Cummins, "if this is the final outcome of the superb theoretical construction of the statute, reached through weary years of labor, we must do all the work over again, for I believe that it is a fundamental tenet of our economic faith that in our private industries reasonable, healthful competition shall be the regulator of prices; and, further, that it is within our power to create and maintain conditions under which competition must and will exercise its proper influence.

"It is hard to tell just now whether the anti-trust law is suffering more from the attacks of its unreasonable enemies or from the defense of its unreasonable friends. The former are endeavoring to create a hysteria among the business men, imputing to the law and its enforcement all the commercial ills which are known to exist, as well as all the troubles which a morbid imagination can conceive. The latter in their zeal for correct principles insist that the authors of the law had a degree of wisdom and a degree of foresight which human beings never had and never will have. These defenders of the anti-trust law are so devoted in their worship that they proclaim everybody who thinks even of attempting better to fit the law to conditions which have developed since its passage, as engaged in a conspiracy to weaken and destroy it. Between these two extremes there is, I believe, a body of men who, holding fast to the real spirit of the law, believe that the experience of twenty years of interpretation and application of the statute, coupled with the experience of the same period

with the forms which industry and commerce have assumed, not only enable but require the men of this time to make the law a juster and more efficient instrument to carry into effect the exact purpose which the Congress of 1890 desired to accomplish."

The extremists are of two classes: those who would undo and those who would do nothing. Between the two are the men, like Senator Cummins, who would fit the law to modern conditions and make it more effective. "Strict constructionists" may quarrel with this program. They're reminded of Woodrow Wilson's epigram, that certain provisions of the Federal Constitution are outgrown and "if you button them over the belly they split up the back."

"Aside from its remedies and penalties," said Senator Cummins, "the anti-trust law prohibits just two things:

"First, restraint of trade, or possibly, as now understood, undue restraint of trade through contracts, combinations or conspiracies.

"Second, monopolies or attempts to create monopolies, however brought about.

"There is not a man in the country, whatever his relations to business may be, who will say that he believes that there should be any unreasonable restraint of trade, or that there should be monopolies or attempts to establish monopolies; and therefore it seems to me perfectly clear that the prohibitions of the statute must remain just as they are, with undiminished force. Indeed, I think it may be said that it will be difficult to find a man who believes that we ought to permit any restraint of trade."

The Need of Legal Definition

"THE Supreme Court interpreted the law finally, and since then many men of differing minds have been interpreting the court's interpretation. As a natural result, haven't we become a little confused on that point of restraint of trade?" I asked the senator.

"I think so," replied Mr. Cummins. "It is generally supposed that the Supreme Court has qualified the prohibition of the statute by construing it to mean that only unreasonable or undue restraints of trade are forbidden; but I think that when all the Supreme Court has said is fairly analyzed, what the court really means is that there may be restraints upon competition which are not unreasonable, and that when the restraints upon competition are not unreasonable there is no restraint of trade. What I have said must be, in the very nature of things, the conclusion of all sober-minded men, because the common law of the English-speaking race, which is a part of our civilization, denounces all restraints of trade and all unreasonable restraints of competition, as well as all monopolies of an industrial character.

"It does not follow that because we must hold untouched the prohibitions against restraints of trade and monopolies therefore the statute should not be amended or supplemented. When our ancestors in the building up of the common law brought into existence the phrase 'restraint of trade' and the word 'monopoly,' as applied to industrial situations, life was very simple and business very small as compared with the complexity of modern industry and the volume of modern business. Formerly it was not difficult to understand just what restraint of trade meant and just what monopoly included; but as the world has developed, as the new instrumentalities of intercourse and communication have been discovered, as new economies which inhere in large industries have become known, and especially since the corporation with all its possibilities has substantially taken possession of production and commerce, it is not so easy to tell just what arrangements, contracts or combinations are in restraint of trade or create a monopolistic power. We know vastly more about the subject than Congress did in 1890, and I think it is entirely practicable to define legislatively these terms with far greater accuracy than they could have been defined when the law was passed. Moreover, the law-making power establishes the policy of a nation. Restraints of trade and monopolies relate to a public policy, and there would be no prohibition against either were it not that they are believed to be contrary to the general welfare of the people. It seems to me, therefore, after studying the subject over carefully, that Congress ought to describe certain combinations that have taken place or that are likely to take place in the future, and say whether they shall be regarded as reasonable or unreasonable restraints of trade. Congress ought to do this not only for the protection of all men engaged in business and for those who are in these combinations, but for the protection of the general public especially."

Define the terms "restraint of trade" and "monopoly" in the light of modern ideas and present-day industrial conditions, Senator Cummins recommends.

Describe a type of combination already effected and a type likely to be effected, and let Congress declare: "We sanction this twentieth-century business model," or "We are legislating against this particular type of monopolistic enterprise." Do this for the protection of all men engaged in business; do it for the enlightenment of those who are connected with combination; but do it particularly for the benefit of the general public.

"In one respect the law is so uncertain that its application to a given state of facts can never be foretold," insisted Senator Cummins, "but must be awaited until the instance actually reaches the Supreme Court of the United States—and no one instance would be an unerring guide in any other. I put this case for illustration: Suppose there were twelve business concerns doing all the business in a certain field of commerce or industry, and doing it in substantially equal proportions. If an association of enterprising persons were to combine eleven of these concerns into one management, which would take in about ninety-two per cent of the business done, it is perfectly clear that the combination would be a restraint of trade and would be condemned as a monopoly or an attempt to create a monopoly. Suppose again that two of these concerns were to combine in a single management, doing sixteen or seventeen per cent of the business, and if we assume that the methods of this combination are fair and honest it is just as clear that such a combination would not be either in restraint of trade or a monopoly. Suppose, however, that four or five or six of these concerns want to combine in one management, doing thirty-five, forty-five or fifty-five per cent of the whole volume of the business, and assuming that its methods are fair and honest, there is no lawyer in the United States who would dare risk an opinion, to be acted upon, as to the lawfulness or unlawfulness of such a combination. The innocence or guilt of the persons involved in such a transaction could never be known until proceedings were instituted, and a trial had, and the case had dragged its weary length to the Supreme Court of the United States; and a decision there would depend upon the individual economic views of the members of the court rather than upon their legal learning."

"Does not this constitute an objection which business men of the country may reasonably urge against the Sherman Law?"

"As I look at it," replied Senator Cummins, "this is the most serious objection which the business men of the country can make against the anti-trust law."

"What, in your judgment, ought to be done to relieve business men of this uncertainty?"

"If I had my way about it," said the senator, "I should organize an industrial commission composed of men of the highest fitness, clothed with the authority and charged with the duty, among other things, of determining whether any such proposed combination of existing independent establishments was or was not a restraint of trade or the creation of a monopoly. If such a proposed organization were held by the commission to be in and of itself objectionable under the law, then it could by the process of the courts be immediately arrested. If, on the contrary, the commission held that the combination of such separate establishments was not a restraint of trade and was not a monopoly in and of itself, then a determination to that effect ought to preclude any future inquiry into that question. It, of course, would not preclude a prosecution for violation of the law if the combination pursued such unfair or dishonest or oppressive practices in carrying on its business as constituted a restraint of trade. If this plan were adopted business men could know at least whether they were beginning lawfully, and in my judgment this would greatly allay the apprehensions of honest men and at the same time it would effectively protect the general public. There are many other things that such a commission could well do toward preventing the continuance of unlawful practices in business by insuring publicity and by admonitions which, if disregarded, would be followed by prompt prosecution.

"I must not, however, continue these questions of detail. My sole object is to emphasize my belief that, without weakening the anti-trust law in the slightest degree, but on the other hand giving it additional strength, we can make it a better guide to honest business men and a more adequate safeguard of the public welfare."

"You are not one of those who believe that the day of competition has gone, never to return?"

"No," replied the senator, "I am not. A great many unthinking people, as well as a great many thinking people, seem to have reached the conclusion that competition has gone and that we must resort to regulated monopoly. I am not one of these people. I believe that the maintenance of healthy, sound, fair competition is essential not only to the prosperity of the business world, but to the maintenance of the institutions under which we live. I understand perfectly that as far as common carriers and public-utility companies are concerned we have in great measure abandoned competition, and in abandoning competition we have necessarily undertaken as a Government to fix the prices at which these public companies shall render their service. I understand, also, that in so doing we have adopted as to that part of our business life the doctrines of socialism. I am heartily in favor of that measure of regulation as applied to public and quasi-public business, but I am exceedingly reluctant to see any approach toward that system of government in our private industrial affairs. It goes without saying that the people will not tolerate private monopoly, and there are but two methods remaining through which the distribution of wealth produced in industry can be effected. The first is competition, the second is Government direction. The former has been the law of the world and, as I think, ought to remain the law of the world. The latter is socialism—not a tendency toward socialism, but socialism itself."

How People Have Become Progressive

"WHENEVER the Government undertakes the supervision and approval of agreements among producers to fix prices, or the regulation of monopolies, it at the same time has undertaken to fix prices; and whenever it fixes prices it determines how the proceeds of industry shall be distributed—and that is the essence of socialism. I am not scouting the socialistic theory. We may sometime adopt it, but I am an individualist and believe that the progress of the people in all ages is the result of rivalry—that is, competition. There is a sense in which all government is a restriction upon competition, and I am of course in favor of fair and reasonable restrictions upon the competitive force, to the end that we may not witness that dishonest and ruinous strife which is sometimes called competition but which has for its purpose the mere destruction of a rival.

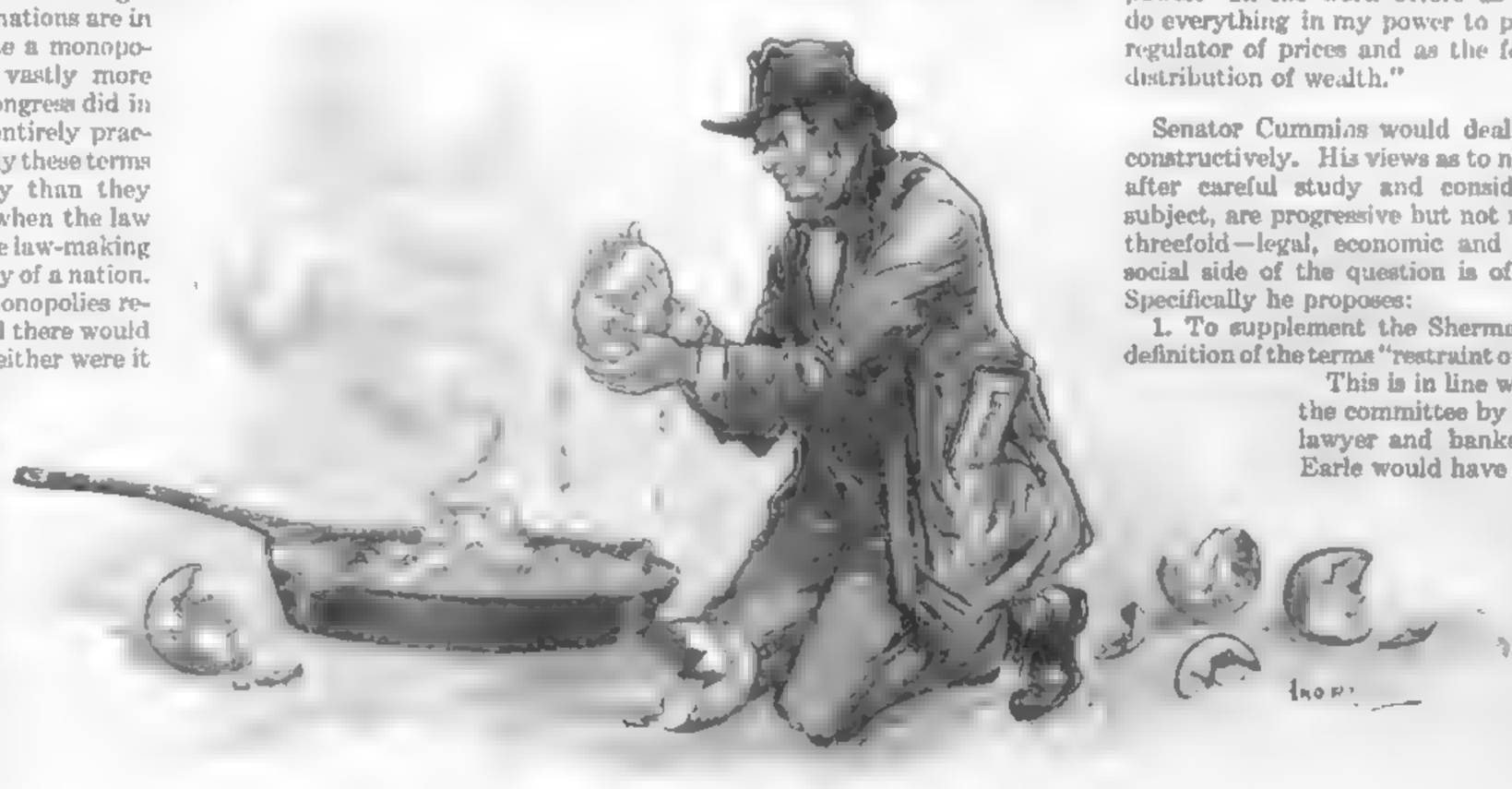
"Summing it all up, I believe in regulated competition and cannot accept regulated monopoly or monopolistic power. In the work before us in Congress I intend to do everything in my power to preserve competition as a regulator of prices and as the force that determines the distribution of wealth."

Senator Cummins would deal with the trust question constructively. His views as to new legislation, announced after careful study and consideration of the complex subject, are progressive but not radical. His viewpoint is threefold—legal, economic and social—and to him the social side of the question is of paramount importance. Specifically he proposes:

1. To supplement the Sherman Law with a statutory definition of the terms "restraint of trade" and "monopoly."

This is in line with a suggestion made to the committee by George H. Earle, Junior, lawyer and banker of Philadelphia. Mr. Earle would have Congress define restraint of trade from the definition of the English cases in which the common law was laid down, because the Supreme Court has now held that the Sherman Law is but an application of the common-law principles to our national questions

(Concluded on Page 54)



THE CALF-PATH

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Rickey Raymond Applies the Doctrine of Non-Resistance

ROSES and sunshine. A blue sky above and green turf below; the musical tinkle of falling water in the depths of the arroyo and a distant rim of pink-and-purple hills; a desert oasis, with only modified desert beyond and china-berry and pepper in place of waving palm – an oasis renovated and cultivated, yet with pleasant possibilities of future improvement and no deadly note of primness in the bounds of its fertility.

"Dog isn't any name for it," Rickey Raymond declared with entire absence of modesty. "Dog seems to me a peaked, knock-kneed, narrow-chested expression; and I ain't like a person that don't know a certain amount of dog when I see it. Maybe you've heard rumors and caynards that me and the madam done Galveston to sort of top off with? Well, it's true. Sure, we did. And you take them hostelries in Galveston —— Still, yet and again, I may be mistaken. The first time I toted my paintcan into El Paso I thought she was some, and by the time I've seen New Orleans and New York I may get plumb disgusted with this little old shack and tear it down and build me a five-story brick, with a private bath. Sit down, you two-yards-and-a-quarter of homeliness, and make your miserable life happy."

The unusually tall man, with the melancholy, drooping black mustaches, smiled tolerantly as he complied with the invitation and tilted his chair back against the clapboards of the neat new cottage.

"It's dog for a common waddie like you, anyway," he observed gently.

"That's what I'm telling you," said Rickey, still beaming with pride. "For a boy like me, that a blanket or a tarp was aplenty good habitation for, I reckon I haven't got no kick to register. I doubt whether you took in all the fine points of this here abode of mine, Bob. You seen the walls was plastered; but did you notice they was hard-finished? No? I allowed you didn't. Yes, sirree—hard-finished; and you're leaning your head against two coats of paint besides the priming right this minute. Don't move; you can't rub 'em off."

"I take it them poles is genuine solid cottonwood," remarked the tall man, nodding at the corral. "You ain't trying to make a bluff with cheap mahogany stained up to imitate it, are you?"

"Josh on," said Rickey with a sigh of content. "Kid all you've a mind to; but if I ever gambled I'd bet you a bale of kale against a blind-bridle that you never seen a better put-up corral than what that is. I'll hobble down and show it to you after a while and I'll let you feast your eyes on the dandiest roothouse in the territory. Dog!"

"You ain't gambling any more, then?" queried Curran curiously.

"Not if it was ever so," replied Rickey. "It's the aim of my earnest young life to get away from it. I quit riding for the Bar T because of my weakness thataway. Says I: 'I'll go to mining, which is safe and sane, and ain't got no element of risk to it.' Then I get blowed into seventeen pieces, which was only held together by my skin; and when I come to I find you've bought me rich and more acoming. So I quit mining. Then I get married."

"No gamble about that, ever," drawled Curran.

"It's a cinch," agreed Rickey. "I hear something aclinking in the kitchen right now," he continued. "I wouldn't be surprised a particle if —— What did I tell you?"

Mrs. Raymond came toward them from the kitchen, bearing something that was still "aclinking."

She was a highly personable young woman, with deep blue eyes and a smile that flatly contradicted a hint of firmness in her chin. And when Rickey answered that smile he looked quite handsome too.

"Lemonade!" Rickey exclaimed, feigning disgust as he peered into the pitcher. "But she means well, Bob. One of the best-hearted girls you ever seen when you get to know her, is Maggie."

"See that he doesn't drink it all, Mr. Curran," the young matron cautioned; and before the blushing visitor could disentangle his legs from the rungs of his chair and make an apt response she was back in the kitchen.

"Lemonade!" Rickey continued. "Say, Bob, if you're dry, and you want to amble sort of casual along to the toolshed and reach your hand up under the eaves at the northeast corner, maybe you'll find something. And then again you might get fooled up a mess," he added as Curran looked at him disapprovingly. "No, Bob; I don't drink and I don't gamble, and I don't smoke not above from twenty to twenty-five cigaroots a day now. I've give up all that makes life worth living—and, what's mighty strange, I don't seem to mind it."

"How about fighting?" asked Curran, wiping his mustaches with a large handkerchief of superfine cambric.

Rickey looked at him queerly.

"I thought you'd come to it if I talked long enough," he said after a pause. "Why, as to fighting, I don't say, but if there was some just cause or impediment ——"

"There's an impediment, all right," said Curran. "His name's P. J. Cruser, which same you may recall as the gentleman who skinned us out of the Top-Notch mine, and tried to skin you and Jimmie Orr out of the Lady Lou."

"I skinned him first," remarked Rickey, his gaze fixed on the purple hills. "It was the bridge of his nose. Yes, I recall him, now you mention him. What particular deviltry is he up to now?"

"Trying to box us up," Curran replied. "Working a bill through the legislature to make the old Escobedo Trail to White Crow Pass a toll road. Of course he widened it some and leveled it off; but it stood him in hand to do it to get his connection with Sentinel Butte. Now he wants to hog it all and, particular, keep us from getting out."

Rickey hardly seemed impressed.

"How can he?" he asked. "I reckon we can pay a reasonable toll like other folks if we have to."

"It won't be a reasonable toll. He'll soak us all the traffic will bear and then what your daddy-in-law calls a 'modeecum'—and it's the only way out of Garnet Basin. I tell you, young fellow, it's a mighty serious situation; and that old four-eyed son-of-a-gun is going to spend money to rush the thing through." Curran was speaking very earnestly now, and he would have proceeded at some length in the same strain if he had not noticed that Rickey's face was working in an alarmingly spasmodic manner. As the elder man stopped, Rickey burst out in an explosive snort, strangled, choked and then abandoned himself without restraint to a fit of wild hilarity.

"Take your time," suggested Curran mildly at the end of the outburst. "Just get through and then tell me the joke so's I can have my turn."

"I was thinking of some poetry I've been reading," explained Rickey, dabbing the moisture from his eyes. "It was right comical. And then there's this here Paul Jarley Cruser. First I lick him and he plays even by leaving me afoot ninety-nine miles from nowhere on the desert; then I meet up with him again and ride the gizzard out of him over that same Escobedo Trail, and he digs in and comes close to beating me out of my best girl; next thing I scare him so's he falls out of his chair and he comes back by shutting off my grub and freezing Jimmie's feet so bad we was within one of leaving the Lady Lou for him to jump. He's powerful bad medicine, P. J. is! Leave him alone."

Mrs. Raymond Came Toward Them, Bearing Something That Was Still "Aclinking"

"Sure not," disagreed the other. "I'm a going to give him company at Santa Fe. I aimed to take you along with me, account of your standin' with Lucas and some of them Greaser members; but if you're sort of dubersome about mixing in with Mr. Cruser we won't say nothing more about it. Of course it may cut down on the royalties we was figuring on paying you; but you don't care nothing about royalties so long as you can set here and look at that corral of yours."

"The corral ain't the onliest thing I've got that's worth looking at," said Rickey.

"I know," said Curran. "I wouldn't want to let her out of my sight, either, if I was in your place. Of course you couldn't do it; I told Jimmie that. 'There's no use you depending on Rickey, under the circumstances,' I says."

Rickey chuckled again with an enjoyment that his friend's transparent insinuation hardly seemed to warrant.

"You knew that would fetch me, didn't you?" he said. "Well, I'm a cripple, and the trip will probably set me back so I'll never get over it; but if you can square me with the madam I'll go and try P. J. a whirl or two. Now come and look at them chicken coops of mine."

That night Bob Curran having mounted to the guest chamber upstairs, Rickey and Mrs. Raymond talked him over, according to the immemorial custom of hosts and hostesses who live in sweet accord—that is to say, Mrs. Raymond talked and Rickey listened, sitting at her feet, his head very comfortably pillowed.

"He's a nice man, but tiresome," the lady remarked.

"How do you mean tiresome, honey?"

"Well, I think he might have gone to bed before. And then he blushes and stammers so much. He's a very timid man, isn't he?"

Owing to his position she was unable, without bending over, to see Rickey smile.

"He's right timid," agreed the young man. "He's the startled fawn who walked into Gib Lemmon's shack and dragged him out, single-handed."

"Who was Gib Lemmon?"

"The Curly-Headed Cauliflower from San Simon. That's what I done heard him call himself."

Mrs. Raymond tweaked a strand of the black hair in her lap.

"Do you know it will take me a weary while to get used to you, my dear?" she said. "But will he be a good man? I know he's honest, but —— You say you are going to Santa Fe to fight. Perhaps I'm too Scotch to see the joke, but I'm sure you'd not let him lead you ——"

"I ain't halter-broke, darling," Rickey interrupted; "and it's just to fight a bill. You see, I know old Lucas, and Bob thinks I might be of some use." He went into some detail, to which she listened attentively. "But you're going along," he concluded. "I made up my mind to that."

"Rickey, You Did Me a Good Turn Once and I've Been Looking for a Chance to Do You One for Four Years"

Suddenly he was seized with the same fit of laughter that had shaken him four or five hours before. It was the more violent by reason of the necessity for subduing it.

"What is it?" asked Maggie, laughing out of sympathy.

"It's ——" Rickey controlled himself with an effort. In an unsteady voice he began to quote:

"One day, through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should."

"I'm sure I don't see anything to laugh at, you absurd man," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Then how does this strike you?" inquired Rickey. "Listen!

"But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do."

"The moon is too strong for you, poor boy!" said his wife commiseratingly. "But now you listen. I'm not going to Santa Fe. You will go with Mr. Curran by your ainsel' and I will be doing very well here at home. I'll have no one saying I dare not let my husband out of my sight."

Rickey assumed no air of injured innocence. He knew that reformation which was a matter of mere months would be open to general question, and his heart swelled within him in humble gratitude for his wife's trust. He took the hand that was stroking his hair and pressed it against his cheek; but it was a minute or two before he spoke.

"It's going to be mighty tough [illegible] from you, hon," he said; "but," he added with symptoms of returning merriment, "it's going to be too good to miss."

. . . . .

Santa Fe was busy—busy and blethering, busy and bland, busy in secret and silent ways, and in vociferously eloquent, flaming and fervid fashion. Francisco Street was thronged, the plaza blotched with black, consulting groups all busy. The dark-skinned and the white mingled, confidentially buttonholing, or shirtsleeving where buttons and their concomitant holes were wanting. Even in the shadow of the old cathedral there was an unwonted activity, and the black-coated spiritual advisers and monitors of the faithful took a gesticulating hand in the political game that was being played. The legislature was in session and the axbearers were in from all over the territory, with a not inconsiderable few who privily carried large, sharp, gleaming knives. In Colorado Charlie's, which is not a hundred miles from the palace of the *conquistadores*, sat a heavy man with a placid, almost cherubic countenance, and with a plaited-leather watchguard stretching entirely across his stomach.

Round him were half a dozen or more men who caught at the monosyllabic nothings that fell from his lips as if they were very pearls of wisdom, as perhaps they were. The most startling relations of assumed fact, the most eager questions of the little court, met with no further response from the heavy personage than these monosyllables, which sometimes did not attain the dignity of words; but every slow, kindly smile and every shake or nod of his head seemed to them to be significant. Yet Pap Lucas' chaff, like royalty's of old, was better than other folks' corn.

Now and then Lucas rolled his eyes leisurely, incuriously about the room or rested them in an abstracted manner upon some conversing group, and in one of these apparently listless excursions his gaze fell upon a young man who had just limped into the saloon, assisted by a cane and the arm of an unusually tall individual with drooping mustaches.

"Oh, Rickey!" called Lucas suddenly—and brutally, as concerned the olive-hued person who was whispering at his ear.

The young man who had just entered turned, and his white teeth flashed in a smile of relief.

"Here he is now," Rickey said to his long friend.

"I always did say you couldn't ride nothing like as well as you thought you could," remarked the political potentate with bovine pleasantry as he extended his pudgy, freckled hand to the cripple.

"What I rode would have come mighty nigh hoisting you, and that would be a considerable hoist," Rickey retorted. "It was a charge of dynamite. I'll make you acquainted with Mr. Curran, Mr. Lucas. Sometime in the next month or two, when you ain't too busy, we'd like to speak with you in private—Mr. Curran and me."

"You won't find a better time than right now," said the heavy man. He waved his hand; and at the majestic signal the group melted, or was melting, when he checked them for an instant. "You go to Tannahill and tell him it will be all right, Collins. Beach, I'd like to have you find out for sure whether that's so about the Glorieta bunch; and you, José, don't you worry. I'll tend to that. Now!"

"It's my belief that if Pap stood out by the Apache Canon monument and waved a blanket to that effect, everybody'd leave town," declared Rickey, drawing a chair to the vacant table. "Bob, you keep tally on me while I explication a few lines."

"Hold your horses," commanded Lucas, and crooked a finger at an attendant. "What will it be?"

"But This White Crow Pass Road Incorporation Bill, Al. What are You Going to Do About It?"

"I'll take ginger ale," replied Curran gravely as he lit an oily black cigar.

"Make mine lemonade," ordered Rickey; and as Lucas puffed out his expanse of clean-shaven cheek and emitted a whistle: "It's a notion of my wife's. It pleases her and the harm it does me ain't scassly worth mentioning. Bob here, he's just naturally capping her game."

"Bring me—bring—bring me an ice-cream soda," gasped Lucas. "Now go ahead, boy."

"There's a gentleman in town by the name of Cruser," Rickey began—"a large gentleman—almost as large as you are, Pap. And one time when Curran and his crowd wasn't looking Cruser bore down his whole cussed weight on Top-Notch stock, whereby the aforesaid Curran and his heretofore mentioned crowd lost Top-Notch—which is a mighty good mine—and P. J. Cruser owns it. Got that?"

Lucas nodded. "Met him," he said.

"I allowed you'd meet him," smiled Rickey. "Well, he puts in new machinery—smelter and all that—and hauls it in over the Escobedo Trail through White Crow Pass."

"Know all about it. Go on."

"What's the use?" demanded Rickey plaintively. "If you know the situation and what we want, you go right ahead and do the white thing."

"Where do you come in?" asked Lucas.

"We've got the Lady Lou mine; and the Lady Lou has got more copper to the square foot than Top-Notch has got to a square acre," Rickey explained. "I done discovered the vein myself by the simple and easy method of being on the spot when the blast went off. That's why I'm walking with a cane. Well, Bob here figures and Jimmie Orr figures—you know Jimmie—and other interested parties figure that if Cruser gobbles that Escobedo road he's got us by our respective tails, with a right good foothold and a downhill pull."

Lucas nodded.

"Consequentimentally we come to see you about it."

Lucas nodded again.

"Well?" Rickey inquired.

"The trouble is that he seen me first," Lucas sighed. "Rickey, you did me a good turn once and I've been looking for a chance to do you one for four years now; and you never gave me a chance. And here ——"

Curran had taken his cigar from his mouth and was blowing a puff of smoke at the ceiling, perhaps as a symbol of the transitory and ethereal nature of human hopes. He had that air. Decidedly his natural melancholy was deepened.

"I suppose that settles it," he observed.

"I don't say that," the Power admitted with some reluctance.

"Then you haven't passed your word to the other fellow," said Rickey with certainty. "That's all right, then."

"What in blazes is this!" exclaimed Lucas in sudden wrath, surveying the glass before him.

"It's ice-cream soda," Rickey informed him. "I reckon Manuel went to the drug store for it. But, nevertheless and notwithstanding, allowing for argument that it's a nut sundae, you haven't passed your word—no?"

"Not exactly," Lucas conceded.

"Then I'll give you your chance right now," said Rickey. "Bob, you move them lower extensions of yours to the hotel and see what P. J. is doing if anything. I'll be over there myself inside of ten minutes or more."

As soon as Curran had departed, Rickey hitched his chair a little closer to the table and smiled reassuringly at his vis-à-vis.

"Here's the way I've got the situation sized up, Pap," he said. "You put me right if I'm wrong. You've seen Cruser and he's about got you convinced that now is the time for us wolves to howl together. You've settled about how much a howl it's going to cost, but you ain't convinced him? No? Yes? We'll let her flutter thataway. Next thing, there's Sabadel, Andorra, Benito and—well, no need of mentioning names; but they've got to be encouraged—and from what I hear there ain't much meat on the bones this session, so if Cruser's toll road ain't right juicy it might help fill up some. You'd like to help me out, and if I lay down on you real hard you'll help me anyway; but the boys are going to be disappointed and sort of lose confidence in you, more or less, and you won't be the influence for good you might be."

"Well?" said Lucas.

"I'm going to lay down on you hard," Rickey replied.

"You're entitled to, Bud," allowed the big man; but he sighed.

"So, to begin with and end up with, we'll let Mr. Cruser have his little old road."

Lucas almost raised himself from his chair in his amazement.

"But," continued Rickey—"b-u-t—but! Now listen with both ears while I whisper soft and low." He drew his chair closer still and whispered; and as he proceeded

(Continued on Page 38)

ON MAIN STREET

The Frenzied Eleventh Hour

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER NEWELL

ACCORDING to the best information on the subject, a considerable number of repentant souls are saved at the eleventh hour. In an even greater degree the same thing applies to theatrical productions. Especially does it apply to the variety known as musical comedies, which are so called because it is customary to kill out the comedy to make room for the music, and then kill out the music to make room to put the comedy back. Practically all musical comedies are saved at the eleventh hour—or, to be exact, at the eleventh hour and from then on. Sometimes they are saved at half past the eleventh hour, or at fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds past it; and sometimes, after having been thus saved, salvaged, reclaimed and jettisoned, they refuse to stay saved and are lost beyond recall.

A casual observer might suppose that the process of salvation would be undertaken a few weeks ahead of time, but such a procedure would not be in accord with the best traditions. Almost everything about the stage is in contradiction of the life it is presumed to reflect. If the stage holds the mirror up to Nature, as the late Bard once said, it does so after the fashion of a photographic plate, with the picture reversed and black showing as white and white showing as black. In theatrical undertakings the risks are greater, the losses bigger and the profits greater than in almost any other business; and yet in a business so complex and so intricate the principles that control ordinary businesses are promptly chucked overboard. Perhaps the reason for this is the fear that common business methods might cripple up or kill off the artistic side of it. Anyhow, nearly everything in the actual production of a musical comedy is done upside down; and though the producer often loses his head there's no excuse for it, because most of the time he's standing on it.

Ready for the Patient Towser

WITH these few explanatory remarks we shall now return to our subject which was, I believe, the eleventh hour of a musical show. Any musical show almost will do for an example. This show has passed through all the early preliminary stages. It has been written and rewritten, composed and decomposed. It has been taken apart, put back again, pulled out, shoved in, done over, twisted, turned inside out, altered, amended, shortened, expanded, beheaded, dehorned, trimmed, pruned and grafted. The stage manager has been changed; the lines have been changed until their author has to be reintroduced to his own work at each rehearsal; and the chorus, which never changes, but like Tennyson's brook goes babbling on forever, has been drilled until the tongues of its members hang out on their chests and look like pink plush badges of their calling. New musical numbers have been interpolated and disinterred with great rapidity. Costumes have been made, tried on, thrown away and new ones ordered. Scenery has been painted, looked at and put into the discard. Various members of the cast have walked out of their own accord or by invitation. The habit of walking out is very common in the early stages of a musical show. It must be a legacy that has come down from the good wildcatting days of the drama, when everybody walked but the ghost; and he who was not a good walker could never hope to be a good actor.

From the very first everything has gone wrong—which from the theatrical standpoint means that it has gone very well indeed. And so finally, after nine thousand small items have been forgotten and then remembered and then forgotten again, the piece is ready to be played and it is taken by train to be tried on the patient theatrical Towser at Providence, or Peoria, or Painted Post. After the first performance it is remade all over. Slabs of dialogue are chopped out and songs that didn't seem to go are beaten to death with a club. The poor thing is hacked and haggled and hamstrung in twenty places; the cast is changed some more; new finales are tried and found guilty. By now the plot has practically disappeared, only coming up about every ten minutes to breathe and then going right back down to the bottom.

By these signs it is made evident that the stage manager is whipping the production into shape. Still he isn't quite satisfied; he knows something is still lacking—he may not know what it is, but he knows it is. As for the owner, he cannot make up his mind whether he ought to put out a number-two company or take a running jump off the nearest dock. If there is an angel traveling along with the troupe he is apt to be in a similar frame of mind, provided he has any mind to be in a frame. Angel, you know, is the tradename for any financially gifted but mentally shy person who is breaking into the theatrical profession by furnishing the backing for a new show; and nearly always a pillbox or a medicine dropper would be a better thing to hold his mind in than a frame.

If the production be in the hands of one of the big established producers there will be no angel; but if a new and struggling producer is at the helm there will frequently be found lurking in the immediate offing somewhere an angel measuring, say, five feet six from tip to tip and wearing a chastened expression of countenance and carrying a depleted bankroll handy. Little Eva has nothing on certain struggling producers when it comes to starting up in the air after a touching death-scene on a stage and meeting a flock of angels coming down.

So the manager and the angel—if there be one—are in a state of ostensible mind. However, it is decided to keep the show out a few weeks and work on it, meanwhile offering it evenings to small-town audiences, who will stand for almost anything—and what they won't stand for they'll sit through. After a month or so of this fevered existence they take it into New York or Chicago, since every musical show must have a metropolitan run before it can expect to draw on the road. Back it comes then to the big city; and then there is a layoff of a week or two weeks, in order that it may be tuned up and freshened up and brightened up. A consultation having many of the essential aspects of an autopsy is held. Something must be done to the book, which is weak—and to the score, which is weaker. The owner now calls in a wrecking crew of those talented gentlemen who hang out in New York and Chicago and make a living by doing over the dramatic works of other men. In this instance the salvage corps will probably include a funny man to rewrite the book, a song writer to do some jingles, and a composer to provide new music. This is the usual number, though there is nothing to prevent the producer from hiring as many of these chaps as he can afford, so long as he keeps on paying the customary and specified royalties to the original authors.

There is one recent and notable instance of a piece that started out to be a straight comedy, but was made over into a farce and wound up as a sort of musical hodgepodge, with singing and dancing and a chorus. In its original shape it failed to draw on the road; whereupon all hands decided that it would be just the thing for New York—the invariable diagnosis in such cases being that if a show doesn't go on the road it will kill 'em dead on Broadway—but if it fails to please on Broadway it will surely set 'em wild on the road. So when, in the third and final reincarnation, this piece reached Broadway it had been tinkered at by so many collaborators and dramatic specialists that the producers billed it as a new piece by "a number of well-known authors," which was indeed a modest way of putting it since, first and last, there were said to have been twelve of them—or maybe it was thirteen.

On the opening night the practiced eye roving over the house could distinguish an author at a glance—he being one who remained quiet most of the time, yet at rare and remote intervals burst into hearty laughter. This would stamp him as an author—he laughed when he recognized one of his own wheezes. Despite the weight of literary talent, however, the play did not succeed—perhaps it had too many fond fathers for one brain child to support. It languished, as the word is. On the second night the audience was small—mainly authors and their wives. On the third night the attendance fell off nearly fifty per cent—the wives stayed away. And at the end of a few more nights the owners called up the storehouse and ordered suitable head and foot stones. The interment, though private and without flowers, was largely attended—all the authors came.

However, getting back to the musical show that returns to town to be touched up, we shall note as we go along farther that it is touched up to a fare-you-well. The producer rents a hall or borrows a stage from a brother manager and starts rehearsals all over again. It is highly probable that he also engages another star comedian, and another stage manager, and another man to mount and remount the dances. This is not the invariable rule, but it is customary to do something of the sort.

Beginning All Over Again

THE new star drops in and looks the situation over, meanwhile maintaining that air of haughty aloofness which a popular comedian always maintains on such an occasion. He goes through his first rehearsal and at the end of it he calmly annexes for his own every line, by whomsoever spoken, that sounds as though it might get a laugh. This naturally necessitates more alterations in the book. The chances are that he also brings along a hack dramatist of his own selection who will write into the show those favorite scenes, situations and passages by means of which he has heretofore pleased his public. These are slapped in anywhere—regardless. They may not match the rest of the material, but nobody objects. To object would not be etiquette; and besides, the comedian would take his foot in his hand and walk out. He'll walk out several times, anyhow, as time passes.

The new stage manager also looks things over. In nine times out of ten he begins his share of the entertainment by cutting out all the stage business of his predecessor and substituting his own notions. This means that everybody, from the principal down to the humblest chorus man, must learn over again in a new way what all of them already know in another way. Having thus mapped out his course of action, the stage manager removes his coat and instantly materializes from a mild-mannered man in noseglasses into a despot, alongside of whom Herod, Henry the Eighth and Tiberius, all rolled into one, would look like a charter member of the Band of Hope. From that moment the stage and all upon it belong to him. He is monarch of all he surveys—and he is a great little surveyor too. If he didn't have eyes all over him like a spider—or is it a fly that has eyes all over?—and a brain to comprehend a thousand and one things at one and the same time, he wouldn't be a success as a stage director. Everybody stands back and gives him room according to his strength. Nobody dares talk back at him—not even the authors—when he brutally carves a few more of the gizzards and other in'ards out of their stuff. Nobody must grumble or complain.

Only stars of the first magnitude may dare to take liberties with him; and even they, by the ironbound rules of the craft, may not argue with him. The comedian may stroll through his scenes with the

(Continued on Page 41)

Sarah Bernhardt Couldn't Stand Up Before an Audience and Eat a Pie Any Better Than That!

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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XXIV

ARNOLD had a swift premonition of what had happened. He led Ruth to a chair and stood by her side. Ruth gazed round the room in bewilderment. The curtained screen that divided it had been torn down and the door of the inner apartment, which Isaac kept so zealously locked, stood open. Not only that, but the figure of a second man was dimly seen moving about inside, and a light shining out indicated that it was illuminated.

"I don't understand who you are or what you are doing here," Ruth declared, trembling in every limb.

"My name is Inspector Grant," the man replied. "My business is with Isaac Lalonde, who, I understand, is your uncle."

"What do you want with him?" she asked.

The inspector made no direct reply.

"There are a few questions," he said, "that it is my duty to put to you."

"Questions?" Ruth repeated anxiously.

"Do you know where your uncle is?"

Ruth shook her head.

"I left him here this morning," she replied. "He has not been outdoors for several days. I expected to find him here when I returned."

"We have been here since four o'clock," the man said. "There was no one here when we arrived, nor has any one been here since. Your uncle has no regular hours, I suppose?"

"He is very uncertain," Ruth answered. "He does newspaper reporting and he sometimes has to work late."

"Can you tell me what newspaper he is engaged upon?"

"The Signal, for one," Ruth replied.

Inspector Grant was silent for a moment.

"The Signal newspaper offices were seized by the police some days ago," he remarked. "Do you know of any other journal on which your uncle worked?"

She shook her head.

"He tells me very little of his affairs," she faltered.

The inspector pointed backward into the farther corner of the apartment.

"Do you often go into his room there?" he asked.

"I have not been in there for months," Ruth assured him. "My uncle keeps it locked up. He told me that there had been some trouble at the office and he was printing something in there."

The inspector rose slowly to his feet. On the table by his side was a pile of articles covered over with a tablecloth. Very deliberately he removed the latter and looked keenly at Ruth. She shrank back with a little scream. There were half a dozen murderous-looking pistols there, a rifle and a quantity of ammunition.

"What does your uncle need with these?" the inspector asked dryly.

"How can I tell?" Ruth replied. "I have never seen one of them before. I never knew that they were in the place."

"Nor I," Arnold echoed. "I have been a constant visitor here, too, and I have never seen a firearm of any sort before."

The inspector turned toward him.

"Are you a friend of Isaac Lalonde?" he asked.

"I am not," Arnold answered. "I am a friend of his niece here, Miss Ruth Lalonde. I know very little of Isaac, although I see him here sometimes."

"I should like to know your name if you have no objection," the inspector remarked.

"My name is Chetwode," Arnold told him. "I occupy a room on the other side of the passage."

"When did you last see Isaac Lalonde?"

Arnold did not hesitate for a moment. What he had seen at Hampstead belonged to himself. He deliberately wiped out the memory of it from his thoughts.

"On Thursday evening, here."

The inspector made a note in his book. Then he turned again to Ruth.

"You can give me no explanation, then, as to your uncle's absence tonight?"

"None at all. I can only say what I told you before, that I expected to find him here on my return."

"Was he here when you left this morning?"

"I believe so," Ruth assured him. "He very seldom comes out of his room until the middle of the day, and he does not like my going to him there. As we started very early I did not disturb him."

"Have you any objection," the inspector asked, "to telling me where you have spent the whole of today?"

"Not the slightest," Arnold interposed. "We have been to Bourne End and to a village in the neighborhood."

The inspector nodded thoughtfully. Ruth leaned a little forward in her chair. Her voice trembled with anxiety.

"Please tell me," she begged, "what is the charge against my uncle."

The inspector glanced over his shoulder at that inner room, from which fitful gleams of light still came. He looked down at the heap of pistols and ammunition by his side.

"The charge," he said slowly, "is of a somewhat serious nature."

Ruth was twisting up her glove in her hand.

"I do not believe," she declared, "that Isaac has ever done anything really wrong. He is a terrible Socialist and he is always railing at the rich, but I do not believe that he would hurt any one."

The inspector looked grimly at the little pile of firearms.

"A pretty sort of armory, this," he remarked, "for a peace-loving man. What do you suppose he keeps them here for in his room? What do you suppose ——"

They all three heard it at the same time. The inspector broke off in the middle of his sentence. Ruth, shrinking in her chair, turned her head fearfully toward the door that still stood half open. Arnold was looking in the same direction. Faintly but very distinctly they heard the patter of footsteps climbing the stone stairs. The sound was as though a man were walking upon tiptoe, yet dragging his feet wearily. The inspector held up his hand, and his subordinate, who had been searching the inner room, came stealthily out. Ruth, obeying her first impulse, opened her lips to shriek. The inspector leaned forward and his hand suddenly closed over her mouth. He looked toward Arnold, who was suffering from indecision.

"If you utter a sound," he whispered, "you will be answerable to the law."

Nobody spoke or moved. It was an odd little tableau grouped together in the dimly lighted room. The footsteps had reached the last flight of stairs now. They came slowly across the landing, then paused, as though the person who approached could see the light shining through the partly open door. They heard a voice, a voice almost unrecognizable, a voice hoarse and tremulous with fear, the voice of a hunted man.

"Are you there, Ruth?"

Ruth struggled to reply, but ineffectually. Slowly and as though with some foreboding of danger the footsteps came nearer and nearer. An unseen hand cautiously pushed the door open. Isaac stood upon the threshold, peering anxiously into the room. The inspector turned and faced him.

"Isaac Lalonde," he said, "I have a warrant for your arrest. I shall want you to come with me to Bow Street."

With the certainty of danger Isaac's fear seemed to vanish into thin air. He saw the open door of his ransacked inner room and the piled-up heap of weapons upon the table. Face to face with actual danger the courage of a wild animal at bay seemed suddenly vouchsafed to him.

"Come with you!" he cried. "I think not, Mr. Inspector. Are these the witnesses against me?" He pointed to Ruth and Arnold. Ruth clutched her stick and staggered tremblingly to her feet.

"How can you say that, Isaac!" she exclaimed. "Arnold and I have only been home from the country a few minutes. We walked into the room and found these men here. Isaac, I am terrified. Tell me that you have not done anything really wrong!"

Isaac made no reply. All the time he watched the inspector stealthily. The latter moved forward now as though to make the arrest. Then Isaac's hand shot out from his pocket and a long stream of yellow fire flashed through the room. The inspector sprang back. Isaac's hand, with the smoke still curling from the muzzle of his pistol, remained extended.

"That was only a warning," Isaac declared calmly. "I aimed at the wall there. Next time it may be different."

There was a breathless silence. The inspector stood his ground, but he did not advance.

"Let me caution you, Isaac Lalonde," he said, "that the use of firearms by any one in your position is fatal. You can shoot me if you like, and my assistant, but if you do you will certainly be hanged. It is my duty to arrest you and I am going to do it."

Isaac's hand was still extended. This time he had lowered the muzzle of his pistol. The inspector was only human and he paused, for he was looking straight into the mouth of it. Isaac slowly backed toward the door.

"Remember, you are warned!" he cried. "If any one pursues me I shoot!"

His departure was so sudden and so speedy that he was down the first flight of stairs before the inspector started. Arnold, who was nearest the door, made a movement as though to follow, but Ruth threw her arms round him. The policeman who had been examining the other room rushed past them both.

"You shall not go!" Ruth sobbed. "It is no affair of yours. It is between the police and Isaac."

"I want to stop his shooting," Arnold replied. "He must be mad to use firearms against the police. Let me go, Ruth."

"You can't!" she shrieked. "You can't catch him now!"

Then she suddenly held her ears. Three times quickly they heard the report of the pistol. There was a moment's silence, then more shots. Arnold picked Ruth up in his arms and, running with her across the landing, laid her in his own easy-chair.

"I must see what has happened!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "Wait here."

She was powerless to resist him. He tore himself free from the clutch of her fingers and rushed down the stairs, expecting every moment to come across the body of one of the policemen. To his immense relief he reached the street without discovering any signs of the tragedy he feared. Adam Street was deserted, but in the gardens below the terrace he could hear the sound of voices, and a piece of torn clothing hung from the spike of one of the railings.

Isaac had evidently made for the gardens and the river. The sound of the chase grew fainter and fainter and there were no more shots. Arnold, after a few minutes' hesitation, turned round and reclimbed the stairs.

The place smelt of gunpowder and little puffs of smoke were curling upward.

Arrived on the top landing, he closed the door of Isaac's room and entered his own apartment. Ruth had dragged herself to the window and was leaning out.

"He has gone across the gardens," she cried breathlessly. "I saw him running. Perhaps he will get away after all. I saw one of the policemen fall down, and Isaac was quite a long way ahead then"

"At any rate, no harm was done by the firing," Arnold declared. "I don't think he really shot at them at all."

They knelt side by side before the window-sill. The gardens were still faintly visible in the dim moonlight, but all signs of disturbance had passed away. She clung nervously to his arm.

"Arnold," she whispered, "tell me, what do you think he has done?"

"I don't suppose he has done anything very much," Arnold replied cheerfully. "What I really think is that he has got mixed up with some of these disturbers, writing for this wretched paper, and they have probably let him in for some of their troubles."

They stayed there for a measure of time they were neither of them able to compute. At last with a little sigh he rose to his feet. For the first time they began to realize what had happened.

"Of course, Ruth, Isaac will not come back," he said.

She clung to him hysterically.

"Arnold," she cried, "I am nervous. I could not sleep in that room. I never want to see it again as long as I live."

For a moment he was perplexed. Then he smiled.

"It's rather an awkward situation for us attic dwellers," he remarked. "I'll bring your couch in here if you like, and you can lie before the window where it's cool."

"You don't mind?" she begged. "I couldn't even think of going to sleep. I should sit up all night anyhow."

"Not a bit," he assured her. "I don't think it would be much use thinking about bed."

He made his way back into Isaac's apartments, brought out her couch and arranged it by the window. She lay down with a little sigh of relief. Then he dragged up his own easy-chair to her side and took her hand in his. They heard Big Ben strike two o'clock, and soon afterward Arnold began to doze. When he awoke with a sudden start her hand was still in his. Eastward over the city a faint red glow hung in the heavens. The world was still silent, but in the delicate pearly twilight the trees in the gardens, the bridge and the buildings in the distance—everything seemed to stand out with a peculiar and unfamiliar distinctness. She, too, was sitting up, and they looked out of the window together. Five o'clock was striking now.

"I've been asleep!" Arnold exclaimed. "Something woke me up."

She nodded.

"There is some one knocking at the door outside," she whispered. "That is what woke you. I heard it several minutes ago."

He jumped up at once.

"I will go and see what it is," he declared.

He opened the door and looked out on to the landing. The knocking was at the door of Isaac's apartment. Two policemen and a man in plain clothes were standing there.

"There is no one in those rooms," Arnold said. "The door shuts with a spring lock, but I have a key here if you wish to enter."

The sergeant looked at Arnold and approved of him.

"I have an order to remove some firearms and other articles," he announced. "Also, can you tell me where the young woman—Ruth Lalonde—is?"

"She is in my room," Arnold replied. "She was too terrified to remain alone over there. You don't want her, do you?" he asked anxiously.

The man shook his head.

"I have no definite instructions concerning her," he said, "but we should like to know that she has no intention of going away."

Arnold threw open the door before them.

"Most Extraordinary Thing. I Can't Say That I've Ever Known the Governor to be as Late as This Unless He Was Ill"

"I am sure that she has not," he declared. "She is quite an invalid; and besides, she has nowhere else to go to."

The sergeant gave a few orders respecting the movement of a pile of articles covered over by a tablecloth, which had been dragged out of Isaac's room. Before he had finished Arnold ventured upon the question that had been all the time trembling upon his lips.

"This man, Isaac Lalonde—was he arrested?"

The sergeant made no immediate reply.

"Tell me, at least, was any one hurt?" Arnold begged.

"No one was shot, if you mean that," the sergeant admitted.

"Is Isaac in custody?"

"He very likely is by this time," the sergeant said. "As a matter of fact, he got away. A friend of yours, is he?"

"Certainly not," Arnold answered. "I have an attic on the other side of the landing there, and I have made friends with the girl. My interest in Isaac Lalonde is simply because she is his niece. Can you tell me what the charge is against him?"

"We believe him to be one of a very dangerous gang of criminals," the sergeant replied. "I can't tell you more than that. If you take my advice, sir," he continued civilly, "you will have as little as possible to do with either the man or the girl. There's no doubt about the man's character, and birds of a feather generally flock together."

"I am perfectly certain," Arnold declared vigorously, "that if there has been anything irregular in her uncle's life Miss Lalonde knew nothing of it. We both knew that he talked wildly, but for the rest his doings have been as much a mystery to her as to me."

The sergeant was addressed by one of his subordinates. The two men stood whispering together for a few moments. The sergeant turned finally toward Arnold.

"I shall have to ask you to leave us now, sir," he said civilly.

"There's nothing more you can tell me about this affair, I suppose?" Arnold asked.

The sergeant shook his head.

"You will hear all about it later on, sir."

Arnold turned reluctantly back to his own room, where Ruth was anxiously waiting. He closed the door carefully behind him.

"Isaac has escaped," he announced, "and no one was hurt."

She drew a sigh of immense relief.

"Did they tell you what the charge was?"

"Not definitely," he replied. "So far as I could make out from what the sergeant said it was keeping bad company as much as anything."

"The police are in the rooms now?" she asked.

"Three more of them," he assented. "I don't know what they want, but evidently you'll have to stay here. Now I'm going to light this spirit-lamp and make some coffee."

He moved cheerfully about the room and she watched him all the time with almost pathetic earnestness. Presently he brought the breakfast things over to her side and sat at the foot of her couch while the water boiled.

"I shouldn't worry about Isaac," he said. "I don't suppose he is really very much mixed up with these fellows. He'll have to keep out of the way for a time, that's all."

"There were the pistols," she faltered doubtfully.

"I expect they saddled him with them because he was the least likely to be suspected," Arnold suggested. "There's the water boiling already. Now for it."

He cut some bread and butter and made the coffee. They ate and drank almost in silence. Through the open window now the roar of traffic was growing every minute in volume. Across the bridge the daily stream of men and vehicles had commenced to flow. Presently he glanced at the clock and, putting down his coffee-cup, rose to his feet.

"In a few minutes, dear, I must be off," he announced. "You won't mind being left, will you?"

Her lips trembled.

"Why should I?" she murmured. "Of course you must go to work."

He went behind his little screen, where he plunged his head into a basin of cold water. When he reappeared a few minutes later he was ready to start.

"I expect those fellows will have cleared out from your rooms by now," he said, throwing open the door. "Hello, what's this?"

A trunk and a hatbox had been dragged out on to the landing. A policeman was sitting on a chair in front of the closed door, reading a newspaper.

"We have collected the young lady's belongings so far as possible, sir," he remarked. "If there is anything else belonging to her she may be able to get it later on."

"Do you mean to say that she can't go back to her own rooms?" Arnold demanded.

"I am sorry, sir," the man replied, "but I am here to see that no one enters them under any pretext."

Arnold looked at him blankly.

"But what is the young lady to do?" he protested. "She has no other home."

The policeman remained unmoved.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but her friends will have to find her one for the time being. She certainly can't come in here."

Arnold felt a sudden weight upon his arm. Ruth had been standing by his side and had heard everything. He led her gently back. She was trembling.

"Don't worry about me, Arnold," she begged. "You go away. By the time you come back I—I shall have found a home somewhere."

He passed his arm round her. A wild flash in her eyes had suddenly revealed her thought.

"Unless you promise me," he said firmly, "that I shall find you on that couch when I return this evening I shall not leave this room."

"But, Arnold ——"

"The business of Samuel Weatherley & Company," he interrupted, glancing at the clock, "will be entirely disorganized unless you promise."

"I promise," she murmured faintly.

XXV

ARNOLD arrived at Tooley Street only a few minutes after his usual time. He made his way at once into the private office and commenced his work. At ten o'clock Mr. Jarvis came in. The pile of letters upon Mr. Weatherley's desk was as yet untouched.

"Any idea where the governor is?" the cashier asked. "He's nearly half an hour late."

Arnold glanced at the clock.

"Mr. Weatherley is spending the week-end down the river," he said. "I dare say the trains up are a little awkward."

Mr. Jarvis looked at him curiously and said:

"How do you happen to know that?"

"I was there yesterday for a short time."

Mr. Jarvis whistled softly. "Seems to me you're getting pretty chummy with the governor," he remarked "or is it Mrs. Weatherley, eh?"

Arnold lifted his head and looked fixedly at Mr. Jarvis. The latter suddenly remembered that he had come in to search among the letters for some invoices. He busied himself for a moment or two sorting them out.

"Well, well," he said, "I hope the governor will soon be here anyway. There are a lot of things I want to ask him about this morning."

A telephone bell at Arnold's desk began to ring. Arnold lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Is that Mr. Weatherley's office?" a familiar voice inquired.

"Good morning, Mrs. Weatherley," he replied. "This is the office and I am Arnold Chetwode. We were just wondering what had become of Mr. Weatherley."

"What had become of him?" the voice repeated. "But is he not there?"

"No sign of him at present," Arnold answered

There was a short silence. Then Mrs. Weatherley spoke again.

"He left here," she said, "absurdly early—soon after seven, I think it was—to motor up."

"Has the car returned?" Arnold asked.

"More than an hour ago," was the prompt reply.

"I can assure you that he has not been here," Arnold declared. "You're speaking from Bourne End, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Will you please ask the chauffeur," Arnold suggested, "where he left Mr. Weatherley?"

"Of course I will," she replied. "That is very sensible. You must hold the line until I come back."

Arnold withdrew the receiver for a few minutes from his ear. Mr. Jarvis had been listening to the conversation, his mouth open with curiosity.

"Is that about the governor?" he asked.

Arnold nodded

"It was Mrs. Weatherley speaking," he said "It seems Mr. Weatherley left Bourne End soon after seven o'clock."

"Soon after seven o'clock!" Mr. Jarvis repeated.

"The car has been back there quite a long time," Arnold continued. "Mrs. Weatherley has gone to make inquiries of the chauffeur."

"Most extraordinary thing," Mr. Jarvis muttered. "I can't say that I've ever known the governor to be as late as this unless he was ill."

Arnold put the receiver once more to his ear. In a moment or two Mrs. Weatherley returned. Her voice was grave.

"I have spoken to the chauffeur," she announced. "He says that they called first at Hampstead, to see if there were any letters, and that afterward he drove Mr. Weatherley over London Bridge and put him down at the usual spot just opposite to the London and Westminster Bank. For some reason or other, as I dare say you know," she went on, "Mr. Weatherley never likes to bring the car into Tooley Street. It was ten minutes past nine when the chauffeur set him down and left him there."

Arnold glanced at the clock.

"It is now," he said, "a quarter to eleven. The spot you speak of is only two hundred yards away, but I can assure you that Mr. Weatherley has not yet arrived."

Mrs. Weatherley began to laugh softly. Even down the wires that laugh seemed to bring with it some flavor of her own wonderful personality.

"Will there be a paragraph in the evening papers?" she asked mockingly. "I think I can see it now upon all the placards: 'Mysterious Disappearance of a City Merchant.' Poor Samuel!"

Arnold found it quite impossible to answer her lightly The fingers, indeed, that held the receiver to his ear were shaking a little.

"Mrs. Weatherley," he said, "can I see you today—as soon as possible?"

"Why, of course you can, you silly boy," she laughed back. "I am here all alone and I weary myself. Come by the next train or take a taxicab. You can leave word for Mr. Weatherley, when he arrives, that you have come by my special wish. He will not mind then."

"There is no sign of Mr. Weatherley at present," Arnold replied, "and I could not leave here till I had seen him. I thought that perhaps you might be coming up to town for something."

He could almost hear her yawn.

"Really," she declared after a slight pause, "it is not a bad idea. The sun will not shine today; there is a gray mist everywhere and it depresses me. You will lunch with me if I come up?"

"If you please."

"I do please," Mrs. Weatherley emphatically declared. "I think we will go to our own little place, the Café André—and I will be there at half past twelve. You will be waiting for me?"

"Without a doubt," Arnold promised.

She began to laugh again.

"Without a doubt!" she mocked him. "You are a very stolid young man, Arnold."

"To tell you the truth," he admitted, "I am a little bothered just now. We want Mr. Weatherley badly, and I don't understand his having been within a few hundred yards of the office nearly two hours ago and not having turned up here."

"He will arrive," she replied confidently. "Have no fear of that. There are others to whom accidents and adventures might happen, but not, I think, to Mr. Samuel Weatherley. I am sorry that you are bothered, though, Mr. Arnold. I think that to console you I shall wear one of my two new gowns that have just arrived from Paris."

"What is she talking about all this time?" Mr. Jarvis, who was itching with curiosity, broke in.

"I am called away now," Arnold said into the telephone. "I shall be quite punctual. Goodby!"

He heard her laugh again as he hung up the receiver.

"Well, well," Mr. Jarvis demanded, "what is it all about? Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing of any importance, I am afraid," Arnold admitted. "Mrs. Weatherley laughs at the idea of anything having happened to her husband."

"If nothing has happened to him," Mr. Jarvis protested, "where is he?"

"Is there any call he could have paid on the way?" Arnold suggested.

"I have never known him do such a thing in his life," Mr. Jarvis replied. "Besides, there is no business call that could take two hours at this time of the morning."

They rang up the few business friends whom Mr. Weatherley had in the vicinity, Guy's Hospital, the bank and the police station. The reply was the same in all cases. Nobody had seen or heard anything of Mr. Weatherley. Arnold even took down his hat and walked aimlessly up the street to the spot where Mr. Weatherley had left the motor car. The policeman on duty had heard nothing of any accident. The shoeblack at the top of the steps leading down to the wharves remembered distinctly Mr. Weatherley's alighting at the usual hour. Arnold returned to the office and sat down facing the little safe that Mr. Weatherley had made over to him. After all it might be true, then, this thing Mr. Weatherley had sometimes dimly suspected. Beneath his very commonplace exterior Mr. Weatherley had carried with him a secret.

At half past twelve precisely Arnold stood upon the threshold of the passage leading into Café André. Already the people were beginning to crowd into the lower room, a curious, cosmopolitan mixture, mostly foreigners, and nearly all arriving in twos and threes from the neighboring business houses. At twenty minutes to one Mrs. Weatherley's beautiful car turned slowly into the narrow street and drove up to the entrance. Arnold hurried forward to open the door and Fenella descended. She came to him with radiant face, a wonderful vision in her spotless white gown and French hat with its drooping veil. Arnold, notwithstanding his anxieties, found it impossible not to be carried away for the moment by a wave of admiration. She laughed with pleasure as she looked into his eyes.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I told you that for a moment I would make you forget everything."

"There is a good deal to forget too," he answered.

(Continued on Page 61)

Ruth, Obeying Her First Impulse, Opened Her Lips to Shriek

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 17, 1912

Democratic Harmony

IT IS a pleasant and commendable custom of the Democrats to hold an annual Jackson Dinner, at which eminent members of the party affectionately express their unfaltering trust in one another, and otherwise bear eloquent testimony to a united, harmonious and soon-to-be triumphant Democracy. At this year's Jackson Dinner Colonel Bryan, as usual, was a harmonious and persuasive speaker. The dinner was immediately followed by a sad row between Colonel Harvey and Governor Wilson, commenting upon which, Colonel Bryan expressed the opinion that it clarified the Democratic situation and "illustrated the impossibility of coöperation between men who look at public questions from different points of view." At the yearly dinner we hear from eminent Democrats that what the party needs is harmony among its leaders; but directly before and immediately after the dinner we hear from some leaders that what the party really needs is that the other leaders get out.

The Republicans are in the same situation, but are not quite so frank about it.

Amazed in Gotham

WE ARE pleased to know, upon the unimpeachable evidence of a unanimous metropolitan press, that the Duke of Connaught was amazed by the rush of traffic in the streets of New York. The height of the buildings and their architectural excellence amazed him. The size, dignity and pulchritude of the crossings-policemen filled him with amazement. He found the Stock Exchange, the Metropolitan Tower and the Elevated Railroad equally amazing. The extent of Central Park and the number of trees in it amazed him; while, as to Brooklyn Bridge, he considered it simply amazing!

The Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia were amazed at the beauty and charm of New York society women; amazed at the elegance and distinction of the gowns they wore; amazed at the magnificence of their jewels; and amazed at the wit and learning displayed in their conversation. The royal ladies were also amazed at the graceful dancing of New York society men; amazed at the food set before them; amazed at the apartments in which they found themselves.

The New York journalistic mind seems to have labored under an impression that the royal visitors came from Starved Dog, New Mexico, and had never before been farther from home than Albuquerque. When New York sets out to be provincial—which is a fair share of the time—she can beat Starved Dog a mile!

Borrowing From Your Widow

FIVE years ago two of the largest old-line life-insurance companies had outstanding loans to policyholders amounting to seventy-five million dollars. At the close of 1911 the same companies' loans to policyholders amounted to almost two hundred million dollars. It is the experience of life-insurance companies that, about nine times out of ten, a loan on a policy is never repaid, but remains as a liability, to be deducted from the policy at the death of the insured. About nine times out of ten, therefore, a man who takes a loan on his policy is simply borrowing from his own widow and orphans.

Old-line life insurance is carried almost exclusively by people whose incomes considerably exceed their actual needs—people who are regarded by their less fortunate neighbors as in quite easy circumstances. So far as life-insurance men can judge, a large number of the loans on policies come under the head of luxuries. They are not made for business purposes or to meet an emergency which could not be overcome by some self-denial on the part of the policyholder.

Extravagance in the United States is not a vice of the rich, for they can afford it. It is not a vice of the poor or of farmers. It is the special vice of that large middle, urban class with incomes ranging from twenty-five hundred dollars up to fifteen thousand, that is trying to live just a notch or two beyond its means.

When Women Voted

MILLIONS of urban voters probably are under the impression that something in the Constitution of the United States requires that citizens shall exercise their electoral right in the most obscure, dirty and generally disagreeable spots in their respective precincts. Under this impression the urban voter patiently threads his way up the alley to the old-rags shop where he voted last year, and there learns that the voting-place this year has been established in the rear of a livery stable.

Recently—and for the first time in history, it is said—an American city did its voting in schoolhouses, churches and libraries. Some published snapshots of that event show people filing over clean cement walks even with pretty shrubbery at the sides!—into edifices of such pleasant appearance that a prudent person in passing them would not instinctively take to the opposite side of the street. The city is Los Angeles, and in some of the precincts more than half of the voters were women. Not only the voting-places but the people round them look strange—they look, that is, like persons whom a respectable citizen would be perfectly willing to meet, and not as though they had issued from the back door of a saloon.

Female suffrage overthrows many fine old mossgrown traditions—one being the livery-stable voting-place.

Confusing the Proxy Committee

FOR some years, at about this season, there has been a notable migration from the lower end of Manhattan Island to the opposite Jersey shore. You might see squad after squad of prosperous-looking gentlemen, with bundles of papers under their arms, hurrying down to the ferries and the tubes. These gentlemen were the proxy committees of our great industrial corporations on their way to Jersey City to hold the annual meetings of their companies, at which meetings it was their agreeable duty to vote practically the entire capital stock of the corporations, by proxy, for whatever motions and resolutions the corporations' attorneys had drawn up and handed to them.

Hereafter this little yearly jaunt to Jersey City will not suffice. Under the new dispensation, with our big corporations broken up into several units, the proxy committee will have four or five sets of proxies to vote at different places. Having voted the white ones at Jersey City, they can no longer return to New York in time for luncheon as before, but must proceed to Cleveland and there vote the green proxies; thence to Indianapolis, where the red ones will be voted, and on up to Chicago to vote the buff ones. It will take an active proxy committee nearly a week to get round; and until custom has habituated them to the change they will be in danger of getting the Toledo proxies mixed up with those for Fort Wayne. The new arrangement will be more vexatious and expensive. That will be the only difference.

The Money Trust Abroad

THE downfall of the Caillaux Ministry in January, it will be recalled, was brought about by Clémenceau's charge that the Prime Minister had entered into secret negotiations with Germany over the Morocco affair, unknown to the French ambassador at Berlin or to the President of the Republic. There was evidently some ground for the charge. The Journal des Débats declared that, in return for a free hand in Morocco, Caillaux offered to give Germany certain French territory in equatorial Africa and to have German securities listed on the Paris Bourse. What led the Prime Minister to depart from the constitutional method of negotiating with a foreign country has been a subject of much speculation; but recently it has been alleged in all seriousness that the move was inspired by international banking interests which were anxious to bring about harmonious relations between the Governments.

Attributing any disagreeable happening to the machinations of the Money Trust is even more a fashion in France than with us; and it is often declared there that European policy is really shaped by the great banks, among which there is the best of understanding; but the Money Trust admittedly works for peace. It was only yesterday, as history goes, that European policy was shaped by secret negotiations that were inspired by dynastic and personal ambitions, and that pretty constantly worked for war.

Spoiling the Joke

ALONG in January all the humor seemed to ooze out of the Insurgent proposition. When the Republican National Committee met at Washington the Insurgents were enough to make a horse laugh! By careful computation, Mr. Taft's managers ascertained that at least two-thirds of the delegates to the national convention—none of whom would be chosen for some months to come—were already securely tied to his bandwagon. That, of course, was the essence of the joke. The Insurgents were going into a fight when the managers had it perfectly arranged, six months ahead, that they were to be overwhelmingly defeated. Mere mention of Insurgency in any popular hotel corridor provoked spasms of laughter; and the ridiculous Insurgent proposal that Republican voters be permitted to select the candidate at primary elections made the humor of the situation simply irresistible.

Along in January, however, the laughter began to sound like that of a man who is sitting upon a bent pin and trying to appear amused. There began to be serious talk of Roosevelt as a candidate, with Hitchcock marshaling the Southern delegates under his banner. There began to be solemn misgiving that the hitchings of those six hundred-and-odd cocksure Taft delegates would be fearfully tampered with before June. Going into a convention with unhitched delegates is no laughing matter for anybody. No doubt some conservative minds recalled that Insurgency has always been ridiculous until it came to the showdown, and suspected that history might repeat itself.

How Uncle Sam Runs a City

THE District of Columbia appropriation bill is up in the House. One item appropriates three hundred and sixty dollars for maintenance of the motor cycles that Washington's two elevator inspectors use in the discharge of their duties. This item precipitates an impassioned debate—filling three and a half columns of the Record—during which a gentleman from Kentucky invites a gentleman from Illinois to accompany him outside, presumably for the purpose of having his head punched!

Nobody seriously contends that fifteen dollars a month is too much for the maintenance of a motor cycle; nobody disputes that two inspectors, by using motor cycles, can perform work that would require three without motor cycles. The objection is that the inspectors will "wear out the tires and other parts of the machines on Sundays and holidays, when not engaged in public business."

That is how Uncle Sam runs his national capital. Day after day and page after page of the Record are taken up with jangling over the different items of the city's budget. Hundreds of cities have adopted the commission form of government and found that a small, select body can run the municipality much more efficiently and economically than the old-fashioned council containing anywhere from a score to a hundred members. Washington, however, is run by a council containing four hundred and eighty-three members—a considerable part of whom feel in duty bound to stick a finger in the pie. Five men, whose recommendations Congress would ratify without division and without debate, would give far better results.

Doing Nothing About Strikes

IN 1906 a quarrel occurred between the National Erectors' Association, comprising the leading concerns in steel construction, and the principal labor union in that field. The "labor war" that ensued continued with growing bitterness up to the time of the McNamara confession. Newspapers have published lists of sixty or more destructive explosions alleged to be incidental to this war. We don't recall that, prior to the Los Angeles explosion, anybody representing the public did anything about this war except to make some more or less desultory efforts to find the persons responsible for the explosions.

Usually a strike in the United States settles nothing whatever except the question as to which side, in that particular place and time, can starve out the other.

In the latter part of December a strike and lockout of a hundred and sixty thousand cotton-mill operatives in Lancashire occurred. It lasted only about three weeks, the mills reopening and the men returning to work under a six months' truce, during which the differences are to be worked out by arbitration. Meanwhile six hundred thousand Welsh and Scottish coal miners voted to strike on March first; but the Conciliation Board of the Board of Trade intervened, with good prospects of a peaceful settlement. The railway strike of last August was soon ended, and the investigations that have been going on much of the time ever since promise to furnish a better basis of understanding between employers and workmen.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Poet's Corner

ONE might think of Jim Guffey as a poet—that is, one might think this hard thing of Jim if one based one's thoughts on a superficial examination of Jim's regalia, contented oneself with the testimony of the outward and visible signs, with the insignia and portents, so to say.

You see, Jim makes up for a poet. He wears a Byronic collar, a Tennysonian tie and a wistful Keatsistical smile. Also, he has an eery look in his eyes [illegible] times—and a sad and soulful expression, not mentioning a poetic slouch hat and some poetic hair. He has all the outcroppings of a poet. A stranger would pick him for a bard almost every time.

Poetry, as all must know, consists largely of imagination and elision. You first get your imagination and put the language that is the natural striving for the expression of the same down on paper, carefully eluding syllables here and there to make the language conform to the rules of prosody, which are very strict. Now, albeit Jim is remarkably strong on both imagination and elision, he is no poet. That might just as well be understood at the beginning. He produces no poetry. Instead, Jim produces oil and reduces politics. And in his case, as elsewhere, oil and politics go hand in hand—and so does Jim; meaning, of course, that when anybody hands it to Jim he hands it right back again. On this point, Mr. W. J. Bryan is qualified to testify expertly.

Let us not stray away from these imagination and elision leads, however. When you come to test Jim it really is surprising how much imagination he assays to the pound. Roughly figuring, I should say Jim weighs about one hundred and sixty-five and that about one hundred and forty-two pounds of the whole is imagination. One hundred and forty-two pounds of imagination is a heap—more, indeed, than is possessed by any other politician extant, except John Hays Hammond, who imagines he will be nominated for vice-president.

Years ago Jim sate him down in his cozy Pennsylvania home and let that imagination run riot. He started with an imaginary proposition—the Democratic party in Pennsylvania—and imagined himself as boss of that mirage. Now it takes a great deal of imagination to imagine a Democratic party in Pennsylvania, and about all there is to dope out any nourishment in being boss of that party; but Jim had the required ideality and he made the boss-ship a reality. Year after year he turned up at Democratic National Conventions with his flock of hand-picked delegates, just as happy as if he were participating with them in a convention that was going to lead to something more tangible than oratory and obliteration—and always safe and sane. Mark that!

Coincidently with his flights of poltical imagination, Jim flew a few in the oil business. Nothing ever was more satisfying, from the viewpoint of imagery, than Jim's oft-repeated statement that he was—maybe is—the largest independent oil producer in the United States. Analyzing that statement for its beauties, we come first to the word "largest," which, of course, is absurd; for there's Barnsdell, for example, who weighs twice as much as Jim. So we must pause with that second descriptive term—"independent." There is a wealth of imagination in that musical word—a wealth of it! It fairly drips with imagery, picked out with idealism; albeit Jim is accustomed to say "Fie! Fie!" to those who insist he has close-enough connections with the Standard Oil to respond promptly at 26 Broadway every time the buzzer buzzes.

A Refined Specialty at Denver

HOWEVER, that is neither here nor there. This is an essay on certain aspects of the imaginative qualities of a man who seems to be a poet, dresses like a poet, has the fancy of a poet—but is not a poet. It also is an essay on a few other things. Reverting, therefore, to that leadership of the Democracy in Pennsylvania, I have pointed out that it required a remarkable development of the powers of conceptualism to find anything nourishing in it. Jim found the nourishment. Not in a material sense—oh, no! Jim is rich and doesn't need the money. The advantages came, however, in the gratifying position in which it placed him. He, being a man of the finer emotions and tendencies, was enabled to extend to certain of his friends, also rich, some of those pleasing little political attentions that help so greatly to smooth the rough pathway along which many of our captains of finance are compelled to pass through this worrisome world. Jim saw that by annexing the Democracy of Pennsylvania he could be kind to his friends, and Jim is of a kindly nature. Never let it be said of him that he refused to offer a helping poltical hand to any friend, especially a friend who had his habitat in the lower end of Manhattan Island—never let it be so said!

Thus Jim's life proceeded pleasantly. He never held an office or wanted one. Modest, self-effacing, he was content to be Democratic National Committeeman from his beloved Pennsylvania—there to labor unobtrusively for the good of the cause. He enjoyed politics. He contributed liberally. He attained a place in the inner councils. Had he been a Republican—had he allied himself with that Grand Old Party—he might have had almost any honor within the gift of the people, for Pennsylvania Republicans have been wont to be grateful to men like Jim, as a list of those who have been elevated to office will show. Jim did not so ally himself. He continued as a Democrat—not, of course, without friendly relations to the rulers of the Republican party in his state, but still a Democrat.

Then came the advent of Mr. Bryan. Naturally Mr. Bryan was on terms of no particular friendship with those on whom Jim had been lavishing his pleasant little political attentions; nor did Jim embrace Mr. Bryan within the scope of his vision. He could not see Mr. Bryan at all. So it culminated at the Denver convention, where Mr. Bryan went down, with a low, gurgling cry, for the third—and last?—time. Jim was there, at the head of his hand-picked delegates; but others, jealous, mayhap, or non-imaginative—or possibly highly imaginative—were there also. And came the clarion cry from Lincoln, Nebraska: "Throw him out!"—meaning Jim.

To hear was to obey. They threw him out—again and yet again. Each of several sessions of that noteworthy convention was marked by the rough ceremonies of ejecting Jim, casting him without the pale—the convention hall at Denver having a new, modern and fireproof pale among other conveniences. It came to be that the spectators in the galleries murmured and protested they were being deprived of the show if there was a session when Jim Guffey was not hurled through the portals. Every wire that came from Lincoln said the Peerless Leader was sitting on his porch with his thumbs inexorably turned down for Guffey; and they put the boots to Jim oft and oft again, alleging that Jim represented the special interests—in short, that he was a creature of the predaceous plutes.

So Jim remained out until a time ago. Then came a meeting of the Democratic National Committee; and then came Mr. Bryan also—and Jim. "Throw him out!" demanded Mr. Bryan; but times change and the hurling facilities of the committee were not being demanded by a candidate to be, but asked by a candidate that was.

He Will Talk on Any Topic Save Mr. Bryan

The National Committee listened to Mr. Bryan, listened to others and listened to Jim. "Good old Jim" said a sufficient number—and Jim remained. Still, the spectators at the next Democratic National Committee need not despair. Mr. Bryan will be there, and again he will insist that Jim be expelled; and those pleasing ceremonies, now so completely a part of the ritual of a Democratic National Committee, may be observed again by the fortunate holders of tickets.

During all these years Jim, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1839 and who went into the oil business in the early seventies, has had his fun in politics and he is still having it. Likewise, he has accumulated oil wells, gold mines and other nutritious appendages coincident with the membership of the committee. A kindly and genial man, he will talk pleasantly on any topic save Mr. Bryan. He has had his fights and he is as good a [illegible] winner. And his powers of compensatory [illegible] are almost beyond belief.

The Last Straw

A COUNTY KERRY man, about seventy years old, who had spent most of his life in Ireland, finally came to Chicago. He had a job as night watchman at a North Side house.

One day the daughter of the house had a talk with the old man. He told her his life story. He longed for Ireland. "Why, miss," he said, "I'm so lonesome I can't even go to a funeral and enjoy it!"

The Cardinal and the Terrapin

CARDINAL GIBBONS was once a guest at a dinner in New York where there was much restraint among the other guests because of his presence. The dinner promised to be a dreary affair, for all the guests were evidently in awe of the Cardinal and none thawed out, but each spoke in subdued tones to his neighbor.

Things were at a desperate pass when the terrapin was served. The Cardinal rapped on the table with the handle of his knife.

"Friends," he said, "the present situation and this terrapin remind me of a dinner I attended in Baltimore at which an Englishman and his wife were also guests. The Englishman rather balked at the terrapin, not knowing what it was. 'Eat some of it, John,' urged his wife. 'It is not so nasty as it looks!'"

And after that everybody cheered up.

Not Afraid to Fight

WHEN the fleet went round the Horn to the Pacific and had reached that ocean there was great interest concerning it in the City of Mexico. A local prizefighter, half Mexican and half American, was in a resort one day and listened for a long time to what was being said about Fighting Bob Evans. "Huh!" he said. "What about this man? Who is this Fightin' Bob Evans? Wot does he weigh? Bring 'im down here and I'll lick him!"

The Greatest Show

ARCHIE BELL, of Cleveland, went South one time as a guest of one of the advance men of the Ringling Circus. The advance car spent two weeks in Alabama, where the Robinson Brothers Circus, which is a Southern institution, is a great favorite.

The car was covered with pictures and the negroes came down in droves to gape at them. There was a flagstaff on top of the car and on it was a pennant which bore the words: The Greatest Show on Earth—Sept. 1.

"Mammy, w'at dat sign mean?" asked one of a bevy of children a negro woman had with her.

The woman studied it for a time.

"It mean," she answered, "dat dis yere is de greatest show on earth 'cept one—Mistah Robinson's!"

A Sad Prospect

ONE of the St. Paul hotels has a porter who likes to use big words. Not long ago two guests were discussing a St. Paul restaurant that has an uptown place and a downtown place.

"I saw an obituary notice on the downtown place today," said one man, "but I didn't see any on the uptown place."

Not long after, Herb Meyer came along and asked the porter which of the restaurants was the better.

"Well, Mr. Meyer," said the porter, "the uptown place is good; but I understand that lately the eating at the downtown place has got to be very obituary!"

American Patriotism and Europe

By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I HAVE just come back from a splendid year abroad. I was sent out by my university as exchange professor to lecture on psychology and philosophy; but I always felt that I should not be living up to the real meaning of my mission if I did not do my best to spread on the European continent reasonable ideas about true Americanism, as plenty of absurd ideas prevail there. Whenever associations or universities invited me to give general addresses I laid my psychology and philosophy aside and preached America. I tried to overcome prejudices and to foster healthy sympathy. Hence I spoke of American progress and achievements, of American art and literature, of American education and scholarship, as well as of my favorite topic, the American woman; and whenever a trump was needed I became enthusiastic over American patriotism.

I believe sincerely that no European country knows a patriotism of such fervor and explosiveness. The foreigner who approaches the land gets a foretaste on shipboard. He may have heard the Marseillaise, or God Save the King, or *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles*, or the Russian Hymn, sung by deeply devoted masses; but when at the captain's dinner on the steamer the band plays Dixie, a frenzy breaks into the feast such as he has never seen in the Old World. There is something jubilant and something final in American patriotism, and every outsider must feel what a tremendous power for the good of the country is generated by such triumphant confidence.

Foreign News in American Papers

TO BE sure, probably no other country has so much needed such highstrung patriotic emotion for the fulfillment of its mission. None has combined on its soil such a number of different races and naturally divergent elements. Only a passionate patriotism could hold them together to secure a unity of convictions and actions. None has had to work out its destiny on such a gigantic area, with such intense contrasts of local conditions, of economic demands and of cultural level. Only an unquestioning patriotism could make the millions forget their provincialisms and wield them into a world power; but, whatever the social necessities for this national over-emotion may have been, it stands out as an inspiring symptom of American idealism. A people that loves its country with such exuberance must have a heart and a mind open to anything for which enthusiasm may be worth while.

When I spoke in Europe this was the whole of my story. I did not care to add there that a disproportionate part of this fine patriotism draws its strength from a glaring ignorance of the rest of the world. This instinctive feeling has never impressed itself so strongly upon me as since my return. The typical American does not know and does not care to know Europe, with the exception of England, the mother country. To be sure, it may be granted that a highstrung patriotism in days of conflicts and excitement demands a certain unfair prejudice against all other lands. "My country, right or wrong!" ought to remain superior to all others; but happily there is no struggle and no excitement, and the quiet days rather invite fairness and expansive interest.

There was, also, once a time when the Americans naturally took an unfriendly attitude toward the older nations as a kind of defense against their ill-tempered haughtiness. But that belongs to a distant past—for a long while the great nations have welcomed the United States as an equal and have held open to her a place in the front rank. The American ignorance as to Europe which prevails today is simply carelessness and a poor habit, like bad spelling or shiftless arithmetic. For most Americans, the ignorant indifference as to Europe no longer grows from their prejudices; the prejudices grow from their indifference. They do not take any trouble to inform themselves. If they know their own country and reserve for England a certain respectful interest they feel that everything is all right. Too few begin to feel that such a platform of the modern Know-Nothing party is, after all, impossible at a time when the United States has become a world power, the serious needs of which demand most subtle adjustment to the events of the globe.

The whole misery of the situation discloses itself in the kind of news which the American papers print about the European continent. There is no lack of material, and the sensation of the day is cabled with such an abundance of detail that, at least, the reader of the large and leading papers has a general feeling that he is getting plenty of information from Rome and Constantinople, from Paris and St. Petersburg. It is only necessary, however, to sift all this news for some months, as a scholarly historian would sift his material, and the vague admiration for the cable expenses of the newspapers soon turns into a sincere pity for the misinformed reader.

I took considerable pains during the last year to study day by day the international news on both sides of the ocean. For instance, I examined carefully the number of lines devoted to American news in certain important European papers and to continental European news in leading American papers. From the mere counting of the quantities I went on to a detailed analysis, comparing so far as possible the so-called facts, which the American correspondents in Europe confided to the wires, with the actual events as they were known on those same dates to the careful peruser of European journals—and vice versa. There was no reason to be proud of the achievements of the European papers. Their so-called information too often emphasized the sensational. Yet their work appeared almost like a thorough study compared with the looseness and carelessness with which European news is gathered for the customers on Broadway. The most trivial incidents are picked up and magnified into important events, and happenings of momentous consequence are ignored; the facts themselves are distorted because essential features are carelessly omitted and their connections are presented with the irresponsibility of gossip. Of course the American reader is beyond the stage in which everything printed is taken as true, but whatever is cabled still comes to him with a certain right to be believed. After those months of serious inquiry, I am sure the pictures the American reader accepts as exact photographic reproductions are, on the whole, hasty sketches by careless and often unskilful draftsmen, poorly suited to the American of today.

The newspapers are, after all, only one element in the relations between civilized nations. We are so proud of the international character of our art and science, and all the cultural and social endeavors of mankind, we are too little aware that this internationalism can easily lead to chaos if it is not planfully directed and supervised. We no longer travel in mail-coaches and sailing-boats from land to land, and yet we too easily forget that the intellectual intercourse of the nations also demands ever new modernizations. If left to the casual and haphazard influences of mere commercial interests, even those cultural values may be of little avail for making the nations of the earth really acquainted with one another.

I have tried systematically to study the selection of European books that have appeared in translation on the American market. The result gave me a pitiful showing, as much by the glaring omissions in the list as by the preposterous inclusions. This seems to be true of the literature of all countries so far as I was able to discover. Often a book finally lands in America when it has become entirely antiquated at home and has lost all significance for the country in which it originated. The German book which stirred some leading critics most deeply this year, and was accepted as the last symptom of German movements, produced the same heat of emotion a decade ago in the Fatherland and there has long been covered with dust. It is well known that the persistent efforts of a few great art dealers have created in the American market a monopoly for French paintings through artificially awaking a taste, then a fashion and finally a craving for an art which originally did not lie at all in the line of American instincts. In a similar way accidental factors have determined the most recent prevalence of Italian opera in the operatic life of the nation. It is to a high degree just as accidental that in the field of scholarship Germany for a long while was the only place of pilgrimage for American students, though no American ever sees a painting of Boecklin or hears an opera of Mozart or Beethoven. At the same time America herself does not make any effort to bring to the other nations her own spiritual products. From Paris to Moscow, the bookstores have almost given up the effort to import American books when their customers order them. They feel utterly helpless; they do not know how to reach the American publishers, who do not take the slightest trouble to accommodate themselves to European needs.

All these questions of arbitrariness and prejudices in the cultural field are so earnestly before my mind because I spent my last year in the organization of a new institute in Berlin which was crystallized about such interests. The American public still knows so little about this new Amerika-Institut that it is indeed worth while to point out its significance. Its program is to further and to expand the cultural relations between the United States and Germany. This sounds almost trivial, and it appears as if just this labor were being performed in many places; but in the whole history of civilization probably no such enterprise has ever been recorded, and what it aims at may truly be the model for future developments. Here we have, at last, that desirable modernization of international intercourse—a kind of efficiency management in the world of ideals. The relations of civilized countries have always been carefully organized in political, legal and economic affairs; but in the fields of education and scholarship, of art and literature, of moral and social purposes, the international exchange is nothing but disorder. Energies are wasted, efforts are scattered, the cheapest elements often rush into the foreground, the best impulses remain inhibited—in short, disorganization prevails. Though the national work might become a stimulation and an inspiration to the neighbors, it too often becomes a source of irritation and contempt.

Hands Across the Sea

THE purpose of this new German institute is to improve the situation so far as Germany and America are concerned. A scholar, for instance, who desires connections with universities or libraries, museums or archives, laboratories or industrial establishments, municipal or political offices, finds the doors opened through the agency of the Institut. Care is taken that the best and most characteristic works be translated; that the art of one land be made known to the other; that teachers and students be helped; that congresses and exhibitions be supported, and that truth about the foreign land be disseminated. Statistics are gathered, investigations are carried on, and every day brings new and important tasks to the Institut, which occupies seven rooms in the magnificent structure of the new Royal Library, in Berlin. No rivalry is possible between this new Amerika-Institut and any society or establishment that works toward the mutual understanding of the two nations. Such rivalry can no more exist there than between a chamber of commerce and any business undertaking. The chamber of commerce is not doing business, but it organizes and regulates and helps business all round. The Amerika-Institut, too, sees its aim in helping and

adjusting and harmonizing the scattered efforts which have arisen and may arise on both sides of the ocean.

Our modern civilization demands such systematic help in the field of unpolitical and uncommercial endeavors, but this effort of Germany must be only the beginning. If the principle is once recognized in its value, it must lead farther. On the one side, Germany must develop similar institutes for the relations to all the other civilized nations; on the other side, all the great countries must create such institutes of cultural organization for their own exchange with the important peoples of the globe. All the nations will then become interrelated in their cultural work as they are related politically by the diplomatic agencies; but none would gain more through such national establishments of the government than the United States, in which, as I have insisted, the cultural relations to the leading fellow countries are more accidental and disorganized than any great European country would tolerate. I do not say this as the result of a vague impression, but as the outcome of a full year of directorship of the Amerika-Institut, in Berlin, which has its sources of information all over Europe. True patriotism cannot possibly demand that the nation care for nothing from foreign countries except what comes floating on the waves of chance.

It appears strange that there is no more intimate acquaintance when we consider how many thousands of American tourists land every summer in Cherbourg and Rotterdam, in Hamburg and Bremen, in Naples and Genoa. Yet is their method, and still more their attitude, in traveling really adapted to ideal purposes? To be sure, most of them look on it as a gaudy vacation. They have an "awfully good time" or they are terribly bored; but in any case they do not feel obliged to make deep researches and sociological investigations or to work hard as unofficial delegates of their country for the cultivation of international friendship. Of course no one demands that from them. And yet every one who travels is practically a kind of unofficial delegate of his nation and has a certain influence on the general relations of the peoples. Moreover, though he may be out only for irresponsible fun the traveler gathers information after all and picks up impressions; and they help to shape the views of his fellow countrymen. Everything that he might gain and achieve is spoiled from the start if he comes with the wrong attitude.

An Open Purse But a Closed Mind

THERE are plenty of exceptions, but the great mass of American travelers nowadays go through Europe with a social haughtiness and with an air of superiority which practically preclude a sympathetic understanding of the national life about them. No doubt they like quite well the quaint old towns and the medieval architecture, but the people who live there are considered more or less as stage supernumeraries whom the countries must keep in order that visitors may get a romantic impression. The mountains in Switzerland are delightful, too, and the inhabitants serve well as waiters and curiosity dealers. Every one enjoys the picture galleries of Italy, but the Italians are just good enough to kneel picturesquely in their old churches.

More than four decades have passed since Lowell wrote, not without resentment, his famous essay On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners. The tables have been entirely turned. The most touchy American may be satisfied with the admiration that Europe has for the strong side of this great republic and with the unspoken flattery which it offers by its overzealous imitation. Those many thousands of American tourists who flit through the older lands in their automobiles find nothing but deference among the foreigners with whom they come in contact. It is the average European who today gets the taste of a certain condescension in foreigners who hang small silk flags, with the Stars and Stripes, out of their hotel windows. They come with their minds made up that Italians do not know how to cook and that their railways are intolerable for a decent American; that the French are perverse in their morality and that they never take a bath; and that the Germans have no other thoughts than lager beer and the policeman—in short, they look on continental Europeans with about that wisdom with which the man on Broadway sometimes speaks of Bostonians when he grins a d simply says: "Baked beans!"

Whatever improvements are made in those obsolete countries seem to them to have been arranged not by general progress but from the natural desire to satisfy the well-tipping tourist. They have no idea in what a wonderful rhythm of internal development the leading countries of the European continent move on the common road of social ideals. They do not see how much in the labor movement, how much in the struggles for women and children, how much in the educational world, how much in the civil service and in a thousand other fields, would be suggestive and helpful—yes, truly inspiring—to the American who would come not to look down but to take part in a sympathetic mood. It is simply depressing to find out on the returning steamer what third-class opinions these first-class passengers have really brought home. True patriotism cannot possibly demand that the American visit foreign lands with his purse open, but with h s eyes shut!

Is not this condescension to foreigners even a part of the political creed for the American on the street? The old stump-speaking on the rotten monarchies of Europe has probably died out; but when the average politician scrambles for some reasons why the Monroe Doctrine ought to be upheld he will not forget the moral argument that the governmental system of the republics stands on a level much higher than that of those monarchies which are seeking a foothold in South America. Fortunately there is at present no state in Europe which has the remotest idea of violating the traditional Monroe Doctrine; but comparison of the sham principles of some of those operetta republics with the ethical values of the historic monarchies is worse than bad politics—it is bad education.

Can it be denied that even all the modern discussions on peace and disarmament, on arbitration treaties and the causes of righteous wars, get a good deal of their steam from the confident belief that it is the duty and mission of America to be the preceptor of Europe in the department of higher morality? Arbitration treaties seem welcome to the whole nation, and certainly a number of the friends of peace believe in them without restriction; but so much has surely been shown by the discussion—the crowd considers them welcome only up to the point where, according to their feeling, fighting is necessary after all. Hardly any American doubts that no written arbitration treaty would hinder the American nation from fighting against any European country if it believed that its just interests were at stake.

In other words, the Americans take it for granted that, whatever agreements may be made, American public opinion must remain the supreme judge of the world's affairs. For this reason, in fact, not a few attack such treaties as necessarily insincere and proclaim that just wars ought not be suppressed, and that a righteous war in a good cause may be better than a peaceful endurance of injustice; but is there not lurking behind this argument, too, the feeling of national superiority? In modern times the dire burden of war does not fall upon nations because there is justice on the one side and injustice on the other. The ultimate pretext for the war may be some quarrel which might be looked on as if right must be with the one party and wrong with the other party; but what boots the pretext? The powder barrel that explodes is war, and not the match that sets it off.

War finds its natural condition when the wholesome growth of two rivals has reached a point at which there is no longer any room left for the expansion of both. If two men love the same girl there is no chance for a compromise and for arbitration, nor is there justice with the one and injustice with the other. Japan was in the right and Russia was in the right too—or rather the question of right and wrong was not involved when the two giants were wrestling for supremacy in the East. A true respect for the historic energies by which the destiny of the nations becomes fulfilled demands that the spectators value the noble ambitions on both sides instead of posing as judges who decree that one side is just and the other unjust; but throughout the public discussion the American tone is that some one is surely in the wrong and that America will discover the culprit.

True patriotism cannot demand from Americans that they flourish the big stick across the Atlantic!

Is not this careless, haughty, condescending, unfair behavior toward the European nations ultimately the residue of a patriotic view that really already belongs to the past? While all this unfriendliness survives, can it be overlooked that recent times have slowly changed American ideas as to their own national life? The American nation has grown up with the idea that it is an English nation and that, just as its language is English, its life character and its heart's blood are Anglo-Saxon too. The Anglo-Saxon is the true American, England is the country of kinship; the immigrants who come from other countries are useful fellow workers and desirable guests, but they remain guests and the countries from which they are derived remain foreign countries. They may be the home countries of the guests, but no ties of kinship connect the countries with the American nation. Has the American nation, however, really any need for persistently ignoring the fact that this whole theory is an artificial construction based on an untenable illusion?

Malicious critics of Europe like to present the national life over there as if all were held together by willful theories of the aristocratic classes forced on the suggestible masses and finally accepted by them with enthusiastic ignorance; but what must be said, then, of the dogma preached by an aristocratic minority of the country here, through which the non-Anglo-Saxon majority is delegated to the position of guests and hyphenated citizens? The Irish and the Scotch, the Germans and the Dutch, the Danish and the Swedish, the Austrians and the Italians, the French and the Russians, have heard the story believingly for a long while, but finally their patience has come to an end and their non-English consciousness has awakened. They have studied the history of their ancestors in this country and have become proud of their contributions to the development of this great nation. They have discovered how the traditions of the schoolbooks and the teachings of public opinion unfairly and grotesquely ignore that wonderful cooperation, and they suddenly feel like children who discover that the story of the stork will not do, after all.

The Melting Pot

THOSE seventeen million German-Americans know that the blood of their ancestors was offered for the unity of this nation; that the brawn and the brain of their fathers helped to build its prosperity; that their education and their character have given tremendous momentum to the glorious work of the nation, and that they themselves are just as good American citizens as the Anglo-Americans. Those Germans who sought their homes in Pennsylvania in the seventeenth century are to the millions of modern German-Americans what the Pilgrim Fathers are to those descended from English stock. The time has passed when the children felt ashamed that their parents were not of English but of Teuton origin. Exactly the same change has come to all the other peoples. The one man who is the idol of the nation has never lost a chance to tell how Dutch and Scotch and Irish and French bloods are mixed in his veins.

This new feeling and attitude of the majority necessarily demand a fundamental revision of the antiquated national theory. The American people are not an English people, nor a Dutch, nor a French, nor a German, nor an Irish. The American nation is an entirely new people which, like all the other great nations of the world, has arisen from a mixture of races and from a blending of nationalities. The ties of kinship do not connect it with England more than with Ireland or Holland or Germany or Sweden. All these races are united and assimilated here—not by a common racial origin, but by a common national task.

"Don't tie yourself down to needless drudgery."

THAT is what the high-class husband says to his wife.

"I don't want you to live in the kitchen.

"Do as I do in business. Take advantage of modern ideas. Don't bother with home-made soup. Use

Campbell's SOUPS

And she follows this excellent advice if she knows *her* "business".

She finds that these palatable soups not only give a variation to the regular menu; but they relieve her mind of what is usually one of the most troublesome items in the daily program. She has just that much more freedom to make her home and herself attractive.

Why not order a dozen of these satisfying soups and have one for dinner *today*?

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken Gumbo, Okra, Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Noodle Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Purée, Tomato Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelle Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

"No wonder at my daring speed;
This name will keep me in the lead!"

They must work out in unity the destiny of a nation to which all the leading countries of Europe have contributed their most enterprising elements as bearers of their particular traits and ideals. A new patriotism has sprung up that does not aim toward the conservation of an English people, but hopes for the highest development of a unique nation in which the finest qualities of all Europe will be blended.

This new patriotism alone can be a true stimulus for all the healthy elements in this great country. The old kind of patriotism has been really holding back the non-English elements, as it forced on them the artificial task of imitating something which was not in harmony with their inmost nature. The new patriotism inspires every one to his duty of contributing the very best of the ideals of his home country to the happiness of the whole. The new patriotism of tomorrow will not know hosts or guests among the citizens of this country. The nation is one solid whole; and whatever European country has contributed to its inheritance must have its share in the gratitude of every inhabitant.

The Irish or Dutch or Swedish or German or French-American would indeed be utterly ungrateful if he were to forget how endlessly much England has given to this nation which is now his own. And the Anglo-American would be no less ungrateful if he were to forget what the European continent has poured out for the strength and the beauty and the blessing of his beloved land. Since the people with all the manifoldness of elements feel themselves one, the nation cannot have a diversity of ancestors—all Europe is the mother country. To see this mother country's achievements will be every American's pride, to visit its soil will be his inspiration the intercourse will never be without respect and even the rivalry never without sympathy. The Anglo-American resentment of yesterday and the condescension of today toward continental Europe will yield to friendship. True patriotism cannot demand that the American people crumble and fall asunder when they begin to think lovingly of their ancestral homes! There ought not to be civil war on the battlefields of European memories.

HIGHGRADE LINES

(Continued from Page 15

"You've chosen a fine program to introduce your friend to good music with," he said; and therewith began a lively conversation that lasted until a round of applause signalized the appearance of the conductor. The next moment he raised his baton and the cellı began to sigh the mournful phrase which ushers in the symphony. Milton leaned back luxuriously as the woodwind commenced the next phrase; and then, while the introduction ended with a sweeping crescendo and the tempo suddenly increased, Elkan sat up and his eyes became fixed on the trombone and trumpet players.

He maintained this attitude throughout the entire first movement, and it was not until the conductor's arm fell motionless at his side that he settled back in his seat.

"Well," Milton asked, "what do you think of it?"

"A-Number-One!" Elkan answered hoarsely. "It would suit me just so well if it would last the whole evening and we wouldn't have no singing and dancing at all."

"What, no singing and dancing!" Milton exclaimed.

"Sure!" Elkan continued. "I wish them fellers would play the whole evening."

The conductor tapped his desk with his baton.

"Don't worry," Milton commented as he settled himself for the next movement. "You'll get your wish all right."

Elkan looked inquiringly at his mentor, but Milton only placed his forefinger to his lips; and thereafter, until the conclusion of the symphony, the pauses between the movements of the symphony were so brief that Elkan had no opportunity to make further inquiries.

"Well, neighbor," asked the gentleman on his right, as the musicians filed off the stage for the ten-minutes intermission, "what do you think of your first symphony?"

Elkan smiled and concealed his shyness by clearing his throat.

"The symphony is all right," he said; "but, with all them operators there, what is the use they are trying to save money hiring only one foreman?"

"One foreman?" his neighbor cried.

"Sure—the feller with the stick," Elkan went on blandly. "Naturally he couldn't keep his eye on all them people at once—ain't it? I am watching them fellers, which they are working them big brass machines, for the last half hour, and except for five or ten minutes they sit there doing absolutely nothing just fooling away time."

"Them fellers ain't fooling away their time," Milton said gravely. "They ain't got nothing to do only at intervals."

"Then I guess they must pay 'em by piecework—ain't it?" Elkan asked.

"They pay 'em so much a night," Milton explained.

"Well, in that case, Mr. Jassy," Elkan continued, "all I could say is if I would got working in my place half a dozen fellers which I am paying by the day, understand me, and the foreman couldn't keep 'em busy only half the time, *verstehst du*, he would quick look for another job."

Elkan's neighbor on the right had been growing steadily more crimson, and at last he hurriedly seized his hat and passed out into the aisle.

"That's a pretty friendly feller," Elkan said as he gazed after him. "Do you happen to know his name?"

"I ain't never heard his name," Milton replied; "but he is seemingly crazy about music. I seen him here every time I come."

"Well, I don't blame him none," Elkan commented; "because you take the Harlem Winter Garden, for instance, and though the music is rotten, understand me, they got the nerve to charge you yet for a lot of food which half the time you don't want at all; whereas here they didn't even ask us we should buy so much as a glass beer."

At this juncture the short, stout person returned and proceeded to entertain Elkan and Yetta by pointing out among the audience the figures of local and international millionaires.

"And all them fellers is crazy about music too?" Elkan asked.

"So crazy," his neighbor said, "that the little man over there, with the white beard, spends almost twenty thousand a year on it!"

"And yet," Milton said bitterly, "there's plenty fellers in the city which year in and year out composes chamber music and symphonic music which they couldn't themselves make ten dollars a week; and, when it comes right down to it, none of them millionaires would loosen up to such new beginners for even five hundred dollars to help them get a hearing."

The short person received Milton's outburst with a faint smile.

"I've heard that before," he commented, "but I never had the pleasure of meeting any of those great unknown composers."

"That's because most of 'em is so bashful they ain't got sense enough to push themselves forward," Milton replied; "*aber* if you really want to meet one I could take you tonight yet to a café on Delancey Street where there is playing a trio which the pianist is something you could really call a genius."

"You don't tell me!" Elkan's neighbor cried. "Why, I should be delighted to go with you."

"How about it, Mr. Lubliner?" Milton asked. "Are you and Mrs. Lubliner agreeable to go downtown after the show to the café on Delancey Street? It's a pretty poor neighborhood already."

Yetta smiled.

"Sure, I know," she said; "but it wouldn't be the first time me and Elkan was in Delancey Street."

"Then it's agreed that we're all going to hear the genius," Elkan's neighbor added. "I heard you call one another Jassy and Lubliner—it's hardly fair you shouldn't know my name too."

He felt in his waistcoat pocket and finally handed a visiting card to Elkan, who glanced at it hurriedly and with trembling fingers passed it on to his wife, for it was inscribed in old English type as follows.

Mr. Joseph Kammerman
Kosloria Hotel
New York

VI

"ONCE and for all, I am telling you, Volkovisk, either you would got to play music here or quit!" Marculescu cried at eleven o'clock that evening. "The customers is all the time kicking at the stuff you give us."

"What d'ye mean, stuff?" Max Merech protested. "That was no stuff, Mr. Marculescu. That was from Brahms a trio, and it suits me down to the ground."

"Suits you!" Marculescu exclaimed. "Who in blazes are you?"

"I am *such* a customer, Mr. Marculescu," Max replied with dignity.

"*Your*, a customer!" Marculescu jeered. "You sit here all night on one cup coffee. A customer, *sagt er!* A loafer—that's what you are! It ain't you I am making my money from, Merech—it's from them *Takeefim** uptown; and they want to hear music, not Brahms. So you hear what I am telling you, Volkovisk! You should play something good like Wildcat Rag."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Marculescu," Max interrupted. "Do you mean to told me them lowlife bums in front there, which makes all that *Geschrei* over Dixerlie and such like *Narrischkeit*, is *Takeefim* yet?"

"I don't want to listen to you at all, Merech!" Marculescu shouted.

"I don't care if you want to listen to me *oder* not," Merech said. "I was a customer here when you got one little store *mit* two waiters; and it was me and all the other fellers you are calling loafers now what give you, with our few pennies, your first start. Now you are too good for us with your uptown *Takeefim*. Why, them same *Takeefim* only comes here, in the first place, because they want to see what it looks like in one of the East Side cafés, where they got such good music and such interesting characters, which sits and drinks coffee and plays chess *und Tarrok*."

He glared at the enraged Marculescu and waved his hands excitedly.

"What you call loafers they call interesting characters, Mr. Marculescu," he continued, "and what you call stuff they call good music—and that's the way it goes, Mr. Marculescu. You are a goose which is killing its own golden eggs!"

"So!" Marculescu roared. "I am a goose, am I? You loafer, you! Out of here before I kick you out!"

"You wouldn't kick nothing," Max rejoined, "because I am happy to go out from here! Where all the time is being played such *Machshovos* like Wildcat Rag, I don't want to stay at all."

He rose from his chair and flung ten cents on to the table.

"And furthermore," he cried by way of peroration, "people don't got to come five miles down to Delancey Street to hear Wildcat Rag, Mr. Marculescu; so, if you keep on playing it, Mr. Marculescu, you will quick find that it's an elegant tune to bust up to—and that's all I got to say!"

As he walked away, Marculescu made a sign to his pianist.

"Go ahead, Volkovisk—play Wildcat Rag!" he said. Then he followed Max to the front of the café; and before they reached the front tables, at which sat the slummers from uptown, Volkovisk began to pound out the hackneyed melody.

"That's what I think of your arguments, Merech!" Marculescu said, walking behind the cashier's desk.

Max paused to crush him with a final retort; but even as he began to deliver it his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, for at that instant the door opened and there entered a party of four, with Elkan Lubliner in the van. A moment later, however, Milton Jassy pushed his guests to one side and strode angrily toward Marculescu.

"*Koosh!*" he bellowed and stamped his foot on the floor, whereat the music ceased and even the uptown revelers were startled into silence. Only Marculescu remained unabashed.

"Say," he shouted as he rushed from behind his desk, "what do you think this joint is?—a joint!"

*Takeefim—Aristocracy.

"I think what I please, Marculescu," Milton said, "and you should tell Volkovisk to play something decent. Also you should bring us two quarts from the best Tchampanyer wine—from French wine Tchampanyer, not *Amerikanischer*."

He waved his hand impatiently and three waiters—half of Marculescu's entire staff—came on the jump; so that, a moment later, Jassy and his guests were divested of their wraps and seated at one of the largest tables facing the piano. It was not until then that Milton descried Max Merech hovering round the door.

"Merech!" he called. "*Kommen sie 'r ein!*"

Max shook his head shyly and half-opened the door; but Elkan forestalled him. He fairly bounded from the table and caught his assistant cutter by the arm just as he was disappearing on to the sidewalk.

"Max," he said, "what's the matter with you? Ain't you coming in to meet my wife?"

Max shrugged in embarrassment.

"You don't want me to butt into your party, Mr. Lubliner!" he said.

"Listen, Max," Elkan almost pleaded; "not only do I want you to but you would be doing me a big favor if you would come in and join us. Also, Max, I am going to introduce you as our designer. You ain't got no objections?"

"Not at all," Max replied, and he followed his employer into the café.

"Yetta," Elkan began, "I think you seen Mr. Merech before—ain't it?"

Mrs. Lubliner smiled and extended her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Merech?" she said; and Max bowed awkwardly.

"Mr. Kammerman," Elkan continued, "this is our designer, Max Merech; and I could assure you, Mr. Kammerman, a very good one too. He's got a great eye for color."

"And a good ear for music," Milton added as Kammerman shook the blushing dilettante by the hand.

"In fact, Mr. Kammerman, if he has got such taste in designing as he is showing in music," Milton went on, "he must be a wonder! Nothing suits him but the best. And now, if you will excuse me, I'll get Volkovisk he should play you his sonata."

He left the table, with his leather portfolio under his arm, and for more than five minutes he held an earnest consultation with Volkovisk and the cellist, after which he returned smiling to his seat.

"First Volkovisk plays his sonata, Opus 30," he explained, "and then he would do a little thing of my own."

He nodded briskly to Volkovisk and Kammerman settled himself resignedly to a hearing of what he anticipated would be a commonplace piece of music. After the first six measures, however, he sat up straight in his chair and his face took on an expression of wonder and delight. Then, resting his elbow on the table, he nursed his cheek throughout the first movement in a posture of earnest attention.

"Why," he cried as the musician paused, "this man is a genius!"

Max Merech nodded. His face was flushed and his eyes were filled with tears.

"What did I told you, Mr. Lubliner?" he said; and Jassy raised his hand for silence while Volkovisk began the second movement. This and the succeeding movements fully sustained the promise of the earlier portions of the composition; and when at length Volkovisk rose from the piano stool and approached the table Kammerman jumped from his chair and wrung the composer's hand.

"Sit in my chair," he insisted, and snapped his fingers at Marculescu, who fumed impotently behind the cashier's desk.

"Here," he called; "more wine—and look sharp about it!"

Marculescu obeyed sulkily and again the glasses were filled.

"Gentlemen," Kammerman said, "and Mrs. Lubliner, I ask you to drink to a great career just beginning."

"Lots of people said that before," Max murmured after he had emptied his glass.

"They said it," Kammerman replied, "but I pledge it. You shall play no more in this place, Volkovisk—and here is my hand on it."

Max Merech beamed across the table at his employer.

"Well, Mr. Lubliner," he said, "you lost your chance."

Elkan shrugged and smiled.

"Might you could find another of them genius fellers for me maybe, Max?" he said

And therewith Kammerman slapped Milton Jassy on the back.

"By Jove! We forgot your trio," he said. "Play it, Volkovisk, as your valedictory here."

Again Volkovisk sought the piano, and after whispered instructions to his assistants he began a rendition of Jassy's Opus 47, from the manuscript Milton had brought with him; but, allowing for the faulty technic of the cellist and the uncertainty that attends the first reading from manuscript of any composition, there was little to recommend Jassy's work.

"Very creditable!" Kammerman said at the end of the movement. "Perhaps we might hear the rest."

Max kept his eyes fixed on the table to avoid looking at Jassy, and even Volkovisk seemed embarrassed as he swung round on the piano stool.

"Well?" he said inquiringly.

Jassy emitted a bitter laugh.

"That'll do, Volkovisk," he replied hoarsely. "I guess it needs rehearsing."

At this point Max attempted to create a diversion.

"Look at that lady sitting there!" he said. "She puts on a yellow hat to an old-gold dress. She's committing murder and she don't know it!"

Kammerman seized on the incident as a way of escape from criticising Jassy's trio.

"That reminds me, Lubliner," he said. "Give me your business card if you have one with you. I must tell Mr. Dalzell, my cloak buyer, to look over your line. I'm sure, with a designer of Mr. Merech's artistic instincts working for you, you will be making up just the highgrade line of goods we need."

VII

ONE year later, the usual crowd of first-nighters lounged in the lobby of the Siddons Theater during the intermission between the second and third acts of M. Sidney Benson's newest musical comedy, Marjory from Marguery's, and commented with enthusiasm on the song hit of the show—My Bériot Maid. A number of the more gifted even whistled the melody, skipping the hard part and proceeding by impromptu and conventional modulation to the refrain, which had been expressly designed by its composer, Milton Jassy, so as to present no technical difficulties to the most modest whistler.

Through this begemmed and piping throng, Kammerman and Volkovisk elbowed their way to the street for a breath of fresh air; and as they reached the sidewalk Kammerman heaved a sigh of relief.

"What a terrible melody!" he ejaculated.

"But the plot ain't bad," Volkovisk suggested, and Kammerman grinned involuntarily.

"To be exact, the two plots aren't bad," he said. "It's made up of two old farces. One of them is Embrassons nous, Duval, and the other Un Garçon de chez Gaillard."

"But the costumes are really something which you could call beautiful!" Volkovisk declared.

"Merech approved the costumes too," Kammerman agreed with a laugh. "He left after the first act; and he said that if you endured it to the end you were to be sure to tell Jassy the colorings were splendid!" He lit a cigarette reflectively. "That man is a regular shark for coloring!" he said. "It seems that when I first met him that night he was only an assistant cutter; but Elkan Lubliner made him designer very shortly afterward—and it has proved a fine thing for both of them. I understand we bought fifteen thousand dollars' worth of goods from them during the past year!"

"He deserved all the good luck that came to him," Volkovisk cried; and Kammerman placed his hand affectionately on his protégé's shoulder.

"There's a special Providence that looks after artists," he said as they reentered the theater, "whether they paint, write, compose, or design garments."

YOUNG MEN WHO RISE

THE question of self improvement is the serious concern of many business men. The following incidents illustrate how two different firms secured satisfactory results from their employees.

One of the very greatest of our corporations, whose capital runs into hundreds of millions, recently planned improvements which, its engineers estimated, would cost something like two million dollars. To the man in special charge of the work, however, there came the thought that much might profitably be learned from Germany. He had gathered what ideas he could as to which country could aid him; and, though he knew that, on the whole, Germany was behind the United States in regard to it, he at the same time believed that there was much of value to learn over there.

So he selected two men—chose them heedfully, with a distinct eye to the qualifications for the investigative task in hand; and, sending for them, he first explained just what they were to do.

"You are to go together to Germany, get into the mills over there and learn all you can that may be of help to us in the big improvements we are planning to carry out, and which both of you know about."

Then he told them why it was that he had selected them for the trip of discovery.

"You are both," he said, "experts in the technical details of our work—if you weren't you wouldn't be earning your big salaries; but I am going to speak very frankly to you, for I have picked you out for a very important service.

"You, X, are a good mixer. You meet people well and always make a good impression. You make friends. Now I want you to use this good quality to special advantage. Always you will keep your eyes and ears open for suggestions, and help your side partner—just as he, though I will give him a special province, always must be ready in turn to help you.

"And for your part, Z," he said, turning to the other man, "I expect that you, too, will help in making friends and use tact and discretion, and knock off as much as you can of the stiffness and aloofness that you've been allowing to grow on you. Now don't get offended; this is just business—and very important business."

The two men sailed for Europe and were away six months, during which time they piled up a tremendous bill for expenses; but the total was neither criticised nor questioned, for they got the goods! They went to various cities, got into the biggest mills in just the right way and saw everything that was to be seen—the two making an admirable team, playing into each other's hands just as their superior had expected them to do. Their report was so admirable, and they had used eyes and judgment to such good advantage, that the corporation saved fully a quarter of a million dollars by carrying out the suggestions that came from their seeing what was worth while in the German methods.

"I try to look at my own establishment in the same spirit with which I look at that of a rival," said a rising Chicago man. "I walk through my own place, judging, estimating, silently praising or criticising nearly as I can, in the same spirit as if it were not my own. I know I can't give myself quite the same viewpoint toward my own place of business any more than a man can look at his own personal character precisely as he does at the personal character of a neighbor. The idea of it first came to me some years ago when I was in a similar establishment down in New York, and suddenly found myself looking very disparagingly at the way goods were displayed in one of the important departments, and thinking very disparagingly of all the clerks—for there was a certain air of looseness, of slackness, of ineffective arrangement and of general lack of snap. And I thought: 'How does it happen that the proprietor doesn't see all this just as I do?' And instinctively the answer came that it must be precisely because he was the proprietor! That set me thinking, and I began to realize just how easily a man may miss seeing things that are right in front of him. Now I know that pretty nearly every man watches his own establishment closely—of course that's true in the case of any successful man; but there isn't any man, no matter how wise or successful, who can watch to the very best advantage until he has got into the way of looking at his own establishment just as if he were looking at another."

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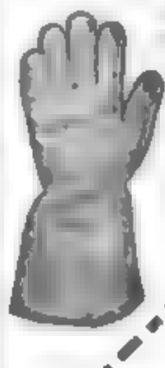

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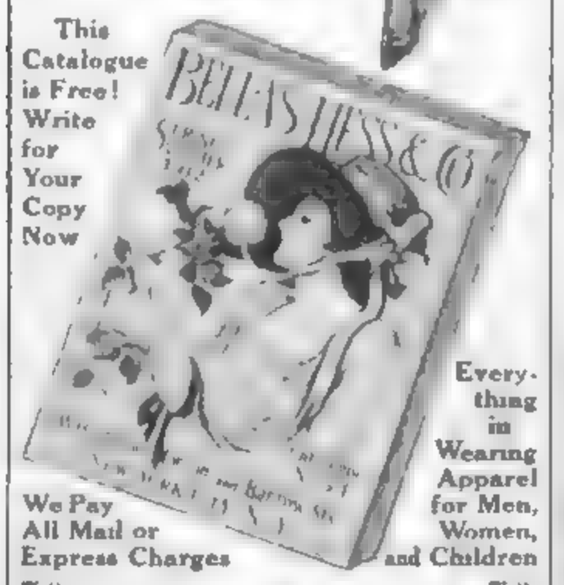

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Working to Save Wood Waste

By FORREST CRISSEY

AN IMPORTANT investigation concerning supply and demand was instigated, not long ago, by the wood-pulp manufacturers of Wisconsin, who began to wonder how long their supply of spruce would hold out and what they would do about it when it began to shrink. Their appeal was promptly acted upon by the Office of Wood Utilization and a thorough investigation made, with results that astonished all concerned. It revealed the fact that just as much wood is wasted in Wisconsin as there is material cut. In other words, more than a billion feet of lumber was cut in Wisconsin in the year covered by the investigation and more than a billion feet of lumber went into waste. Now a series of experiments are being carried forward to demonstrate what soft woods from this waste are capable of being converted into acceptable pulp and at what cost. Already the investigation has told the pulpmakers the amount of standing pulp timber now in the state, the size of the possible supply from all kinds of waste at mills, the varieties comprised in this supply and the relative proportion of each variety—what proportion of the supply is in slabs; what in edgings and in other forms—and how much it would cost to sort the different species and forms of the waste. On the completion of the experiments that are being carried out coöperatively, the pulpmakers of Wisconsin will have a fairly comprehensive bird's-eye view of the present and immediate future of their industry.

The Oaks From Little Acorns

It is altogether possible, if not entirely likely, that the result will be the utilization of millions of feet of waste stuff that now goes into the burners at the mills. The demand for cheap paper of the pulp type is tremendously on the increase; and if any considerable part of the immense waste now going on at the lumber mills can be turned into pulp the result will be hailed as little short of a national benefaction.

Not long ago a lumberman from the Pacific Coast came into the Office of Wood Utilization and asked:

"How long after Douglas fir has been fire-killed is it good to log and manufacture? How long will Western red cedar, Western spruce, and woods of that character, remain good for lumbering and manufacture after the forest has been swept by a disastrous fire? And will the standing or the fallen timber in such a forest be found in the better condition?"

The men who were sent to the Pacific Slope to answer this question located a five-year burn, a ten-year burn and a seventeen-year burn, and began to work out the comparative problem in a definite, scientific and businesslike way. They met with many surprises in their results which can hardly fail to make their investigations almost invaluable. For one thing, they established the fact that fallen or "down" cedar is more durable than standing cedar, especially when located in a moist and cool situation. Also the fact was established that insect attacks on fire-killed Western cedar are remarkably few and generally confined to the workings of the smaller bark weevils. Not only did the investigation answer the questions asked by the West Coast lumberman, but it established facts worth thousands of dollars annually to the lumbering interests of the West.

Incidentally this work in the great redwood forests brought the investigators face to face with an aggravated form of waste. They found that thousands of tanbark oaks, from which the bark had been previously peeled, were being burned in the process of lumbering the great redwoods. The tanbark oak grows among the redwoods and the lumbering practice has been for the owners of redwood tracts to sell—for a small sum—the tanbark privilege of a tract about two years in advance of removing the redwood. The amount of money received by the owners of these forests for the tanbark privilege is nominal and trifling; in fact, the giant redwoods so completely fill the eye of the lumberman that he looks over the tops of the smaller tanbark oaks and comes to consider them as mere cumberers of the ground. If these oaks stood in a forest by themselves, where they were not overshadowed by the gigantic redwoods, they would appear to be magnificent trees, many of them showing clean boles of from sixty to eighty feet to the lowest limbs.

After these splendid trees are felled and stripped of their bark, they are left as useless. By the time the redwood cutters are on the ground these oak trees are generally well seasoned. Then some of them are used for pillows with which to break the fall of the redwoods. The green trunk of a redwood from which the bark has been removed will not burn, even in the fiercest forest fire. Therefore, after the redwoods have been felled and peeled, circles of forest fires are set to clear the woods of all undergrowth and thus leave a clean floor for the logging operations. In these clearing fires thousands of tanbark oaks are reduced to ashes.

The investigators from the Office of Wood Utilization no sooner saw this appalling waste than they tackled the problem of preventing it. The lumbermen merely said that if the timber of the tanbark oak was good for anything they would like to be told to what use it could be put. Shipments of these oaks were sent to the timber-testing station at Berkeley, California. From there convenient quantities of the lumber were sent to wagon factories, cooperage concerns and furniture manufacturers in San Francisco. Practically all of these manufacturers reported that this timber was well suited to their purposes and they could use it to advantage.

This investigation and its experiments have demonstrated to the timber-owners that the tanbark oaks in their redwood forests are worth more for timber than for tanbark. The oaks can serve both of these uses, but only at the expenditure of considerable effort; for unfortunately the bark, if used for tanning, must be peeled in the spring, which is the most difficult of all periods of the year for lumbering operations. If the tree is allowed to lie where it falls, and be exposed to the soaking rains and the hot sun, it is spoiled for timber use. However, by hauling the trees into piles, this deterioration is largely overcome.

Timely Destruction of Tradition

Hard wood of any kind is extremely scarce on the West Coast and most of the finishing woods are brought from the East, from the Philippines, Mexico or Japan. As a consequence, through this investigation, the "snap" of the tanbark contractor has been destroyed; the timber-owners are themselves taking the tanbark and afterward cutting the tanbark oaks up into lumber for wagon-rims, furniture, cooperage materials and other uses. The utilization of one-half of the annual waste of tanbark oak timber under the old methods will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. And as the public learns better to appreciate the value of this wood it is bound to command an increasingly higher price. The real achievement in this matter, however, as seen by the eyes of the Office of Wood Utilization, is the fact that millions of feet of hard-wood lumber have been rescued from the bonfire and given to a locality that is so destitute of hard woods that it is obliged to import practically all of its supply.

Perhaps no waste-saving enterprise ever undertaken by the Office of Wood Utilization is more important than the campaign against the sawmill tradition that all lumber must be cut into lengths of an even number of feet. The first question which the office undertook to answer was this: How much lumber does this tradition, that flooring, ceiling, siding and finished lumber must be cut into an even number of feet, waste at the mill? A very complete investigation of this kind of waste at the mills in the Southern states demonstrated that more than thirty million feet, or approximately six hundred thousand dollars' worth of material, was being annually wasted simply because contractors and carpenters figured in even lengths and did not consider an odd length as a possibility. For example, it was found that when a sixteen-foot board came up to the trimming saw at the mill, and there was a small knot near the sixteen-foot mark, the board was cut to a length of fourteen feet—and a foot and a half of clear lumber thrown into the waste.

Meantime another force of investigators was busy taking the frame house of the ordinary type apart to see what "made it go." Many of these houses in various parts of the country were examined and measurements taken of the boards and timbers entering into their construction. Then an average was struck—and it was found that more than forty per cent of the boards entering into the construction of the ordinary frame dwelling house were of odd lengths or were nearer the odd foot than the even. These findings were so conclusive that the Forest Service urged the Southern mills to stop this waste and, whenever possible, to produce materials in odd lengths. Today both the Southern and Western mills are turning out large quantities of odd lengths and are having no difficulty whatever in marketing them. Wideawake contractors and carpenters are found to be entirely willing to save money at the sacrifice of the old and almost sacred tradition that boards are born in lengths of an even number of feet.

Doing Business With Uncle Sam

Uncle Sam is in the lumbering business himself in a big way. He has one hundred and ninety-three million acres under the supervision of the Forest Service. Of this total, one hundred and sixty-six million acres are in the United States and the remainder in Alaska and Porto Rico. In the United States there are one hundred and sixty-five national forests, which give to each supervisor and his eight or ten assistants the care of about a million acres. This keeps them fairly busy looking after the upkeep of the property without giving any thought to the matter of selling stumpage. The total stand of timber on the national forests, exclusive of Alaska, is approximately five hundred and thirty billion feet. In the fiscal year of 1910 there was sold from the national forests five hundred and seventy-five million feet of timber at a valuation of one million four hundred thousand dollars—an average stumpage price of two dollars and forty-four cents a thousand feet.

There has been a general impression among lumbermen that it isn't worth while to attempt to do timber business with Uncle Sam. They have held stoutly to the notion that he is all tied up with red tape, and that many practically impossible conditions are imposed upon the buyer.

Now it occurred to the national forester and his assistants in Washington that the Office of Wood Utilization was distinctly a business office that kept in close touch with the lumbering trade. So Mr. Sackett, the head of the office, was given an additional job. He was assigned the work of furnishing detailed information to inquirers concerning the stumpage which the Government has for sale on the national forests. Incidentally he interpreted this assignment to mean that it was up to him to remove from the minds of lumbermen the tradition that it is hard to do business with Uncle Sam. Today any lumberman who walks into the Office of Wood Utilization can get, straight off the bat, all the detailed information concerning a Government timber tract that the biggest timber-owner could furnish regarding any of his holdings. Any lumberman can get complete data on definite sale areas—embodying location, estimate by species, markets, estimated logging cost, millsites, and every essential detail that the prospective buyer demands before making a personal investigation of a timber proposition. This information can be supplemented in many cases by accurate maps, photographs, personal reports and other means calculated materially to assist in forming an intelligent decision.

Altogether, the Office of Wood Utilization is a busy place. As a specialist in the disorders of the wood trade, Uncle Sam keeps a crowded consultation room and is making a growing reputation with his patients. It is, perhaps, not too much to say he has not another office that is of greater practical service to his people than this

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crissey on the subject of wood waste.

How's Business and Why

HALF the battle consists in getting used to things; and it would seem as if the business men of this country might by this time have become accustomed to the pace they have been for some time following and be able to adhere to it for a while longer without uttering loud complaints. True, the pace has been irksome to a degree; and if it proceeds from an avoidable handicap, which some of them probably think it does, the irksomeness is the more accentuated. Whether the handicap is avoidable, however, is debatable. That which the individual can control is about the only thing that is avoidable to him; and in this instance it is uncertain how far the individual business man or business men collectively can now or could have originally controlled the conditions comprising the handicap. What those conditions are or were are points on which men might not agree. This much may be asserted—that the avoidable conditions are those for which men themselves were to blame if blame attached anywhere. And as regards those conditions it is for business men to correct them so far as it is in their power to do so.

These remarks are general, but they have an object—to wit, to encourage men to accept the existing situation and make the best of it; and it is probably not nearly so bad as it might be, and it will surely be better by-and-by. One cannot look at the statistical information regarding general business affairs in the United States at the turn of the year without being impressed with the magnitude of the undertakings and achievements of the people of the country, even in an unsatisfactory year.

Bank Clearings Analyzed

Volumes would be required to give far less than the whole of this information, and but little of it can be reproduced here. Conspicuous among the more important items is that of bank clearings. Bradstreet's gives the clearings of all the leading cities of the country for 1911 as $157,769,230,440, compared with $162,027,883,853 for 1910, showing a decrease of three per cent from 1910, and 4.6 per cent from 1909, when payments made were of record proportions. Compared with 1908 there is an increase of nineteen per cent, and an increase of nine per cent over 1907. When contrasted with that other active year, 1906, the decrease for 1911 was but one per cent. The contribution of the city of New York to the decrease in 1911, compared with 1910, was the determining factor; for clearings outside the metropolis for the twelve months were greater than in the previous year by $643,000,000—the exact returns being $65,396,417,705 in 1911 and $64,753,383,760 in 1910. New York clearings for the year were $92,372,812,735, a decrease of five per cent from 1910, 10.8 per cent from 1909, eleven per cent from 1906 and one per cent from 1905; while, compared with 1908, there was a gain of over thirteen per cent, and of 5.7 per cent compared with 1907. Outside of New York in 1911 there was an increase of one per cent over 1910 and three per cent over 1909. New York's share in the total clearings of 1911—60.5 per cent—was the least since 1897, and should be attributed to the decline in stock speculation, share transactions amounting to 22.8 per cent less than in 1910.

Perhaps the story of clearings in different sections of the country for the last months of the year is as interesting as any chapter. It includes the period from September 1 to December 31 and comparison is with the corresponding months of 1910. The facts can best be told in tabular form:

Localities					
New England	4.4	*	3.4	2.3	4
Middle	13.5	*	*	*	*
Western	9.2	*	1.9	*	1
Northwestern	9	*	1	*	1
Southwestern	14.4	1.4	3.1	2.2	3.8
Southern	10.4	3.4	8.1	5.2	6.8
Far Western	5.1	5.8	11.6	9.3	9.8
Total United States	1	*	*	*	*
New York City	5	11.9	9	12.3	9
Outside New York	4.2	1	2	*	*
Canadian	9.0	19.4	24.7	21.9	17.8

*Decrease

It will be noticed that there was an increase in every section of the country during September, the city of New York being rated as a section—also in Canada; that there was an increase in five of eight sections during October, an increase in six during November, and in seven sections during December. The declines in October were in New England, the Middle states and the city of New York.

In November they were in Western and Southwestern states, while in December they were in Southwestern states only; and the declines were less than one per cent in the two sections last named during November and December. For the year as a whole, a decrease in clearings was shown in the Middle and Northwestern states, in the city of New York and the United States, though not in the United States outside the city of New York. In New England, for the long period, there was an improvement in clearings of four-tenths of one per cent; in the Western States of 1.8 per cent; in the Southwestern states of eight-tenths of one per cent; in the Southern states of 8.7 per cent; in the Far-Western states of 2.6 per cent, and in the country outside of the city of New York of one per cent. The best ratio of gain was in the South, where the cotton crop the previous year—two years, in fact—was favored by its high price.

Looking across the Canadian line, the story is far better than for the United States. Bank clearings there were not less than nine per cent in excess of the previous year in any month—as much as 24.7 per cent in November and 17.8 per cent for the year 1911 considered as a unit. The reason for this is in plain view. Canada was favored by a remarkable real-estate and railroad development, immigrants from the United States and other countries arriving by hundreds of thousands, occupying and developing farms and swelling the products of the country, while the railroads were being extended without interruption. The crops there were likewise in excess of those of the previous year, while in parts of the United States there was a deficiency of crops.

Cotton Crop Figures

Reference must be made to the dimensions of the 1911 cotton crop, which confound all early estimates whether they portrayed honest convictions or the wish of men who naturally wanted a yield that would sustain the high prices that accompanied the small crops of the two previous years. It will be recalled that, when the new season was young, estimates ran about twelve million to thirteen million bales, and it was solemnly resolved that cotton should sell at fourteen cents a pound, and then at fifteen, which it never did thereafter and probably will not again until crop shortage shall once more furnish the occasion. On the contrary, cotton fell to less than nine cents a pound for future delivery and to a small fraction over that for immediate delivery; and the reasons for this decline were manifest all the autumn as statistics of ginning came to public notice and the Government estimates of yield were made known. Ginning statistics by the Census Bureau, as of January 1, 1912, showed 14,332,756 bales already ginned against 11,084,515 bales on the same date in 1911 and 9,647,327 bales on January 1, 1910. In each of the eight ginning periods, beginning with September first and ending with the first day of this year, there was reported a larger amount ginned than on the corresponding date of the two previous years.

It is confidently declared that the Government's last estimate of the cotton crop of 1911—to wit, 14,885,000 bales of five hundred pounds each—will be shown to fall three hundred thousand to five hundred thousand bales short of the final yield. It is calculated that less than two-thirds of the crop had gone to market in early January, and that 5,500,000 bales of spinnable cotton remained on Southern plantations yet to be marketed. The South no doubt keenly felt the fall in the price of cotton as evidenced in other ways and in the declining percentage of increase in bank clearings as the year 1911 drew to a close. Those increases were 16.6 per cent in September compared with the previous year, 7.3 per cent in October, 6.1 per cent in November and 1.9 per cent in December; while for twelve months there was an increase of 8.7 per cent, as quoted above. It is quite possible that clearings have been somewhat

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unfavorably affected in the South by the holding back from market of a large amount of cotton; for it is obviously essential that a proportionate part of a large crop shall be sold at a reduced price to equal the gross receipts of a smaller crop sold at a high price.

However, there is compensation in the abundance and cheapness of cotton, since it has stimulated the cotton manufacturing industry North and South and in foreign countries deriving their raw material in part from this country. The coarse cotton industry of the South and the fine manufactures of New England received a decided impetus from the opportunity to obtain raw cotton at a relatively low price. There is chance still for large improvement in the mill sections of the United States, a chance to which the labor troubles in the large manufacturing centers of Great Britain may add. Offsetting this factor is the practical closing of China by internal revolution to the cotton trade of the world. Still, the fact of cheap cotton will remain as a foundation for activity in the textile industry at least until another cotton crop shall become operative as a price factor.

The Iron and Steel Trade

The status of the iron and steel industry continues encouraging, and the greatest of the manufacturing concerns in that line of business can show the longest list of unfilled tonnage upon its books that has been there since the end of March, 1910, when the orders were 5,402,514 tons, compared with 5,084,761 tons on the thirty-first of December, 1911. There was an increase of 942,000 tons in December and of 1,473,000 tons since the close of September. The increase in twelve months is about two million four hundred thousand tons -averaged, say, at the rate of about two hundred thousand tons a month. It chanced that the least tonnage on the books was at the close of 1910—2,674,757 tons. The contrast between the growth of unfilled tonnage from an average of two hundred thousand tons monthly for the year to 942,000 tons in December is indeed encouraging. The increase has been fairly steady, with slight lapses in April, May, June, September and October. Two factors appear to have accentuated the favorable trend in orders—a somewhat radical cut in prices of products and the exhaustion of supplies of rails and equipment; and perhaps there should be added an amount of building activity at Chicago, on the Pacific Coast and at some other points. The new orders received suggest that the plant of the greatest of the steel corporations could be kept busy at something like full capacity for a brief time, and at, say, eighty-five per cent of capacity for several months.

Whether the railroads will enter upon a period of active construction is not known absolutely; but, judging from remarks of prominent men in the management of the properties, there is no present intention of pursuing that policy. Reason enough for this is seen in the indisposition to borrow largely for construction or other purposes at the commencement of the new year. There was plenty of borrowing by rai road and industrial and public-utility corporations in the year lately passed. An estimate puts the total at almost two billion dollars—to be more exact, $1,946,028,450 compared with $1,196,000,000 the previous year. Of the total for 1911, railroads stand charged with $479,350,000 in bonds and $255,699,000 in general and equipment notes compared with $399,112,000 in bonds and $179,201,000 in notes for 1910. The amount classed as industrial bonds was $200,333,000 bonds compared with $129,858,000; and there were $268,903,000 called public-utility bonds against $176,844,000 in 1910. And, again, there was $123,960,000 put down as industrial and public-utility notes compared with $75,150,000; and lastly there was $556,374,850 under the title of industrial and public-utility stock against $143,377,000 during 1910.

The exceptional increase was in industrial and public-utility corporation borrowing. The railroads did their heaviest borrowing in the earlier months of 1911, while the corporations classed as industrial and public-service were borrowing about equally the season through. Toward the end of the year the latter corporations showed a trend toward bonds instead of stock in their financing. The corporations engaged in industry appear to have had quite as prosperous a year in 1911 as did the railroads. To what extent the securities issued in 1911 have found lodgment with investors it is impossible to state; but the impression is that they have been largely placed and that there was a far better demand for investments last year than was thought to exist at the time.

Another industry in which improvement was shown is the copper industry, though it cannot be said absolutely that the improvement is in the statistical position of the metal. The stock of metal on hand in America at the beginning of 1912 was the least since the American Copper Producers' Association began issuing monthly reports to wit, 89,454,695 pounds; showing a decrease of 22,330,695 pounds in a month, and some nine million pounds below the previous low point of 98,463,339 pounds, on February 1, 1910. The decrease in stock for the year 1911 was 32,575,500 pounds, or considerably less than the decrease from the maximum stock of the year—165,995,932 pounds on the first day of June. World stocks of copper have decreased quite as fast as domestic stocks. The copper industry abroad has, in truth, improved faster than in this country.

The uncertain element in the case of copper statistics is the credit that ought to be given to speculation. There is no doubt that speculators stimulated the buying sentiment if they did not actually inaugurate it, the purpose being to secure a profit on the advance, to stir consumers and to start a movement in the copper-mining share market. Whatever the cause or the motive, the result was pronounced in these several directions. December exports of copper were the largest for a month during the year, amounting to 79,238,716 pounds. In December, 1910, however, they were materially larger, or 88,104,075 pounds. Domestic deliveries were not the largest for twelve months in December, though total deliveries, including exports—145,227,190 pounds—were the record for the year. Production for the year, including imports, was 1,431,938,338 pounds, while deliveries were 1,464,513,838 pounds. On commercial and speculative demand, copper advanced all of two and one-half cents a pound in the last weeks of the year.

A Look Into the Future

Business at large in the country is not at its best by considerable, though still tremendous in volume because the wants of consumers at home and abroad are so enormous. Exports are very large; credits are considerable and are earning good interest according to reports regarding the rates German borrowers have been willing to pay of late. It is again to be said that the chief complaint regarding business relates to profits. These are very irregular. Here and there a concern amounting to a practical monopoly, like Standard Oil, American Tobacco or the American Telephone Company, seems to be prospering about as usual; and the concerns exceptionally situated, like the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, seem to have no trouble in earning prodigious amounts—forty per cent, more or less, on the capital stock. On the other hand, concerns that have been overweighted by capitalization and bad management in the past, and have continued to carry that legacy, have found it difficult to keep out of the hands of receivers. These need not be named in order to be identified. Thus is the situation checkered. There is satisfaction here and discontent there—and a general complaint of politics.

Money need merely be referred to. If it were in very large request it would either be scarce or a good many loans would be disturbed in trying to meet the demand. Since it is not in very large request, and since debtors are not pressed, and since no one seems to look for marked business revival and mercantile demand until politics and legislation are made clearer, nobody appears to think that money will give any bother to deserving borrowers. Loan rates are comparatively easy the country through. Collections are spotted—and so are business conditions, for that matter. The uneven crops gave rise to uneven general conditions as to locality, and the developments of another crop year are awaited with concern. Given good crops in 1912, given a satisfactory banking and currency law, and given a satisfactory outcome of the presidential election next autumn, there will be hope—though not positive assurance—of more active and more satisfactory trade conditions.

Crisco makes pastry more digestible

The vegetable shortening which is [illegible] are animated more readily than are animal fats. These vegetable fats have actual nutritive value

Women who have thought that their pastry could not be improved have used Crisco and found that they can make tenderer crust and with a uniformity impossible with lard or lard and butter.

Crisco pastry has a *flavor* as delicate as that given by butter.

Crisco has none of the disagreeable features so characteristic of compounds or mixtures of oils and fats. Crisco pastries have not the slightest suggestion of the offensive odor or flavor which accompanies the use of cotton-seed oil or lard compounds.

Purchase a package of Crisco today. Use it for pies, for desserts, for hot biscuits and see how wholesome, delicate and dainty it makes your foods.

Packages 25c, 50c, and $1.00 except in the Far West

On request, we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing [illegible] Dept. K, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Senator's Secretary

IS THERE any Democrat in the audience who has not had a boom for president started for him? If so let him step forward and call his name and we'll see to it at once!

The dearly beloved Democrats certainly have the bug! They think it is all over but the vote-counting; and every man who has had his name in the paper other than as a party to a foreclosure suit, who is more than thirty-five years old, and of good, merchantable character, has aspired, is aspiring or is getting ready to aspire. Booms are growing everywhere. There will be ten hundred and seventy-two delegates, or thereabout, in the Democratic National Convention, and from the looks of it at this writing there will be about ten hundred candidates. So, if it could be arranged that the odd seventy-two delegates might present their own claims for the office, and make it a candidate for each delegate, there would be a situation in Baltimore that would be about as logical as the present one.

The Democrats sniff the battle from afar, sniff the victory and, what is more sustaining, sniff the jobs from which they have been debarred since 1897. And with every sniff a new candidate develops. As it stands now, it will take about a week in Baltimore to present the names of all the candidates at present in the field, for there must be a speech for each candidate and a second, and no convention-rules committee ever was hard-hearted enough to put a time limit on nominating orators. That was well enough emphasized at Denver four years ago where, though it was a certainty that Mr. Bryan would be nominated as soon as the ballot was taken, the convention sat from eight o'clock in the evening until daybreak and heard the orators orotundly place him in nomination. If it hadn't been that Jim Faulkner and Eddie Riggs found a Swiss-cheese place near by a large number of rising young journalists would have died of exhaustion, notwithstanding the fact that, at 3:27 A. M., Ollie James had King Edward taking off his jeweled diadem and casting it at the peerless feet of the peerless leader, and at 4:19 Gus Thomas could see the dawn breaking for the Democracy—which was no josh, as it was breaking at exactly that moment, and a fine view of it was had from the Swiss-cheese place.

On the Democratic Altar

Which remarks are presented here because of several things—one being a news paragraph that the leading Democrats of Wilmington, Delaware, held a meeting the other day and took steps—"took steps"—a delightfully indefinite manner of procedure—to secure the nomination of that noble countenance, Alton B. Parker. Mr. Parker, it will be remembered by some, was the gentleman who was defeated unanimously in 1904, and who, since that time, has delivered many masterly after-dinner addresses on The Duty of the Democracy in the Present Crisis. It may be that Mr. Parker knows what the duty of the Democracy is at present, but it is a sure thing the Democracy neither knew nor did its duty on the sad occasion when Mr. Parker himself took a few steps toward the White House—but only a few!

Also, we learn that Senator John W. Kern is being urged for the place. The Senator is coy and does not say his boomers nay; but he should beware. After a lifetime of trying to get on an official payroll he is now reposing in the Senate. Divorced from that, even for the glittering prize of a nomination for the presidency, he might never get back again. Another is Mayor William J. Gaynor, of New York; and still another is Senator O'Gorman, of New York. And they are coming in from all parts of the United States. Their name is legion—as we were taught to say in our youth. Any Democrat who is not mentioned for the presidency may well doubt his Democracy.

Still, there comes an occasional one who astonishes the country by withdrawing. Take the case of Senator Newlands, of Nevada, who issued a letter a time ago, in which he took himself out of the contest. To be sure, there were not many persons who knew the Senator was far enough in the contest to withdraw; but it seems he thought he was and he pulled out—at a considerable sacrifice too; for it was stated he had the promise of the delegates from Nevada, amounting to six votes and quite a start toward two-thirds of ten hundred and seventy-two. However, the Senator refused to let his name be considered further. He sacrificed himself on the altar of Democracy. He gave back to those six Nevada delegates their promise of support and told them to go whither they might. As for the Senator, he declared for Wilson. And there is this to be said: If the Senator really had those six votes he had six more than a good many men who are getting their names into the papers as possible candidates will have at the showdown.

Many Are Called

It is the simplest thing to start a boom for yourself or for a friend. All that is necessary is to hive half a dozen men in a room for a few minutes and then hand the reporters a political statement beginning like this: "At a meeting of prominent Democrats of this city, held last night, it was decided to take steps to promote the candidacy of William Q. Magoosh for president. Mr. Magoosh is the well-known ——" That is positively all that is needed. It is cheap, and if necessary can be kept up for several days by the simple expedient of hiring a few typewriters and writing letters to all parts of the country, soliciting support. Of course no support will be forthcoming, but the game can be carried on so long as the two-cent stamps hold out, and it is certain the papers will carry a paragraph now and then if the letters and the press flimsy are assiduously distributed.

The presidential situation on each side is getting into the opera-bouffe stage. Heaven only knows what will be the result on the people if the symptoms now apparent develop into the hysteria that, by all the rules, should be the outcome. We'll all be stark, staring mad by November. Nor is all the comedy on the Democratic side—not all. Take, for example, the case of Carroll Smalley Page, United States Senator from Vermont. This Senator is a Republican. It is his firm opinion that the only logical solution of the present difficulties of the Republican party is the selection of a good, conservative Eastern man who would be a rallying point round whom all factions can gather, and who would unite a disunited party and lead the forces of Republicanism on to a glorious victory. Pressed to name this man, Senator Page modestly but firmly mentions the name of Carroll Smalley Page. As the Senator sees it, there is nothing to it. He is the Moses to lead the perturbed Republicans out of the wilderness. He is the man to whom all can turn. Thus far he has the support of one United States senator—Carroll Smalley Page.

It would be ungenerous to leave Vermont in the lopsided condition of having a Republican candidate for president, and it must be said for John Barrett, chief of the Pan-American Union, that he is not an ungenerous man. Nobody can claim that about John. Hence, if the situation shall rise whereby Carroll Smalley Page shall be named by the Republicans, John is willing to march to the front for the Democracy and give them the equal advantage of a candidate from Vermont by taking the Democratic nomination. It cannot be claimed he is in any sense an active candidate, but he is as receptive as the Grand Cañon. John, you know, came from Vermont and Oregon—thus uniting the Orient and the Occident; and he is thoroughly bipartisan, having held office under both Republican and Democratic Administrations. At heart, though, John is Democratic—at heart and in view of the fact that there are fair prospects for Democratic success next fall. The real solution, I should say, would be for both parties to unite and name Page and Barrett for a joint ticket. It has a winning sound.

As foretold, the minute the Democratic leaders discovered their presidential situation had evolved into Woodrow Wilson against a large and variegated field, Wilson became the mark for the sharpshooters on all sides. There was a great howdy-do over the story that Wilson refused to let Colonel George Brinton McClellan Harvey support him any longer, and Marse Henry Watterson shed many bitter tears over it. So also did the old-line Democratic leaders, all of whom are supporting Harmon. This was held up to be a frightful case of ingratitude; and the spectacle of Jim Dahlman, Tom Taggart and a lot of other case-hardened politicians deploring ingratitude as the basest of political crimes was very affecting. A large number of bankers and trust magnates and other captains of finance were deeply touched also—melted to tears. Everybody cried!—that is, everybody who is against Wilson.

Meantime there are other rods in pickle for that eminent political schoolmaster. Though it is true that the Democrat who beats him will be the nominee of the Democracy for president next June, it is also true that the professor will have sore spots on him from head to heels before he gets through. They are after him with every known political weapon, and they will keep lambasting him up to the last moment. They may get him too. Whether they do or not, the scholarly governor of New Jersey will have many an unpleasant quarter of an hour before the bands begin on the unending rendition of Maryland, My Maryland, at Baltimore next June.

So far, oddly enough, nobody has proposed that sterling statesman, Senator Weldon Brinton Heyburn, of Idaho, for the Republican nomination. This is odd, for the Senator qualifies almost every day. He should be named and should run on this platform: The war is not over. Recently the Senator has deemed it necessary to break into the proceedings of the Senate each day as soon as the chaplain has concluded his prayer.

Behind Closed Doors

One day not long ago he was in particularly fine form. There had been a discussion in the Senate on the previous day concerning the debate of the arbitration treaties in open session. The rule has been to debate treaties in executive session, with closed doors and cleared galleries. The question of how these treaties should be debated was finally decided in favor of open debate, but the decision was arrived at in a discussion of the question with the doors closed.

On the following morning Senator Heyburn bobbed up with a copy of the Congressional Record in his hand. The Senator is a large and ponderous man, and speaks in a large and ponderous manner. He said:

"I find on page 1006 the heading, Session With Closed Doors; and then follow the proceedings in session with closed doors. I did not understand those proceedings were authorized to be published as a part of the Record."

"What is spread on the record?" asked Senator Lodge.

"The proceedings and discussions seem to be in the record. If they are to remain in the record there should be some authority for it, because there is no authority for it under any rule of the Senate."

Senator Heyburn is very strong on the rules of the Senate, and he spoke in a tone of evident reproof to Mr. Lodge.

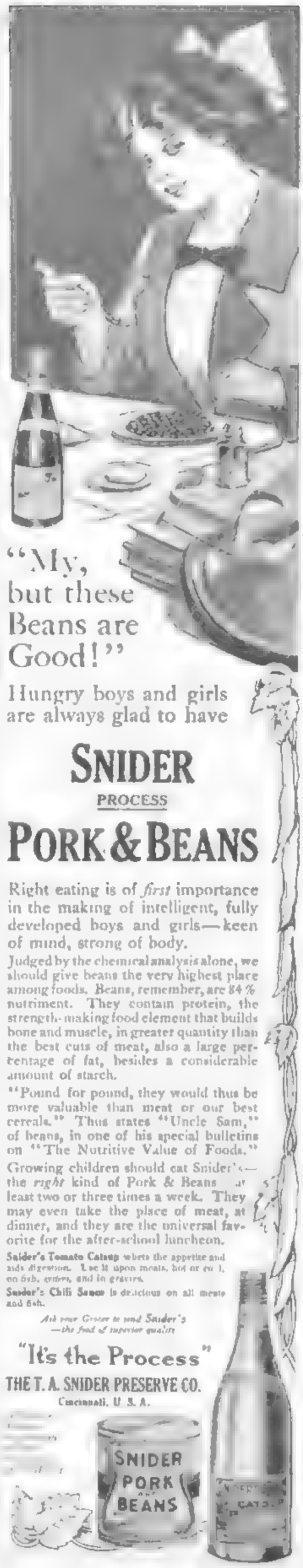
"Where is it?" asked Mr. Lodge in a puzzled manner; and Heyburn read.

Whereupon Mr. Lodge showed Senator Heyburn that the only reference to the discussion with closed doors was the line, "The doors were thereupon closed and at the expiration of one hour and five minutes they were reopened"; and that not a word of the discussion behind closed doors was printed.

Then, with great dignity, Senator Heyburn said:

"My attention being called to it, I now understand it."

Can you beat that? I ask you: Can you beat it? Rising to berate the Senate for allowing the proceedings behind closed doors to be spread on the record, and prepared to deliver a most instructive admonition to the Senate as to how its affairs should be conducted, he found he didn't know what he was talking about, hadn't read the paragraphs he claimed offended, and was totally at sea. Thereupon he said: "My attention being called to it." His attention having been called to it!—but not until he had called the attention of others to himself! And some still claim the Senate is as powerful as it used to be!


"My, but these Beans are Good!"
Hungry boys and girls are always glad to have
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PORK & BEANS
Right eating is of *first* importance in the making of intelligent, fully developed boys and girls—keen of mind, strong of body.
Judged by the chemical analysis alone, we should give beans the very highest place among foods. Beans, remember, are 84% nutriment. They contain protein, the strength-making food element that builds bone and muscle, in greater quantity than the best cuts of meat, also a large percentage of fat, besides a considerable amount of starch.
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Growing children should eat Snider's—the *right* kind of Pork & Beans at least two or three times a week. They may even take the place of meat, at dinner, and they are the universal favorite for the after-school luncheon.
Snider's Tomato Catsup whets the appetite and aids digestion. Use it upon meats, hot or cold, on fish, oysters, and in gravies.
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Ask your Grocer to send Snider's—the fruit of superior quality
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The greatest i in the wh

Greater than the Metropolitan Opera House; greater than Covent Garden, where the royalty of England is entertained; greater than La Scala at Milan, the Grand Opera House of Paris, and the Royal Opera of Berlin; greater in fact than all the opera houses and places of entertainment in the world, is the seventh floor of Building No. 5—the center of a city in itself formed by the modern structures of steel and concrete that house the giant industry of the Victor and Victor-Victrola.

To this building in the city of Camden, just across the historic Delaware River from the city of Philadelphia, co very greatest artists in the whole worl and tomorrow it may be Melba, or Tetra or it may be several of them assemblin the "Sextette from Lucia". Or it may b or Harry Lauder, or Blanche Ring; a his band, or Victor Herbert and his o

But whoever it is or whatever the

nes a never-ending procession of the
Today it may be Caruso or Amato,
zzini, or Schumann-Heink, or Farrar;
to unite in making a masterpiece like
e Paderewski, or Kubelik, or Elman,
d then again it might be Sousa and
hestra.
rganization, rest assured that within the four walls of this building is heard, day in and day out, year in and year out, music in all its forms such as no other place on earth has ever heard.

And unlike music that is heard in any other place, which is only a momentary pleasure ending with its rendition, Victor music lives forever. From its beginning in Building No. 5, it goes through the various processes necessary to its perpetuation and eventually leaves the shipping department (Buildings Nos. 9 and 10) to be heard again and again in hundreds of thousands of homes, just as it is heard in the sacred precincts of the recording room on the seventh floor of Building No. 5.

Own a Town!

You Can Control the Typewriter Business of Your Own Town

New Local Agencies for The Oliver Typewriter in unoccupied territory are now ready for assignment.

Hundreds of men now have the opportunity of their lives—the chance to *own a to*

[illegible] nure of the overcrowded cities has blinded thousands of young men to the greater opportunities that exist in small towns and v[illegible]

The Oliver Typewriter [illegible] augurated a nation-wide Local Agency System which makes these *towns* loom large on the Opportunity Map

The company will soon open up a *larger* number of *smaller* towns to Resident Agents, who will [illegible] clusive Control of all sales of new Oliver [illegible]

[illegible] Agencies already established has conclusively proved the wonderful possibilities [illegible] small town, as well as the large town [illegible] village field, as a market for Oliver [illegible]

[illegible] shown by every Local Agency

These sales sheets show to a *penny* the net profits of each Local Agent

The sales possibilities of all communities, from cities down to villages, have thus been accurately figured out.

We find that even the *smallest town* is a very profitable field for a wide-awake Local Agent. Hundreds of Local Agents in such towns make very handsome incomes

"Every Typewriter in Town an OLIVER!"

At a surprisingly large number of points [illegible] the [illegible]

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OLIVER

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The Standard Visible Writer

Think what it means to *control the sale* of a great business necessity like The Oliver Typewriter in a certain, definite territory.

The man who holds the Local Agency has *a business of his own*, which pays in direct proportion to the time and effort expended.

Spare Time or Full Time

We do not require Local Agents to give their exclusive services.

Many Oliver Local Agents who took up the work in connection with other business have more than *doubled their earning power*.

Some have disposed of other business interests so as to give all their time to the agency.

If you secure a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter, the company will give you every possible assistance

We train you in actual *Salesmanship*. Where necessary, we even help you *close sales*. You get the *full profit* on every sale in your territory during the lifetime of your agency

Exceptional ability wins promotion to more important positions.

Our "OPPORTUNITY BOOK" Free to Applicants

This book explains our Agency System and gives you a "bird's-eye view" of the remarkable field for energetic, ambitious men in towns and villages. Whether you are "footloose" or permanently engaged in business or professional work, it will be worth your while to investigate our Local Agency proposition. Applicants are requested to state their qualifications and present employment

Selling experience is not so important as the ability and determination to *succeed*.

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The Oliver Typewriter Company

358 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

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BELOWSTAIRS IN A HOTEL

(Continued from Page 11)

retain so that the chief's ideas shall pervade kitchen, pantries and dining room. The heads must somehow be sure of a permanent corps, and constantly their nerves are strained to the breaking point by the natural tendencies of those under them. It is not strange that a man with the gift of managing other men can always sell it to advantage.

It is an unwritten law that these chiefs in a hotel must never let any difficulty come to the notice of the guests, whether it be a death or a battle royal over a plate of salad. They must make their men pull together; they must be braced for the constant, sometimes unconscious, trial of strength between them and their subordinates; they must know their own work thoroughly and the work of their men. Human issues are always rising up for them, complicated by race problems. They must deal out justice, arbitrate when it is safe, be diplomatic if there is time and secure smoothness at any cost. The general manager and the maitre d'hôtel deserve the name of statesmen. Never would these smiling persons admit that friction could occur in a hotel. Whether they have charge in "back" or in "front"—as the two divisions of a hotel are technically called—these masters of men conceal from the outsider their processes.

Perhaps the two people who come most closely in touch with the human element belowstairs are the steward and the housekeeper. A typical steward is a man of wide experience in dealing with facts, circumstances and people. His eye is usually compelling, his mind is swift and sure, and his patience as ample as his salary, which sometimes reaches ten thousand dollars

Economy Their Watchword

"The first thing a man must have to hold down a job like this," said a big steward whose hard work had not reduced his bulk, "is vitality without limit. There are days when I work twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. Last week I was four days without seeing my family. I got home after they were all in bed and left in the morning before they were up. There isn't a head of any department in a hotel that doesn't expect to work overtime. If they don't the hotel doesn't last, and neither do they. If you aren't on your job and something goes wrong, the general manager will ask why you weren't on the floor at the time.

"I guess the world thinks of a hotel steward as they do of the white-coated persons you see on shipboard. Why, the only difference between an average big business man and us is that we have ten details to look after to his one. The only difference between myself and a great continental buyer is that he knows his hats or model gowns, while I have to know all my staples and human nature besides. I'd get on pretty well if it weren't for the human nature.

"The great problem in my work and in the work of all of us is to please the patrons. That isn't because we are charging them a great deal—we don't, considering what we give them. There is about a servant and a half to every roomer in a big hotel. Did you ever stop to figure on the intricate machinery you set going when you order even such a simple thing as toast and coffee? You have twenty people working for you before you are through. You pay more than your toast and coffee cost, but you don't begin to pay for what the service costs. However, we have to please you and the five thousand other 'yous' who eat here in a day, because if we don't succeed we soon go to the wall in this day of competition.

"Every observant visitor in our kitchens wants to know why we throw away all that is left on the guests' plates—why we don't give it to the poor. Well, I've often wished the poor could have it—there ought to be something for them out of all the waste; but from our point of view it is cheaper to throw it away than to take the time of men to sort it over, to say nothing of the space they would occupy on the floor. Not that we throw everything away; anything that is left on the serving plates is passed on to the servants' dining room. Besides that we sell this refuse to a firm for two or three thousand dollars a year—and don't ask me what they do with it! One thing I know—they pick a lot of oyster forks and other small silver out of it, for the dish scraper cannot always be careful when the dish cleaner is yelling for plates. It's not all loss to us; and, indeed, it's cheaper, as I said, than time.

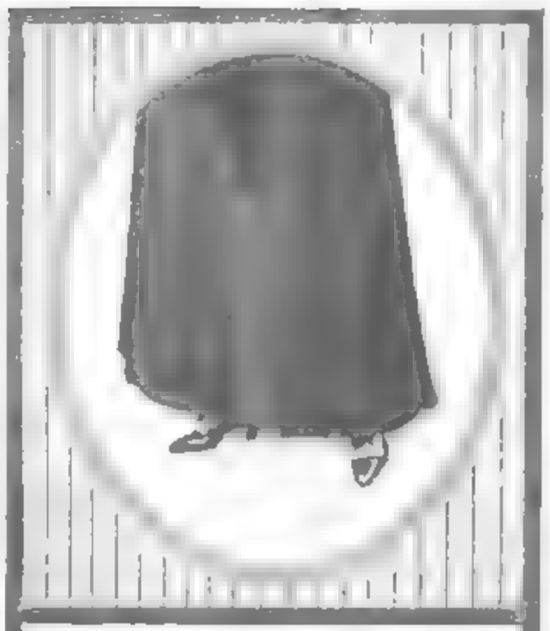
"Economy is the watchword; that's the main problem next to pleasing the guests—and, I tell you, we look after it! The little bits of potatoes left over from crimping and cutting fancy shapes for the patrons are used in the servants' hall. The minute the seasons begin to change and the business to lessen we cut off our men. Those we keep never have an idle minute. Our two shifts are arranged so that every man is busy every minute, even when it isn't what is technically called a rush hour. When the cooks are not busy at the ranges they are polishing their pots and pans.

"We have to guard against leakage too. We'd like to think every one is honest, but we can't. We have to have timekeepers or watchmen on the lookout to see that no one goes away with bulky pockets. Every department keeps its eyes open. Why, a certain big New York hotel lost ninety thousand dollars in one year because the waiters and checkers got together and beat the auditing department. We know what goes on in the other hotels, for when we fellows at the top have a minute of time we study them to see what we can learn. Every big hotel imitates the others in some respects. One hotel may have a house superintendent to look after the bellboys and the male help in front, though another may dispense with him. The shape of our white caps may be different, but our general policy is the same.

"Most outsiders think there must be a good deal of waste in the ordering, but there isn't. Of course with all the coming and going there must be a lot of chance and a lot of guessing; but the successful steward guesses right. I know pretty well how the seasons run and I am in conference with the chef every day, and he tells me just how much he has used the week or the day before. In this business the chef and the steward have to be as close as brothers, or closer; if they can't work together one of them has to resign, or else the hotel had better go out of business. And a chef has to be manager, cook, artist and business man in these days. Our man can tell to the fraction of a second how long it takes to cook anything, and how long it takes to eat it too. He can turn from giving a lesson in cooking to taking account of his stock; from that to jacking up an assistant with a swelled head; and from that to making out a bill-of-fare that is a triumph of combination and taste. At that he is not better than several others in this country who are worth the eight or ten thousand dollars they receive. Together he and I see to it that we are never overstocked and never run out of perishable goods—to say nothing of staples and dishes. He makes his report to me in the morning; by noon I have my lists made out and next morning everything is ready for work."

How Guests are Pampered

"Another of my problems is to get the best of everything. We stewards study the home market and go after the best as we see it. I have a place in Pennsylvania where I get my head lettuce; another place on the Eastern Shore of Maryland where a man puts in his time growing tomatoes for me. A woman in South Carolina sends me sugar-cured hams—the real thing. Even my apples I get from a special orchard. Now and then there comes a year when I go abroad to get some special French wine and to keep an eye on what is going on in the French hotels. Patrons may not send out a song of praise when things are right; but if they are judges their palates are pleased, and that helps the custom of the place. We are always on the alert to find out what a guest wants, and if it isn't on the map we put it on the map. Every hotel is like that, whether it serves *à la Française*, *à la Russe* or *à l'Américaine*. We make a heroic effort to minister to comfort and luxury and we are always bucking against some obstacle. It may be a hue and cry against size and gorgeousness and superfluous servants—just as if we'd spend a superfluous cent if our custom didn't demand it! Anyhow, it's dollars to dimes that something is always coming up to keep us on the jump. You guests are the spoiled darlings of a wonderful organization and you take it as a



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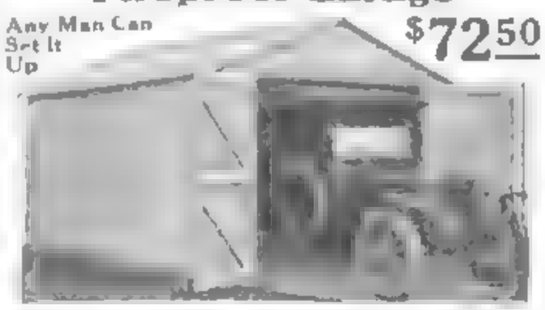

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A large part of the success of the "front" of the hotel depends on the housekeeper.

"I began the way I suppose most girls do," said an expert housekeeper, a woman of gentle voice and mild eyes with a glint of fire in their depths. "I got tired of helping mother with the housework. When I was at school I took all she did for me for granted; but when I left school and began to slave for my little brothers and sisters I didn't like them to take all I did for granted. I felt abused, so I got a job in a factory. I was only sixteen, but in a week the boss had made me forewoman. I guess he noticed the other girls used to stop and listen when I spoke. I don't know why, for I never yelled the way some do. Well, then the man I was engaged to and I broke off and I didn't want to stay in the town, so I went to visit a friend in Fall River, whose aunt was housekeeper in a small hotel. That got me interested and I took a job as chambermaid under her to learn all she knew. Then I heard of a job in New York in one of the uptown hotels and I went there; but I got tired of the guests changing all the time, and there wasn't so much money in it as you'd think. This was a hotel where women came chiefly; and, you take my word for it, the first person on whom a woman begins to save her tips is the chambermaid. I got the experience and I went West and was housekeeper in a little hotel where I really learned my business."

A Housekeeper That Knew How

"You see you've got to have experience; you've got to have what the managers call a method. One break in it and you're lost. If when one of my maids goes to the laundry for clean towels she didn't turn over a corresponding number of soiled ones the whole system would get out of gear. I went from hotel to hotel, learning something in each place and being able to bluff the proprietor or manager better every time and make him think he had the best housekeeper in the country.

"You have to adapt yourself constantly to new conditions; you have to steer constantly between saving the girls under you and getting enough work out of them to suit the management. Some small hotels won't let the girls use the elevators; they have to climb five or six or seven stairways maybe four or five times a day. I never could see that it would injure a guest to ride in an elevator with a nice, clean girl. I'd rather ride with the girls than with some of the guests I've seen! Some of the hotels want a girl to take care of twenty-eight rooms where twenty-five are more than enough. Of course the bigger the hotel the less you can save the girls. Why, sometimes I've come home from supper after the theater and stepped past my scrubwomen with no more feeling than I have for the sewing machines in the linen room. They were all machines and I simply took a look to see that they were getting their floors perfectly clean and wondered if I hadn't better see about a new supply of scrubbing cloths. It's natural; the bigger an institution gets the less human are the relations between the man at the top and the men at the bottom. In a family hotel you have time to be good to your help and the guests both; in a big place you can think only of the guests. And we do think of them in every way, little subtle ways that take a lot of them in and that all of them have to pay for. Some of the best hotels, for example, make a practice of having the servants learn a guest's name. A chambermaid or a floor-waiter will not say 'Madam,' but 'Mrs. Brown.' It is the same with the waiter and omnibus driver and captain and head waiter. It makes the unsophisticated feel as if the whole hotel had been waiting for them to come; and even the guests who know it's only a part of the game like it and are even flattered by it; but after you've helped run a hotel for a while you don't wonder at anything in human nature."

The real marvel is that a few masters of men can impose control on hundreds of untutored or stupid or restless or undisciplined human beings; that they can teach deftness and mechanical skill, order and self-control under highly abnormal conditions. There is something fine about belowstairs—generals and soldiers both; if there were not, pampered abovestairs might be led to reflect on the nature of its rights and privileges.

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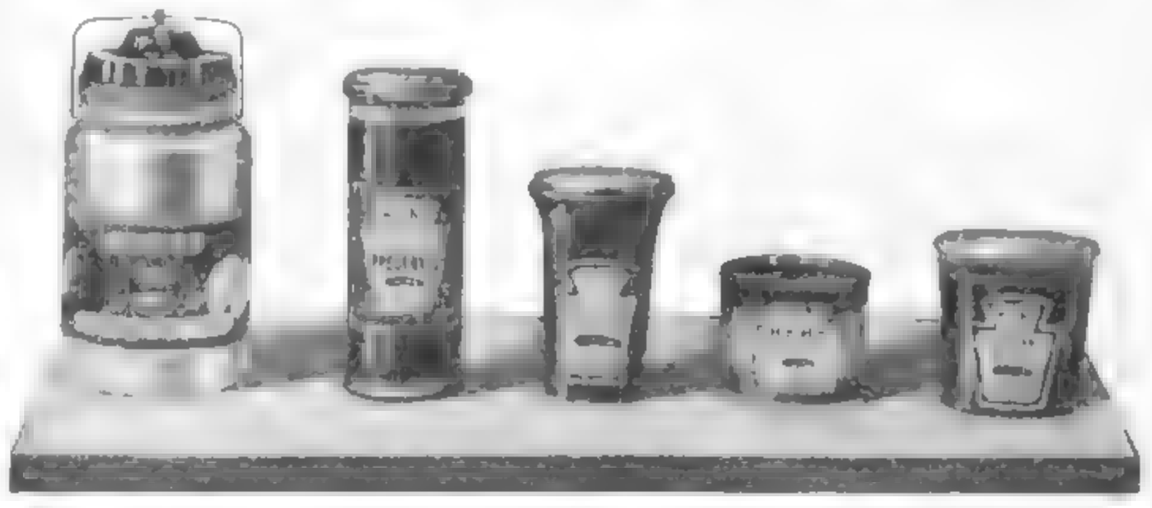

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THE CALF-PATH

(Continued from Page 19)

the hitherto impassive face of the listener relaxed more and more, until a well-defined grin extended across its broad expanse and the plaited-leather watchguard became agitated by the mirthful heaving of the vest below.

"You leave my part of it to me and tend to your own part yourself, and I guess there won't be any [illegible] to it," said Lucas joyfully when Rickey had finished. "Just between you and me, Rickey, there's some of my wife's relations that I like a whole lot better than I do this man Cruser; but he certainly ought to have that road after all the trouble and expense he's been put to to build it. What's right's right!"

"Them's my sentiments too," declared Rickey. "At the same time, you can expect to see me put up an interesting fight. We can't lay down and let folks walk all over us!"

"Sure not," agreed Lucas with an appreciative chuckle. "Do your darndest; but if you're that ugly and set you and me ain't going to be on speaking terms!" And so they parted.

. . . . . .

The following morning Mr. VanOpdom, the mining engineer employed by the Top-Notch Company, reported to his chief at the breakfast table.

"Things aren't going along quite so well, I'm afraid," he said. "Curran is down here with Raymond and they've been hustling to some purpose already."

"I could have told you that," snapped Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser. "I saw that rascally grafter, Lucas, last night and he gave me the pleasing intelligence. When you've quite finished your breakfast I want you to get out and hustle to some purpose. It's a good thing to do if you only knew it."

VanOpdom stiffened. "If you are dissatisfied with me ——" he began.

"I am!" said Cruser, turning on him the full glare of his tortoise-shell-rimmed, gold-bridged eyeglasses. "I'm dissatisfied and disgusted with the whole infernal business. I don't say you're particularly to blame—if that's what you want; but I don't see what you've accomplished. On Monday I could have closed up the whole deal—dammit!—if I'd been willing to stand for plain highway robbery. Now I expect I'll have to. One thing"—Mr. Cruser removed his glasses and shook them at his lieutenant with a threatening roll of his head—"One thing, I'm going to have that charter!"

"I suppose you'll get it, then," remarked VanOpdom, sipping his coffee. "What does Lucas say?"

"Says he's willing to do the best he can for me on the terms he mentioned, but I can expect there will be more expense attached to it before it goes through. That depends on how active Raymond and Curran are. The ——" Mr. Cruser attached a number of lurid adjectives and nouns to the article and pushed his plate away.

VanOpdom looked a little disgusted and Mr. Cruser, perceiving this, shook his glasses at him again.

"I want you to keep track of these fellows," he observed. "If they talk to anybody find out who it is and what they talk about. Take this list; and if it's any of those men send me word—and keep your eyes and ears open. Mix in! Get busy!"

VanOpdom beckoned to a waiter. "Take my breakfast over there," he requested. Then to Cruser: "What you want is a combination of errand boy and private detective," he said. "I'm neither; and you have my resignation as engineer right now—to take effect at once. I've been contracting stomach trouble ever since you struck the Basin and I'm through. I guess I've told the committee all there is necessary to tell about the road. Good-day."

Without waiting for any reply Mr. VanOpdom rose and, carrying his napkin with him, walked over to the table he had indicated and proceeded to eat a hearty breakfast.

Mr. Cruser did not linger over his own meal. He was too near choking with anger and righteous resentment to take any chances with food. Here was a serpent that he had nourished in his bosom to the tune of two hundred and fifty a month—and it had turned and stung him! And for absolutely no reason! All he, Cruser, had asked for had been loyalty—an interest in furthering his interests—the service he had a right to count on—and he had received wanton insult and desertion! He left the dining room with all the dignity of his bulk and presence—and almost collided with his old guide, Rickey Raymond, in earnest conversation with one Juan Trujillo, member from Taos. Rickey smiled and nodded in an absent-minded way; and then, taking Trujillo by the arm, he led him a little apart.

Mr. Cruser made his way to the cigar stand and, after a contemptuous appraisement of the stock, selected a panatela, lit it, strolled to the door and looked gloomily out. The line of chairs on the unevenly flagged pavement was nearly all occupied; so Mr. Cruser continued to block the doorway. Presently he heard from the chair on his right:

"It was thisaway, Bob; I was in Juarez at the time and you can't tell me no different. His name was Bolton and he wasn't no friend of Ben's at all. He got into a difficulty with this yere Cavitt and he killed him; but Cavitt had drawed his gun, mind you. That didn't cut no grass. They took and threw him into jail and kep' him there—just calculated to keep him until he'd spent all his money and then take him out and shoot him. Well, Ben allowed he'd get him out; so he goes over to Fort Bliss and gets four or five of the musicians and a spare uniform ——"

"I reckon maybe that was the way of it," interrupted a deep and gentle voice. "But this White Crow Pass road incorporation bill, Al. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" said the historian. "I'll vote against it if you say so. Well, sir, Ben gets a *secretario* to forge an order ——"

Mr. Cruser craned his neck as well as he could, for it was not a neck formed for craning, and saw that the chair on the right was filled by another legislator and that his companion was Curran of the Lady Lou mine; whereupon he jammed his hat well down upon his forehead and fared forth in search of Pappy Lucas.

Mr. Lucas was not encouraging. He had just heard of the defection of Fernando Barca, of Rio Arriba County, upon whom he had counted; and he shook his massive head gravely when informed of the late occurrences at the hotel.

"It's the way I told you, Colonel," he said. "It's a-going to cost you money!"

"How much?" asked Cruser.

Lucas told him and he hesitated a few moments.

"I'll pay it, by thunder!" he said. "You get the bill passed and I'll pay it."

"You've got the order wrong, Colonel," suggested the Power. "You pay it and I'll get the bill passed. There might be a little tagged on at that; but, if you want, any further sum I'll make conditional on the bill going through. How much it will be depends on how close we're run in the next two days. There's the Agua Dulce water matter and the Socorro county-seat going to take time, and there's a fight on a land-grant confirmation before we get to you; but I'll try to get things shoved along lively. And if I succeed it won't cost you much extra—maybe nothing."

"I put myself confidently and unreservedly in your hands," said Cruser. "I trust to you entirely."

Nevertheless, Mr. Cruser thought it advisable to be, as far as possible, on the safe side; and, to this end, after certain preliminaries upon which Lucas insisted, he engaged the services of an acute and pleasant-mannered young clerk of the House to keep tab on Pappy Lucas and things in general. He also established confidential relations with the genial and deferential Arch Beach, a judge of probate and an avowed enemy to the Lucasian methods. These gentlemen furnished the capitalist with much information that might have been valuable if its source and wellspring had not been the Machiavellian Pappy himself.

However, it quieted Mr. Cruser's mind and inspired him with such confidence that, encountering Rickey the following afternoon, he returned that gentleman's smile in grim fashion.

"I suppose you think that you are raising Cain with me, Mr. Raymond," he said; "but let me tell you, we're going to have our road in spite of you."

"Is that so?" queried Rickey. "And what are we going to do with our road when we get it, P. J.?"

"We'll sew you up in a sack so tight you can't make a wiggle," Cruser replied, reddening at the other's air of amused contempt. "You'll see what we'll do with it—bless you!"

"Put that finger down!" commanded Rickey sharply; and as Mr. Cruser obeyed with precipitation the young man laughed. "If you only had as much sand as you've got bad temper you'd be a holy terror, P. J.," he said, and turned and limped away, leaving the Top-Notch magnate dazed.

Another day passed and the Agua Dulce water matter and the Socorro county-seat business were disposed of. There remained only the land-grant tangle to be straightened out, and meantime the act to incorporate a company for the construction of a wagon-road from White Crow Pass to Garnet Basin had passed all the preliminary gradations, for all the strenuous efforts in opposition by Messrs. Raymond and Curran. Silently, imperceptibly and irresistibly it had moved along, brushing aside all obstacles—a very glacier of an act—until nothing was before it but the vote of the House itself. Curran had appeared before the committee, urging limitations of the company's power to close any part of the road for repairs and a stipulation of its immediate opening to public use; but even these concessions were denied and the company was allowed the space of twelve months to complete what was already completed. A sorry outlook for the Lady Lou!

There was a partial gathering of the Lady Lou forces in Rickey Raymond's bedroom on the night preceding the vote. Robert V. Curran occupied the solitary chair, Rickey was stretched on the bed and half a dozen other gentlemen were perched on various articles of furniture or squatted about the room, which was hazy with tobacco smoke. The general sense of the meeting was that the fight was lost.

"It won't be anything like a close vote," Trujillo said. "It will be unanimous, with a couple of dozen exceptions or so. Let's make it unanimous, friends."

"I'm going to catch the early morning train to Lamy," Curran announced dejectedly. "I'm not going to attend my own funeral when I don't have to! You'd better pack your grip, Rickey."

"I'm going to stay till the last dog's hung," replied Rickey. "I've got a hunch. And I'm surprised at any gentleman who lays down his hand at this stage of the game." Here he winked at Trujillo, and Curran looked up in time to catch him—and upon this the meeting adjourned.

Curran went to his room pulling both ends of his drooping mustache with one hand, as was his wont when especially thoughtful; but he had decided to postpone his departure. At seven o'clock he was awakened by a lively tattoo performed on the panels of his chamber door with a stout walking stick and Rickey's voice in imitation of a bugle reveille:

"I can't get 'em up!—I can't get 'em up!—
I can't get 'em up in the mawnin'!"

"If you're round here when I do get up you'll be right sorry!" growled Curran, scowling at the door. Nevertheless he rose and, after a hurried toilet, joined his friend, whose gayety in the face of defeat struck him as ill-timed and in strangely bad taste. He was still brooding on this thought, unresponsive to Rickey's flow of cheerful conversation, when they seated themselves in the crowded gallery of the House and the Speaker's gavel struck its fateful blows.

"Cheer up!" whispered Rickey, encouragingly; "the worst is yet to come!—and it may be a long time a-coming."

"I wish I could look as happy as you do about it," Curran muttered savagely; "but I reckon this means more to me than it does to you."

Rickey took the reproach meekly.

"Try to look happy, anyway," he returned. "See who's watching you!"

It was Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser, immaculate in a faultlessly tailored gray suit, flashing with diamonds and flushed with assured success—grinning with malice like a ginger-muzzled demon as he turned his eyeglasses on his defeated adversaries.

Rickey winked at him and Curran forced a really creditable smile, though the clerk was beginning to read the act which gave Top-Notch a monopoly of the White Crow Pass road.

A moment's pause and the interpreter rendered the Spanish version; that concluded, the sallow gentleman from Rio Arriba moved the passage of the act. A shifty-eyed gentleman from Bernalillo was a prompt second and there were no remarks—only a shout or two of "Question!"

"Those in favor of the passage of the act will signify the same by saying Aye."

A roar of assent.

"Contrary, No."

A scattering fire of dissent, and the ayes had it and it was so enacted. Trujillo arose to demand a rollcall, but thought better of it and sat down. Cruser violated the proprieties by a short laugh that echoed through the chamber and then got up and began to make his way to the exit. Passing within a few feet of Curran and Raymond, he grinned again and permitted himself an undignified and derisive gesture. Curran started up; but Rickey's grip was on his arm—and it was a remarkably strong grip for a convalescent.

"Sit down, you long-legged border ruffian!" commanded the young man. "There's something a right smart better than homicide on tap." He nodded to Pap Lucas, who saluted gravely in return. The clerk was unfolding another document.

"Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of New Mexico: Section One—That Robert V. Curran, James Marshall Orr, Ricardo Raymond, and all other persons who are now or may hereafter be associated with them and their successors and assigns, are hereby constituted into a corporation ——"

"What does this mean?" gasped Curran.

"Hush, Bob!" said Rickey. "We're getting a little old toll road of our own!"

. . . . .

It was an explanation that took Rickey some time.

"You leave the old packtrail where it takes the jog south at the broken ground east of Snag Tooth and follow straight on, tracking a wandering wall-eyed buckskin mare, same as I did about five years ago—and what do you suppose you'll come to? Three guesses. If you guess a thirty-foot straight up-and-down drop into a gully twenty foot across you won't be more than five foot out. Well, when you come to that you naturally turn back, unless you're an extra good jumper; but if you are some on the jump, and you land the most of your heft on the other side of the gulch and keep agoing, you'll hit a narrow draw that winds into the range so you can't see it till you ride up to it. That draw takes a straight shoot to the back of Joe Harper's claim on the ledge running into the Caneguilla; and from there it's a rough half mile to Garnet Basin. A hundred dollars' worth of lumber for a wagon bridge, gentlemen, and a week's pick-and-shovel work for four or five men, and we've got a road that's five miles long to the eight that it takes to corkscrew through White Crow Pass—and all level as the top of a billiard table. I found that out by starting from both ends. Most folks haven't lost no wall-eyed buckskin mares and most folks would sooner follow along a broke trail, no matter how crooked it is. They're like the crowd that done tagged along after a calf in some poetry I was reading the other day. First come a dog and then a buck sheep, with the flock after him; and finally everybody was awobbling after that doggone calf a hundred years after he had been shipped for beef."

Curran gulped.

"Rickey," he said, "I've got to say that I've had doubts about you the last day or two—you seemed so plumb indifferent. But why didn't you tell me, son?"

"I was afraid you'd get plumb indifferent too," explained Rickey. "Well, we've got our road and P. J. Cruser's got his. That's what I call a fair deal only I know P. J. won't be satisfied when he hears about it! And now, gentlemen, I'll trouble you to clear out and let me pack my collar and toothbrush; for I don't mind owning I'm getting anxious to see Mrs. Raymond once more."

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Written for *THE AEOLIAN COMPANY* by E. S. Moffat

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THE WONDER OF YOUR REPERTOIRE

WHAT shall you play first? Airs from the musical comedy, first sung only last night? You can have them—or those of foreign successes, not yet heard in this country.

What next? The old airs you've known since childhood? You can play them, every one from Silver Threads to Sweet Evalina and The Mocking Bird.

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Play them all. Play 'Faust' and 'Carmen' and 'William Tell.' Play 'The Moonlight Sonata'—the 'Ballade in A'—the 'Melodie in F.' Play Grieg and Moszkowski. Play Liszt. Play Chopin and Mendelssohn—Mozart and Beethoven. Play them boldly and strongly—exaltedly—for their divine harmonies will sweep you up from earthly things and bear you into Music's Secret Garden, with the first glimpse of its boundless reaches breaking on your sight.

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How wide is this thing 'Music'—that you have won? For you have won it, not in part, but in entirety. Wider than you can see. Deeper than you can feel. Farther stretching than your years will span.

For, look you! By this one admirable step you have gained a greater ability than the most prolific Composer known to Music or the greatest Interpreter ever born to translate it.

You have obtained absolute command over the archives of music.

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Not ten pieces—and not a hundred. Not hundreds—but thousands. Not ten thousand—but nearly twice ten thousand. The music of two centuries!

You the non-musician—have been enabled, by the Pianola Piano, to play all the good music ever written.

THE WONDER OF YOUR SKILL

THINK again of your untrained fingers. Is it possible that your unknowing touch can make notes to ripple like running water? Can those unskilled hands be thistle down? Can they be steel?

Feel the soft push of the air against the keys as you pedal gently—already you sense its flexibility. Pedal faster—a loud note is coming—strike it hard. Build up a crescendo—louder and louder—and louder! Strike a crashing chord!

And—while its splendid echoes ring—ease hand and pedal, till the next note falls as softly as a breath.

The Melody is next. It ought to sing—to soar above the accompaniment like the meadow lark safe above the storm. Here the Themodist chooses the theme notes for you, out of bass or treble, and gives them the delicate emphasis of the human touch. Here, too, the Graduated Accompaniment saves your playing from monotony—and the Sustaining Pedal Device makes the wonderful vibrations hang in air.

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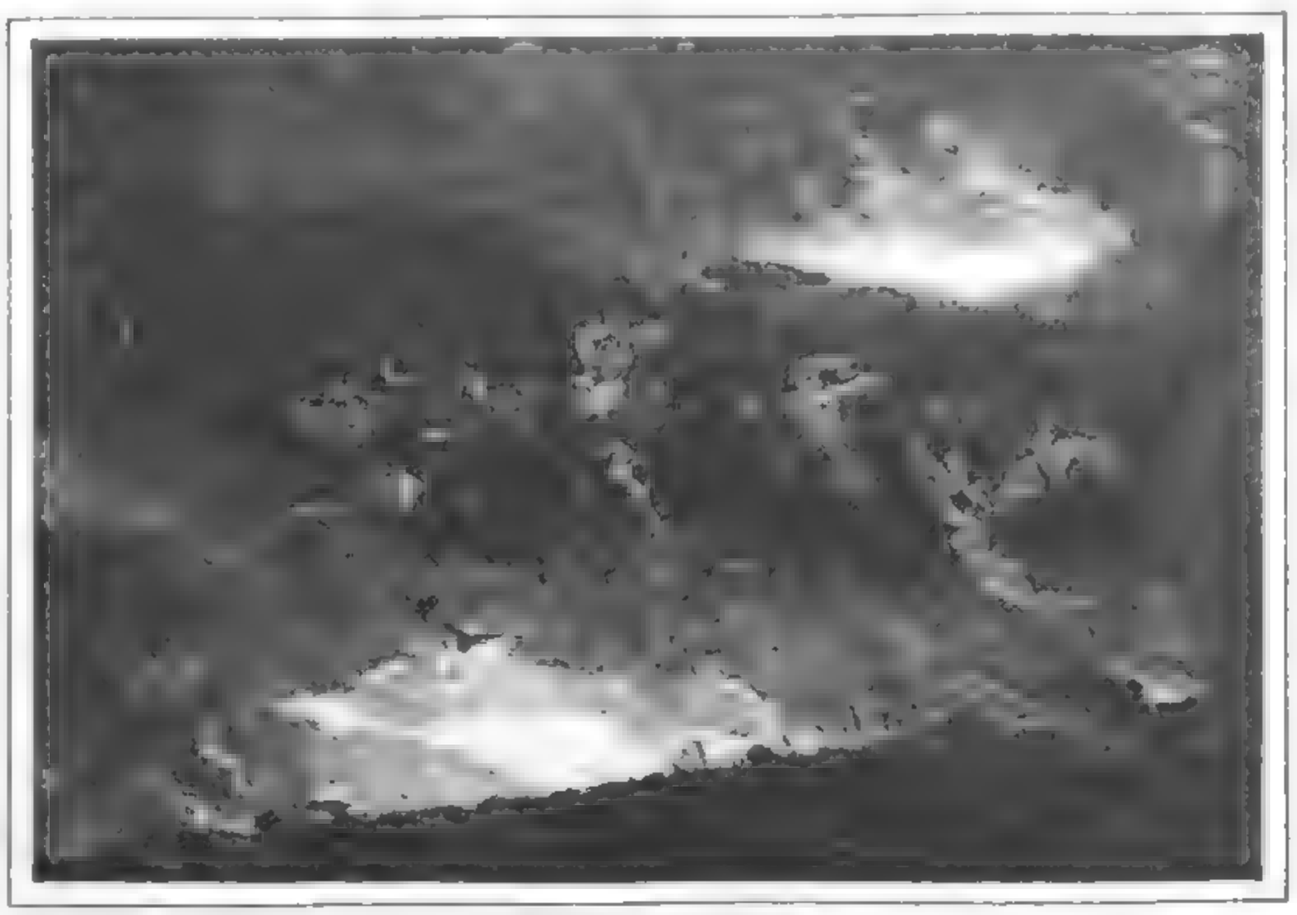

The Ride of the Valkyrs

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Full information is contained in Catalog A, which is obtainable on request from The Aeolian Co., 362 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ON MAIN STREET

Continued from Page 20

unbridled enthusiasm of a tired moo-cow, and he may make only mumbling sounds at his cues—it is unethical for a prime comedian to know his lines or to admit that he knows them while behind the scenes, else the effect would be half spoiled at the opening performance, when he will pull the purely impromptu wheezes, known as ad-lib stuff, which he has been privately memorizing for weeks; but he never openly disagrees with the stage manager during rehearsals. As for the rest of the cast, this tyrant drives them like workhorses; but he drives himself still harder. They rest, some of them, at far intervals; but he never does. He gets a big price and he earns it. He must be dancing master, singing master, teacher of elocution, judge, jury, executioner, court jester, prompter, designer, creator, guardian angel, father confessor and Simon Legree, all together. He is all of that—and then some.

Following the usual custom, he apparently does everything backward. Instead of going through the numbers in the order in which they will be offered to the audience, he picks out first one and then another, seemingly at random but all according to a sort of Queen Rosamond's Mystic Maze arrangement that he is carrying in the back part of his skull. When in doubt, however—when the principals sulk and the haughty showgirls malinger and pout—he calls out the dancing broilers and puts them through their heart-breaking paces over and over again. Too small of size to be showgirls—too plain of face to be featured in the front row, having only stout hearts, endless endurance and knobby, tireless legs—these pony-built little creatures, who draw the smallest salaries and do the most work, are really the backbone of every musical show. Behind the scenes they have a cruelly appropriate pet name for these homely ones. They call them trainwreckers; but it is the trainwreckers who tumble out of the wings and whip up the flagging interest of a yawning audience when everything else fails. They carry the burden; they work incessantly.

When every person connected with the production is ready to drop from exhaustion, and when every raw nerve in everybody's body is standing upon end screaming for help, there comes, on some Walpurgis Night, that revel of the Brocken known as a final dress rehearsal. The stage is one vast Cave of the Winds, full of terrific gushes of alternate hot and cold air. Against the bare walls, scenery is piled, looking like anything except what it will look like when the audience sees it. Lights are sputtering and naked steampipes are doing an anvil chorus of their own. Everywhere is the dear old behind-the-scenes smell which, once smelt, is never forgotten—a kind of compound of a skating rink, a paint shop, a depot waiting room, a junk store and a menagerie tent.

The Smile the Audience Pays For

The wardrobe mistress is in one corner having a fit over a lot of misfit costumes. The stage carpenter is in another corner making a "prop" that has been needed at the last moment. A capable property man is the eighth wonder of the world and he's all the other seven too. The manager calls him and in ten words tells him what he wants; and the property man says "Sure!" and goes apart with a pot of glue, a kit of tools, a can of paint and a few scraps of canvas and wood and leather; and presently he emerges bearing the thing that was wanted—an airship, or a trick elephant, or a train of choo-choo cars.

The members of the orchestra are in their places, swearing because the music cues are all wrong. The leading lady, being a person of temperament, is fainting and coming out of it and going into it again with great rapidity, while her maid works over her and everybody else leaves her strictly alone—this also being stage ethics. For the twentieth time the leading comedian has just been dissuaded from walking out. And in the center of everything stands the stage manager, running it all.

He calls out the showgirls for their big number. Some of them are pretty certain to be beginners—new faces are popular with a New York audience that is used to old ones—and there is always a market for what the press agent will later proudly describe as dainty society recruits to lyric drama. These beginners are either overly anxious or else they are awkward and self-conscious beyond words, and at the call of the stage manager they come a-running, fall over themselves and each other; and [illegible] of desperate earnestness, being greatly bewildered by the [illegible] their veteran sister showgirl [illegible] familiar.

"Smile!" yells the stage manager at them. "Don't forget the old property smile! Smile like you would if you were seeing me hung. The audience is paying good money to see you smile. Smile if it kills you!"

They look toward him, stretching their [illegible]yed faces into the affected simper which, pointed up and edged with grease paint, will look from the front almost like a real smile. Viewed close up it is a ghastly imitation, but it seems to satisfy him. He turns and signals to an accompanist, who can play any air on the piano, roll and smoke cigarettes, eat a sandwich, trim his fingernails and carry on a conversation with a friend—all at the same time.

"Hey, Vince; give me that entrance number once more. Come down stage, ladies."

They come halfway down and pause hesitatingly.

"Not way up there," he entreats them. "Don't stay up yonder in Sullivan County all winter. The old folks at home are expecting you. Come on down inside the city limits."

Thus encouraged, they come with a rush which almost carries the stage manager backward over the footlights.

"That'll do! That'll do!" he orders. "Stay inside the orchestra seats if you can. Don't go clear out on the sidewalk—you might be mistaken for ticket speculators. Now go back and try that again."

Patience Incarnate

Then he comes over and leans wearily against a wall. "They call them society girls!" he states in a bitter whisper. "What society? Whose society? Give me little Rachel Goldstein, from Second Avenue, or Maggie McCarthy, from Number Steen Hundred and Steen Dumpty-Dump Street, rear flat, two flights up, ring Finnegan's bell, and in three weeks I'll have her sweeping across the stage so you'd think she had been raised a pet by one of the first families. But these society dames!—gosh! They can't even keep out of the way of their own feet." I am able to quote him literally, so to speak, because these remarks were made in my hearing at a rehearsal recently. The stage manager, however, didn't let the young women hear his vain laments. He merely turned round and started in all over again, drilling them until they had the right thing—and then, if I remember correctly, he decided at the last moment he didn't like the idea anyhow, and killed the whole number and thought up a brand-new one on the spot. All along, though, he kept his temper and used decent language. The old style of stage manager, who cursed everybody in sight, has gone out of fashion here of late; and this man belonged to a newer, decenter school. And as for patience!—Well, when it came to being Patience on a Monument, he had the original holder of the title pushed off her pedestal and backed clear out of the cemetery.

Presently a demand rose for a few new lines. A scene which had been laboriously learned during long weeks was cut out and there was need of some connecting dialogue to link the remaining fragments together. The stage manager beckoned to the nearest author.

"Hey, Louie," he yelled; "write me about six or eight lines, will you, to make this thing hang together?"

Right there an amateur musical comedy librettist would have gone soaring; but Louie was an old bird. He yanked a block of paper out of one pocket, a pencil out of another and made a writing desk out of his right knee. In two minutes the job was done—and the dreadful night's work went on. It probably wasn't literature, but it surely was art!

One time I sat through part of the dress rehearsal of a big, pretentious musical show. It was four o'clock in the morning then, and the company had been rehearsing since noon the day before and would keep right on rehearsing until broad daylight.

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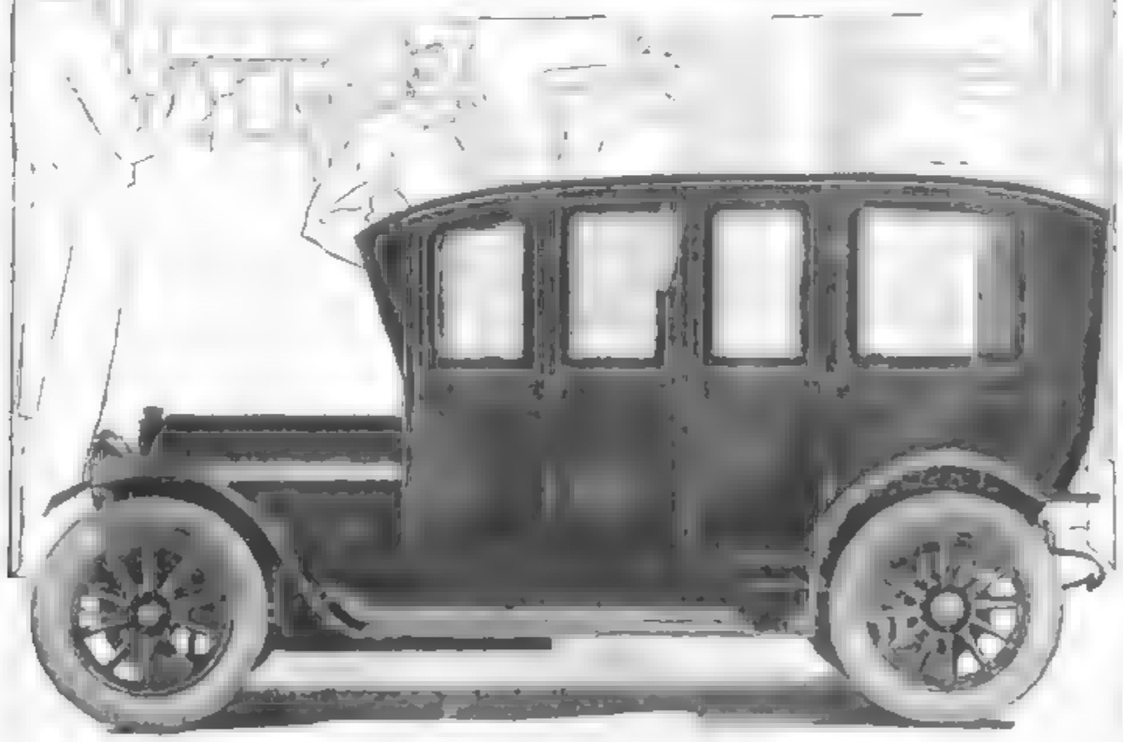

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The owner of the show—one of the biggest men in the business—sat in a front seat of the orchestra, with his secretary alongside him taking notes. Within the next few hours—for the opening performance was scheduled for that coming evening—he stood to make or lose heavily on an investment of perhaps forty thousand dollars. Disasters, big and little, had been piling up round him in mountains. By rights his hair should have turned snow-white in a single night, but he seemed quite calm and collected. Behind him stretched the empty, echoing, half-lit cavern of a theater. All the seats were covered over with white cloths, so that from the stage the chair-backs suggested rows of graves in a soldiers' cemetery after a snowstorm. 'Twas, indeed, a cheerful sight! In one of the boxes six little dancing girls were sound asleep. Their costumes were duplicates—on a smaller scale—of the Weary Willie outfit of the principal comedian, with tomato-can hats and all that; they were made up to look as much as possible like small editions of him. They were huddled together like tired kittens in a basket. The light from the wings shone down full upon their small, wearied faces, which were painted grotesquely with wide, exaggerated mouths and red noses.

A group of larger girls, dressed in green velvet gowns, came on for a dance. For the first time, then, the owner realized that these gowns jarred with the stage setting to an absolutely painful degree. He roused himself and called for the costume designer, who in this instance chanced to be a man-member of his staff.

"Billy," he said, "what possessed you to think out a color scheme like that? These gowns look absolutely poisonous against that background."

The designer, worn to a frazzle like everybody else, only waggled his aching head hopelessly.

"All right," said the owner; "cut the number out—this show is going to be about nine hours too long as it is."

"What'll I do with the costumes?" queried the designer plaintively.

"What do I care?" answered back the harassed owner. "Wear 'em yourself! Give 'em to the poor! But chuck the whole number out—it's no good anyhow."

And chuck it out they did, then and there, and bridged over the gap in some makeshift fashion and went ahead—incidentally chucking out an outlay of perhaps a thousand dollars for gowns and properties; but nobody batted an eyelash. In musical comedy productions things seem to be built up laboriously, an inch at a time, in order to be torn down in a minute. The writer heard of a case lately where, almost at the last minute, several hundred dollars' worth of specially made high russet leather boots for the choristers were thrown away without ever having been worn, and new ones were ordered to take their place—the wardrobe mistress having suddenly remembered that they were laced boots, whereas the fashionable feminine boot of the moment was a button boot; and she knew that every woman in the audience would take note of this crime against fashion and probably dislike the piece on that account. In the mounting of every big show there are about half a million of such details to be remembered—and somebody has to remember them.

Hoodooed by Success

This particular four A. M. rehearsal went on and on, while milk wagons clattered through the empty streets outside and dawn began to redden the sky over the East River gastanks. The prima donna came forth to sing her big solo. Above her and behind her a gang of carpenters and riggers were working like mad, putting the last touches upon a set of scenery that had come from the scene-painter's lofts only the afternoon before and which was still sticky with fresh paint. Certainly it was not done by intent, but every time she opened her mouth to reach for her best chest note one of the workmen would let something fall or turn something over. She tried three times to get under way. The third time a sleepy rigger dropped a heavy hammer and, in trying to catch it, fell off a ladder and lit on a pile of tin breastplates and helmets with a crash that sounded like a switch-engine hitting a junk wagon and knocking it through the front window of a dairy lunch.

The prima donna's nerves snapped and she burst into loud lamentations; but even in this extremity she didn't forget her obligations to her profession—she leaned over as she cried, so that her tears, streaking downward through her makeup, wouldn't stain the front of her white satin frock. And thus she stood and sobbed from the very bottom of her anguished heart, which was a good distance to sob from, seeing she was a quite large prima donna, even as prima donnas run, and hefty as to weight.

The little broilers, however, with their Happy Hooligan faces, slept right on through it all—slept through that explosion and half a dozen other violent eruptions which followed it. Everything apparently was going to eternal smash, and yet that night, at eight-fifteen, when the curtain went up on a gorgeous first act, fifty seemingly fresh and confident faces smiled across the footlights at the audience; and next day the critics all agreed that it was a smooth and entirely finished performance. All of which goes to show that, in the matter of theatrical propositions, you never can tell.

Along Broadway they tell of one producer who, like most men of his trade, is acutely superstitious. He was putting on a musical show and for the first time in his experience the rehearsals ran along smoothly from the very beginning. Instead of being cheered by this, the producer got so low in his mind that his friends and associates began referring to him behind his back, of course, as the human Dismal Swamp.

However, at the last rehearsal the whole thing blew up. Principals forgot their lines and mixed their cues. Choristers were guilty of frightful stupidities, one piling on top of the other. Costumes didn't fit and couldn't be made to fit; stockings didn't match and wigs wouldn't go on or else wouldn't stay on. A courier ran to the owner with these and other distressful tidings.

"The ingénue has quit again; the orchestra has gone on a strike because there's a scab playing the slide trombone without a union card; the comedian is downstairs getting soused to the Plimsoll; the chorus is fainting away in relays; the scenery won't work; the props are all wrong, and the prima donna is up in her dressing room, going out of one set of hysterics into another."

Little Helen's Great Pie Scene

"Fine and dandy!" said the owner. "You go back and tell the soubrette to quit resigning or I'll accept her resignation and break her young heart. Let the orchestra go—all this show needs is a pianist and a trap drummer, and I can play the drum myself! Throw water on the prima donna; and if there's no water handy throw scenery on her—or vitriol. And don't worry about the comedian—I'll go down and let him buy me a few drinks, and he'll stop rather than spend any money on somebody else. I was afraid for a while that this show was a bloomer, but now I know I've got a hit."

And, as it turned out, he was right. It seems to take this eleventh-hour tragedy to properly launch a show down the skids. There has been an unusually large crop of musical shows turned out in New York this season; and nearly all of them, it is safe to predict, passed at least once through the eleventh-hour period. There are other points of resemblance about them. Such of them as do not depend upon a waltz tune running through the piece have fallen back upon the turkey trot or the terrapin gallop or the rabbit hop or the bearcat rag, or some one or other of those dainty terpsichorean fantasies that have been attributed, perhaps unjustly, to San Francisco's Barbary Coast dance-halls. And the best bit of acting in any one of them has been done by a child actress named Helen Hayes, playing in Lew Fields' show, The Never-Homes. She is not the wizened, wise, prematurely wrinkled little old woman that nearly every child actress is. She's just a round-eyed, round-faced, round-mouthed, round-tummied kiddie, who is maybe six years old going on seven; and she hasn't much to do except in one scene, when she successfully wheedles a pie away from a boy and eats it.

The way little Helen Hayes eats that pie is worth the price of admission! It is the one best thing musical comedy has produced this winter. Sarah Bernhardt couldn't stand up before an audience and eat a pie any better than that!

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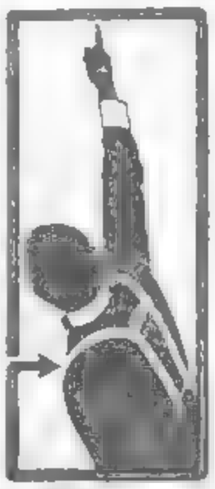


Can't Slip From Shoulders

THE RECORDING ANGEL

Continued from Page 8)

path his feet trod. He was in love and knew it. He realized that love recognizes itself, and that a woman fears and denies. He was murmuring "damn" and other profane terms softly to himself, as he nursed his injuries. He knew that love had overtaken him, that from this moment his life, his aims in it, would be controlled, not by his will but by his passion.

It is the same predicament that a wolf experiences when, while loafing carelessly near a sheepfold, he suddenly feels his hind leg snatched in a trap. If he is wary, however, he keeps silent. He does not howl till the owner of the sheep comes and kills him. This was why the man who suppressed the "damns." He still hoped to escape, as every man does when he first falls in love.

Night had fallen when he again entered the square and made his way to Bilfire's saloon, leaned across the bar and held up three fingers to a white-aproned, poppy-faced youth behind it. The dog was anxious to introduce him to the four other men present, all friends of the hound; and he intimated the fact with his friendly tail, as he wagged himself from one to the other in the hound's deprecating fashion. But the stranger refused to know that any one else was present. He drank in a sort of thundering silence. He set down the glass with a scowl, obviously designed to be his comment upon Ruckersville liquor. As a matter of fact, it was very good; but he was in pain, the peculiar pain of knowing the nature of love and yet of having fallen into it. Involuntarily love phrases belonging to innocency and youth leaped up in his memory, like maidens long imprisoned — suddenly escaping with candles in their hands — running about in his inner darkness.

He had loved so often he was tired of loving. Now here it was again, the old unrest. Therefore he was furious, and not being of a nature to kick the adoring dog he scowled at the whisky and turned his very impressive back upon young Colonel Fanning-Rucker, the rising attorney of Ruckersville, who stood listlessly near scanning the Ruckersville Star, and upon old Mr. Clark Story — the Storys had the misfortune of not being even distantly related to the Ruckers — who, being very poor, had the miraculous gift of being able to figure out upon his cuff how he could and might become immensely rich at any time, if cobalt or copper or, to be more hopeful, gold should be discovered on his plantation. This lay in red undulating hills upon the edge of the town. He always carried a pocketful of lying, ill-digested stones whose ugly surfaces hinted of sparkling interiors.

If Mr. Story had had only one drink he was willing to calculate his fortune tediously upon the copper basis, but if he had had as many as three he would be content with nothing less than a two-foot vein of pure gold, which he believed lay halfway down his innocent old well-shaft. But, as I have written, this was June, his cotton was ankle deep in grass and his corn needed rain. He was discussing the future humbly upon the cobalt expectation in his cow pasture with Mr. Elbert White and Captain Alexander Rucker-Martin. The three were seated at a deal table in a retired corner of the saloon, with all of Mr. Story's specimens spread out before them, when the stranger, who is threatening to become the hero of this tale, entered and cast the gloom of his love affairs over the situation, although the victims, of course, did not know the nature or cause of this gloom. They took it as a personal affront — the outer darkness of an impudent stranger who had no right to cast them into it.

Mr. Story paused in his calculations, lifted his childish, rheumy blue eyes at the interruption, which was psychic rather than real, and began to comb his straggling gray beard with his fingers. He was offended. The broad negative back of the man at the bar seemed to deny every hope he had in the world. It was the back of reality turned upon the sweet old-whiskered face of romanticism. Colonel Fanning-Rucker lowered his newspaper so that he also contemplated the same offensive back.

After explaining to every one in the room that he had chosen a new master, the dog

"Now, will I make them as beautiful as they are practical," said O. H. L. Wernicke — the father of Sectional Bookcases — when he became president of The Macey Co.

Macey
Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional — But They Are

They have the style of Old Master furniture. You can see it yourself, it stands out so you can't help seeing it.

You may have them in Colonial, Chippendale, Sheraton, Arteraft or Mission design, any size; any finish; and they actually cost less than *ordinary* bookcases.

You would like them in your home!

Macey Book Cabinets are on sale with merchants in every locality and are warranted to give complete satisfaction.

A 72-page style book and price list, which is full of helpful information, may be had for the asking, by addressing the designers and makers, The Macey Co. No. 930 S. [illegible] Mich. (In the Heart of the Hardwoods)

Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires

There *may* be other tires as good but how can you know *which are* good? The name, Kelly-Springfield, should save you a lot of *experimental* tire purchases.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branches in New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Atlanta, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Toronto, Canada

GIVEN ONE PAIR 6-POUND FEATHER PILLOWS

If you mail us $10.00 for a 30-pound Feather Bed. Freight on all [illegible] satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Turner & Fortune Feather Dealers, Dept 70 Charlotte N. C. Our reference Commercial National Bank

sat down on one hip, braced himself with his forelegs, poked out his other hindleg, turned his body sideways and began to sniffle diligently in search of a flea. Not a word was spoken until the stranger straddled out.

"Who is he?" quavered old Mr. Story, indignantly gathering up his specimens and dropping them into the sagging pockets of his alpaca coat.

"Stchranger within our gates, Stchory, thast who he is," hiccoughed Elbert White in that mewing voice peculiar to inebriation.

"Looks like the cross between Satan and a Shanghai rooster to me," laughed Colonel Fanning-Rucker.

All this time Captain Rucker-Martin had been sitting braced against the wall with a drawn-dagger expression upon his little gray shell of a face, his eyes spitting fire as he batted the lids rapidly.

"He—he is an insult!" he exclaimed now in great excitement.

The captain had a fine treble voice and talked through his nose, but he was known to be a brave man in spite of it. This was all that could be said of him. He belonged to that great class of Southern men who were made and tempered too quickly in the red furnace of war, and finished up only for battle-line purposes. He had retired from business without entering it, owing to a gunshot wound received in the back, from which he suffered tortures. He was very sensitive, as was everybody else in Ruckersville, for that matter. But the difference was that the captain had once knocked a man down for saying in his presence that Robert Toombs was "no gentleman." This happened long ago, but upon the reputation accruing to him from the incident he had walked the streets of Ruckersville for nearly forty years, dragging first one wing and then the other, so to speak, and thrashing his gamecock spurs in them. He was so emaciated from his sufferings that his mustache and goatee seemed to bristle from his skeleton. And he would have died happy fighting any day. He had an amiable thirst for blood glory. This fate being denied him he refused to give up his ghost peacefully in bed, as the doctor predicted whenever he came down again with the old wound. What time he was not seeking a "difficulty" he spent in Bilfire's saloon, explaining how he came to be shot in the back instead of in front, where every gentleman is entitled to receive his bullets.

"I tell you, sirs, it was damnable! It was contrary to all the ethics of proper warfare! While we were taking the enemies' breastworks one of their blackguard regiments charged us from the rear, and I was shot down from behind."

At this point in the narrative he invariably appealed to Elbert White.

"You were there, White. You know how I came to have this wound, where no gentleman ought to be insulted with a wound."

"I wash, Captain! I wash right there," White would sob. "Wherever the red rim of battle blazed there you might have scheen Corporal White leadin' the Confederate Army. I lost four of m' legs at Gettysburg and all m' arms at Appomattox."

As a matter of fact he had never been wounded, but when he was drinking it was his hallucination that he was a centipede and his occupation to lament the different members he had lost in battle.

Colonel Rucker folded his paper, arose from his chair and sauntered out. He remembered that he had an engagement to call on Sylvia Story that evening and that he had no time to lose. The Storys lived on the old Tinny Bone place, beyond the town. He recalled with some irritation that he must pass through the pasture where the bull was kept. This always made him nervous—not that the animal had ever noticed him. Still, he wished that shiftless old scamp, Clark Story, would at least make a front gate to his place and save visitors the inconvenience of being possibly gored to death when they came in the back way.

But the three old Gracchi determined to follow the stranger and discover who he was and what business brought him. They had been messmates in the army of Virginia, and messmates ever since in Bilfire's saloon. They had no affairs of their own, so they took a vital interest in those of other people. They borrowed animation and returned it in gossip.

III

THEY entered the wide doorway of Daddisman's Hotel half an hour after the stranger had disappeared through it—three abreast, Elbert White being in the middle owing to the fact that he did not carry his liquor well. It opened immediately into what was called the office. This was a large square room of one color all over. The walls were gray, but decorated with flaming lady's-legs calendars. The ceiling was gray and the floor was covered with an ashy, wornout oilcloth. The stove had not been cleaned since the winter fires died down in it. But this was a convenience. It served as a spittoon. The ashes were long since packed down with tobacco juice. The pipe made an ugly elbow halfway up to the ceiling and, as high as the tallest drummer could reach, was plastered with advertisements setting forth the merits of everything from chewing gum to breakfast cereals and corsets. A corner of the room was boxed off for the innkeeper's desk and for a counter, upon which rested a glass showcase and the register for the names of guests. Under the glass were exposed several boxes of cigars, little square nickel bags of smoking tobacco, a glass jar of pink and lavender-colored "breath pills," another of striped sticks of clove and peppermint candy. That which corresponded to the "breath pills" above was concealed in pleasant, gleaming, golden bright rows below the counter. Altogether it was one of the most alluring spots in the town, because it so completely, and at the same time so discreetly, filled the natural cravings of its male citizens. On the opposite side of the room stood a wide table, long enough to reach past both front windows. The chairs in the room appeared to be humbly related to it. They were always in the position of having been dragged up to it, or dragged away from it, or of having been kicked under it, owing entirely to the time of day when you observed them. This table had another distinction. Twenty years ago a duel was fought on top of it—an impromptu duel without seconds. It was fought to a finish over a game of cards, with pocket knives, by Tony Adams and Jim Bone. They were both drunk at the time. And Tony had remained drunk ever since. But young Bone, believing that he had killed his friend, disappeared that same night and had never been heard from—a good riddance, everybody said.

"He was born with an open knife between his teeth, same as you say somebody was born with a gold spoon in his mouth," commented old man Adams, who would have been glad if his own son had been able to follow Bone's example in evacuating Ruckersville for the far unknown country of lean prodigals.

Tony was the only person who had ever grieved for his friend. He was like an overgrown, fair-haired child that time has jerked off the wagon and left sitting tearfully in the sand. He recovered from his wounds, consisting of various slashes across the arms and breast, but he refused to survive the departure of his friend.

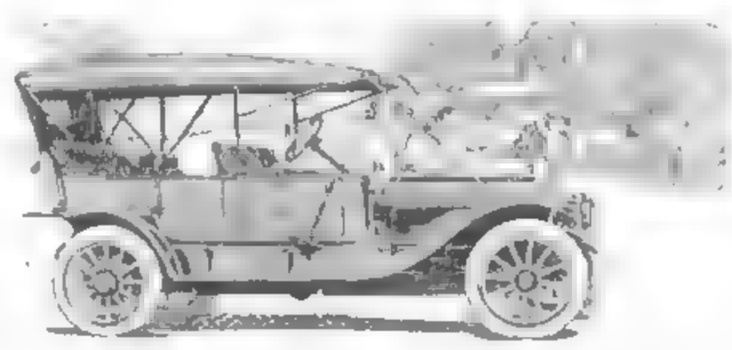
"He might have known I'd have forgiven him. 'Twa'n't his fault, nohow. There were five queens in that deck of kyards, and nary one of us knowed it till it was too late to keep him from fightin' me for drappin' her on him in the wrong place."

When Captain Martin and his two companions entered the hotel they saw Billy Daddisman, the keeper, standing behind the counter, staring at the open page of the register with horror and amazement clearly depicted in every line of his white, pop-eyed face. The three gentlemen from Bilfire's immediately braced themselves with their stomachs against the other edge of the counter, hurriedly took out their respective spectacle cases, adjusted their glasses upon their noses and peered at the same page. But here an unexpected circumstance delayed them. It seemed that after they had examined Mr. Story's new specimens at the saloon Captain Martin had accidentally placed Elbert White's glasses in his case, and White, who was near-sighted, had got the captain's, who was slightly cross-eyed in his left eye. The two old roosters cocked their heads in vain this way and that at a name written in flaming headline chirography entirely across the page. They could make nothing of it. And Story was scuffling with equal futility for even a chance to see what they were looking at. He was very small and timid and always came last, never saw anything first, and lacked the Zaccheus energy of most small men. Martin and White each lifted their eyes to the other, but even then White had to turn his face sideways

(Continued on Page 48)

YOU automobile buyers are in two classes: the ones who own cars and have reached their desire for certain things through experience, and the ones who are buying a car for the first time and must depend to a large extent on what others tell them.

An advertisement can't very well appeal to both of these classes, and the fact that so many experienced



drivers are buying Mitchell cars shows that the car itself is the best reason they can have for making this selection.

To the inexperienced man we will say—In a Mitchell car you get simplicity with power—easy to understand; you get speed with perfect safety; you get low cost of operation and long life for the car; you get a handsome appearance and luxurious ease in riding; and most important just now to you—you get careful attention and explanation of everything you don't understand about automobiles both before you buy and afterwards. The Mitchell service is a great help to the beginners.

The new Five Passenger Mitchell-Six is pretty apt to be exactly what you want—the experienced drivers are enthusiastic over this new car . . . . Price $1750

Seven Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	60
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	Standard Universal
Tires	36 x 4½
Wheel Base	130 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	7 passenger, fore doors

Price equipped, $2250

Five Passenger Mitchell-Six

Horse Power	48
Cylinders	6
Ignition	Splitdorf dual
Lubrication	self-contained in crank case
Transmission	selective, 3 forward, 1 reverse
Rear Axle	full floating
Rims	demountable
Tires	36 x 4
Wheel Base	125 inches
Tread	56-inch or 60-inch if desired
Body	5 passenger, fore doors

Price equipped, $1750

The four cylinder, five passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P., equipped . . . $1350
The four cylinder, four passenger Mitchell, 30-H. P., equipped . . . $1150
The four cylinder, two passenger Mitchell Runabout, 30-H.P., equipped, $950

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
124 Junction Avenue
Racine, Wisconsin

7,000 Columbia dealers

are ready to deliver this new Grafonola with 12 double-disc records (24 selections) subject to three days' free trial, for $59 cash—or for the same price at $7 down and $5 a month; no interest, no extras.

Registered U. S. Patent Office

THE Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" is a notable combination of high quality and low price. The mechanism is fully cabineted, the reproducer operating beneath the lid, and the sound waves being led through the tone-arm to the tone-chamber where they are greatly amplified and then thrown out through the opening, subject to reduction at your will by the partial or complete closing of the small doors. The cabinet work is of the highest possible craftsmanship, the wood used being either selected grain quarter-sawn oak, or strongly marked genuine mahogany, hand polished. No finer finish is applied to a thousand dollar piano. The turntable is revolved by a powerful triple spring motor, which plays three records at one winding and may be rewound while running. The operation of the motor is absolutely silent, and its speed is regulated on a graduated dial.

If the nearest dealer happens not to be able to supply you, write to us here. If you don't know where to reach a Columbia dealer nearby, write us and we will send you his name and address. There are over 7,000 of them in the United States and about 250 new ones are being added every month.

"Hearing is believing"—and trying is proving. Don't let this day get by before you take action. This is the objective point we have been working toward for four years—and the only mistake you can make is the missing of it! Don't miss it—seize it!

If you have been waiting till the perfected "talking machine" arrived, don't wait any longer: it's here.

If you have not been ready to purchase till the enclosed type of instrument could be sold for less than $200, here is the perfect instrument at a *quarter* of the price. If you haven't yet realized the quality of the music that the modern Grafonola is capable of, remember that the same was until very recently true of many of the greatest artists in the world who are now under exclusive contract with the Columbia—Mary Garden, Lillian Nordica, Olive Fremstad, Alice Nielsen, David Bispham, Josef Hofmann, Zenatello, and a long list of others.

If you own a talking machine of the enclosed type—whatever make—it's full time you knew the Columbia Double-Disc Record guarantee: "We guarantee to every purchaser of Columbia Double-Disc Records that the material used in their composition is of better quality, finer surface and more durable texture than that entering into the manufacture of disc records of any other make, regardless of their cost. We further guarantee that their reproducing qualities are superior to those of any other disc records on the market and that their life is longer than that of any other disc record under any name or any price."

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Gen'l, Box 219, Tribune Bldg., New York

This is the Columbia Grafonola "Favorite,"

the first Grafonola ever offered at its price or anywhere near it. We believe it is the best that can be constructed and sold at its price, or near it—the first instrument of the enclosed type offered at anything like its price, capable of all the tonal quality of the $200 instruments.

The 24 selections on the 12 double-disc records include the famous "Rigoletto" Quartette and also the splendid "Lucia" Sextette, for which two selections alone many talking machine owners have had to pay $13. Or your own selection of records will be supplied. (Record album extra, 10-inch, $1.50, 12-inch, $1.75.)

Headquarters for Canada, McKinnon Building, Toronto. Prices in Canada plus duty.

DEALERS WANTED—We intend to contract with over 1000 new dealers within two weeks. Columbia Distributers in every large city. Write to us for offer to dealers. *Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented.*

The Howard Watch

The Telephone Operators in New York City handle 180,000 calls every rush hour. They will connect you with any one of 500,000 subscribers in half a minute.

Ask the Exchange Manager how he can handle all these calls, and he will tell you tersely, "By saving the seconds."

"Schedule time" is the keynote of American industry. That means *HOWARD time*. There's always somebody higher up holding a HOWARD Watch on the job — demanding the HOWARD type of accuracy and punctuality.

The HOWARD is the one watch in the world wholly adapted to modern progress. It has the precise construction and the scientific adjustment.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

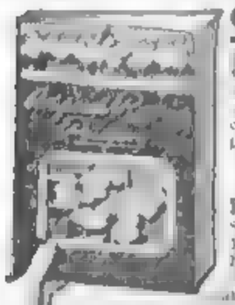
The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached — from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Jas. Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150 — and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD. The jeweler who can is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

WRITE YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL



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Practical Experiences of Poultrymen

Secrets of others' success. Put us for [illegible]

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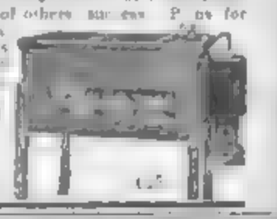

[illegible]. Describes the 1912 Sand Tray Prairie State Incubators

Prairie State Incubator Co.
454 Main St. Homer City, Pa.

Hang Your Pictures

[illegible] tool-tempered steel points [illegible] not disfigure plaster walls.

Moore Push-Pins

glass heads, steel points. Try them for calendars, small pictures, etc. Push them in, no hammering. Nos. 1 and 2, ½ doz. 10c.

Moore Push-less Hangers (brass hooks, steel points inclined downward) will support hat-racks, mirrors, etc. No moulding required, no picture wire need show. Easily put up. No 25 [illegible] 25 lbs.) ½ doz. 10c; No. 50 100 lbs. ½ doz. 10c.

Moore Push Thumbtacks [illegible]

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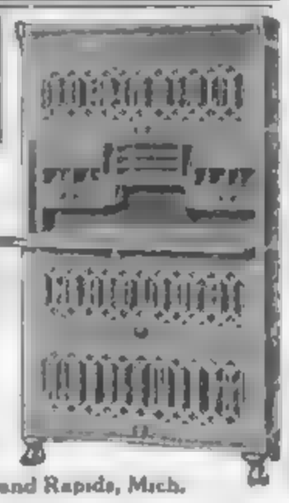
MOORE PUSH PIN CO. 1126 Samson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOK CASES



Write for our "Book of Designs,"

beautifully illustrated in colors, showing our Sanitary Clawfoot, Mission, and Standard bookcases and how you will save money by placing them in your home. The handsome designs, the rich finish, the removable, non-binding doors, the absence of disfiguring iron bands, make them far better than the old-fashioned kind.

Our prices are lower than others

and high quality is guaranteed. Sold by dealers or direct. Address Dept. M.

GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY, 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

(Continued from Page 45)

and cross his left eye before he could make out the features of his friend:

"Damme, sir, you have appropriated my glasses!" exclaimed the captain, snatching at the little steel-rimmed spectacles he saw on the other man's nose, which were entirely too small for his large eyes. At the same moment White snatched his own twin moons from the captain's nose. They were both furiously red—two very old cocks, facing each other with their heads drawn and their neck feathers bristling.

"Hist!" whispered Daddisman, putting out his hands and gently parting them as he would have parted two children. "Don't fight, for God's sake! I've got the devil in this house and am likely enough to have disturbance without your breaking loose!"

Mr. Story had taken advantage of the confusion to duck under the arms of his companions and to get at the register.

"Jim Bone, New Mexico," he read in his high, piping voice.

"Hist!" warned Daddisman; "he's just three doors down the hall. He might hear you!"

"Well, 'tain't cussin', jest to call his name, is it?" demanded Story, aggrieved.

"I don't know, but I'll take no chances on it. I've never forgot the night he carved Tony Adams like a raw turkey up there on that table, twenty years ago. And he wa'n't more'n sixteen then. If he's kept on the way he started he won't take nothin' offen nobody by this time. I reckon, too, he'll light on you first, Story. You got his pa's place and you've never paid for it."

This was horrible. Story faded gently into the outer darkness and was seen no more that evening.

"Did he have anything to say?" demanded the captain.

"The queerest thing he could have said," replied Daddisman. "He asked me where was Tony Adams.

"'In there,' I says, pointing to the trunk room where Tony always lays when he's sleepin' off his drunk.

"He went in. Then I got uneasy, not knowin' but what that old queen of hearts was still ranklin' in him and that he might be carvin' Tony again. So I stepped to the do' to see what was goin' on."

"Well?" demanded the captain, as Daddisman paused.

"Well, sir, Tony was layin' on the flo' as comfortable as a pig, dead asleep with his head throwed back and his mouth open, and Jim was squattin' down starin' at him as if he was lookin' at a man that had changed to a maggot since he seen him last. There wa'n't no danger in his expression, so I tipped back. Presently he came out and give orders for Tony to be put in the bridal chamber till he was sober, and for me to charge it to him. Cost him somethin', too."

Suddenly there was the sound of a heavy body striking the floor above and a yell that pierced the evening air like a distracted calliope.

The three men stiffened with horror as a crash of glass followed and the yells increased. Daddisman ran out into the street, looked up at the window, dashed back into the house and up the stairs.

"It's Tony tryin' to fall out of the winder in his shirt tail," he exclaimed to Elbert and the captain, who followed him up the steps.

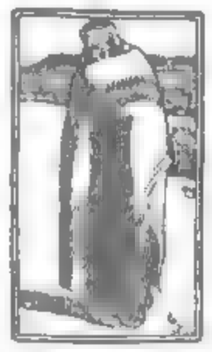
The door of the bridal chamber had been locked, to insure the invalid's remaining where he was put till he could make a creditable appearance. Daddisman fumbled desperately with the key in the lock, while the screams of the prisoner became more and more distressing. A crowd was gathering outside. Every one in Ruckersville knew which was the bridal chamber in the hotel, and it was the last place from which such sounds of distress could be expected. At last the door yielded and the three rescuers entered.

They beheld a scene of the wildest confusion. The brilliant covers of the bridal bed lay upon the floor. Ornaments designed to appeal to the happy, romantic illusions of the newly married were scattered and shattered. And in the midst of all stood the erstwhile maggot in merely an abbreviated shirt. His thin, blond hair was erect with horror, his face pallid, his blood-shot eyes distended, and he was perfectly sober.

"What is the matter?" demanded the hotelkeeper.

"Oh, Daddisman! I always knew I'd do it some day when I was drunk! But which one did I take?"

A Step in the Right Direction



Out of the land of hurly-burly babel *into* the garden of sunshine and blossoms and real living where winter is only a name.

Get the Spirit

of the *real* West—this land of blooms and gladness and promise. Know its wonders, its achievements—the joyous future it offers you or any man or woman. It's naturally your land of hope, of health. Right here you live life all over again.

Open-minded, open-hearted folks of the *real* West say to you: "Let's get acquainted." They want to share their enthusiasms with you. No matter whether you're coming out [illegible] next year or in 1915 to see the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco and the Panama-California Exposition in San Diego, get acquainted NOW—in letters, and thinking *right!*

A 2c Stamp brings to your reading table immediately a sample copy of "Sunset—The Pacific Monthly" Magazine, with its magnificent four-color photographs of Western scenes; a booklet descriptive of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco and the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego in 1915; and any one of our descriptive booklets on either *California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico.*

For that same 2c stamp the services of the "Sunset-The Pacific Monthly" Information Bureau are yours to command. And you'll be sent a complete plan of the Sunset League which [illegible] no fashion fees, no obligations of any kind.

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INFORMATION BUREAU, San Francisco, Cal.

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$8 INCUBATOR $8

[illegible] hatchable egg [illegible] order for five years [illegible] possibility of [illegible]. They are so simple that a beginner can operate them without any previous experience and be assured of a chick from every hatchable egg.

[illegible] the World's best hatcher

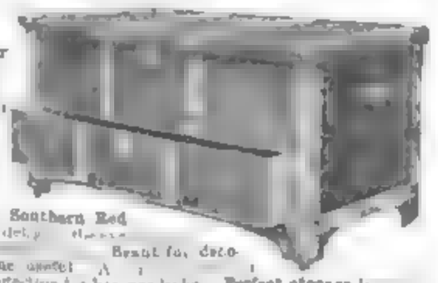
[illegible] an Incubator [illegible] Write Today

The Buckeye Incubator Co. 567 Euclid Ave., Springfield, Ohio

It's Moth-Proof

This Red Cedar Chest on 15 Days' Free Trial!

Freight Prepaid!



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[illegible] unique quality. A [illegible] home and protection [illegible] her wardrobe. Perfect storage [illegible] woolens, furs, etc. Moth, Mouse, Dust and Damp Proof. [illegible] wedding or birthday gift. ALL GOODS SOLD DIRECT [illegible] handsome catalog.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO. Dept. 65 Statesville, N. C.

Waxit

MORE THAN JUST A POLISHER

[illegible] pieces. At your dealer's, or send 10c for [illegible] trial bottle.

THE VAN TILBURG OIL COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS
Manufacturers Famous Gold Shine Mops

"Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup and add boiling water."

No cooking, no trouble. Never was such delicious bouillon made so quickly nor so simply.

"STEERO"

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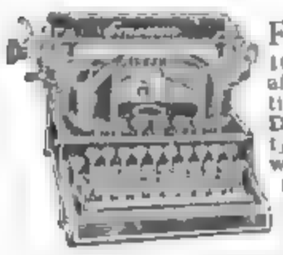

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Styleplus

He bent forward, resting one hand upon each naked knee, wagged his head from side to side and wept uncontrollably.

"What are you talkin' about?"

"Don't tell me it was Leonora! And if it's Mary Yancey I'll kill myself. I never could live with a woman as thin as that!" he moaned.

"Look ahere, Tony, are you seein' snakes?" said Daddisman, advancing and laying a gentle hand upon him.

"I wish I was. I'd prefer 'em. But where is she?"

"Where is who?"

"The bride!"

He straightened himself with an effort and gazed fearfully about the room.

"You ain't married. Git back in bed, you durn fool!"

Tony permitted himself to be shoved down upon the mattress and covered with the flowered spread. He pulled it up to his chin, looked confidentially from one of his attendants to another, and explained:

"I've been always afraid I'd yield to matrimony when I didn't know what I was doin'. And when I woke up in this here bridal chamber I was plumb distracted."

"You shet up!" said Daddisman in deep disgust.

"Oh, don't leave me, gentlemen," cried Tony as the three men withdrew and the door closed.

Daddisman opened it, thrust his head in and said:

"You been put in here to git sober. You ain't married. Shet up!"

"But this ain't no place for that. Lemme go!"

The sound of his voice died away as Daddisman, Elbert and the captain tramped downstairs, utterly serious.

An hour later, when all was quiet, the two old men still sat in the office discussing the arrival of Jim Bone. It appeared, by his air of duello dignity, that the captain had something on his mind. They went over to the table and examined the ancient blood stains in it. Next they stood at the door that entered the hall, hesitating.

"You go," said White. "I'm afraid I might athumble and dishturb him. I ain't stheady on my pegs tonight."

The captain straightened up, threw his shoulders back, smoothed his outer front with his two thin hands, assumed his bugle charge expression and stepped briskly but noiselessly down the dimly lighted hall to where a hound lay curled before the third bedroom door. The dog walled his eyes up at him, worked his ears in a complimentary manner, and patted his tail softly upon the floor. The only other sound was that of smothered thunder, which issued from the door and filled the hall like rude, somnambulent music. The captain paused just long enough to realize the nature of this rhythmic noise. Then he returned to the office with an air of privacy and intimacy about him.

"He sleeps, he snores like a gentleman. I will not disturb him. Doubtless he will explain in the morning."

"Explain what?" demanded Daddisman, who had been making entries in a book and whose attention had at last been attracted.

"Your guest insulted three gentlemen in Bilfire's saloon this evening," answered the captain.

"He did? Well, you wait till he goes over there before you ask him to explain. I don't want a man like that to explain nothin' in this house," exclaimed Daddisman.

. . . . . .

On this same night Miss Mildred Percey could not sleep. She was not nervous, she was just tender-minded. She could not decide whether to write a sonnet or to choose a design by which to make her new summer silk. The inspiration was the same. A woman's gown is always the poetical expression of her feelings, hopes and desires. If it is becoming it rhymes with her; if it does not become her the meter is wrong—a hexameter lady wearing a pentameter muslin. At last Miss Mildred put out her light, leaned her face against the window casement, and sighed. The starlight glistened upon the broad leaves of the magnolia tree outside; the air was perfumed with a thousand blossoms. Her eyes filled with tears and she began to whisper softly, as if she were afraid the angels would hear her:

"Oh, God! Oh, God!"

You would have thought that she was dying, at least that she was in mortal agony or that she had a deep secret grief. As a matter of fact she was only giving vent to

We've have sent out hundreds of thousands of sample cakes. Write for yours today

Write for your sample cake, today

Smell it.
Hold it to the light.

A soap with the fragrance of imported Russian violet perfumes and with the color of fresh violet leaves, a beautiful translucent green! Let us send you this sample cake—enough to last several days. When you have used it, you can get it in the regular size from your druggist—10c a cake, *three cakes for a quarter!*

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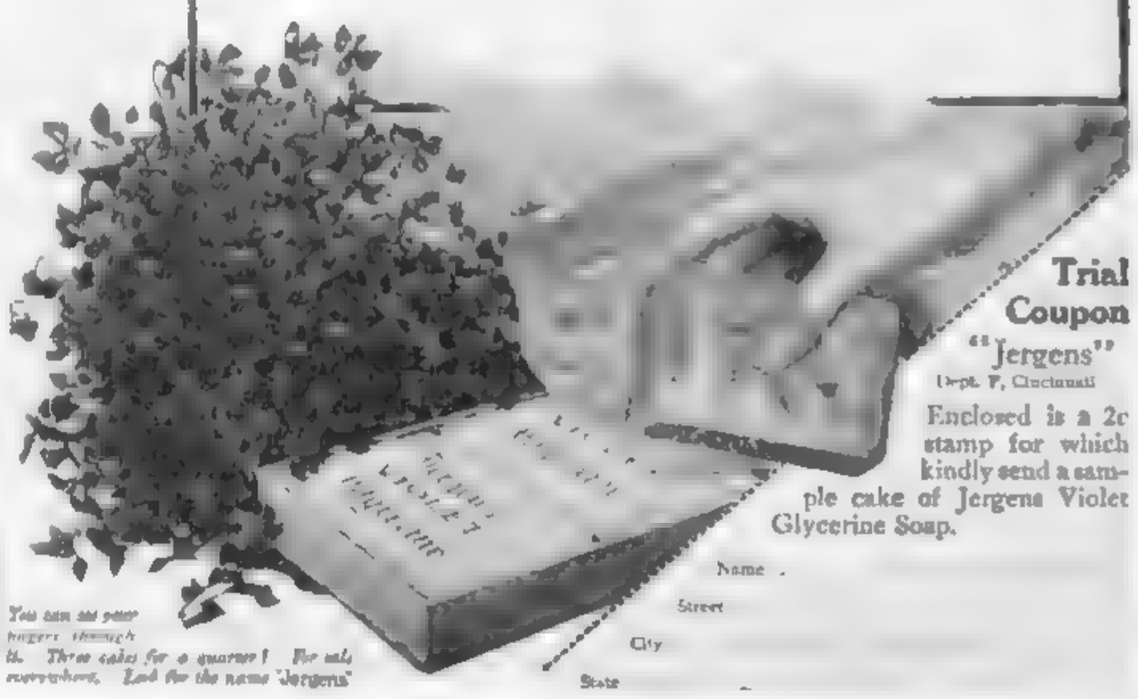
If not, you don't know how delightful a soap can be. Every time you wash with this ample cake, you will enjoy its fresh fragrance. The violet fragrance is universally loved, is adopted more often than all other odors *combined*. It is the choice of Empress Eugenie, Alexandra, the present Czarina, of nearly all women in all countries. In this soap, we have caught the *real* fragrance of violets! Get your sample today, smell it, and *see for yourself*.

Sign and mail this coupon today.



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Enclosed is a 2c stamp for which kindly send a sample cake of Jergens Violet Glycerine Soap.

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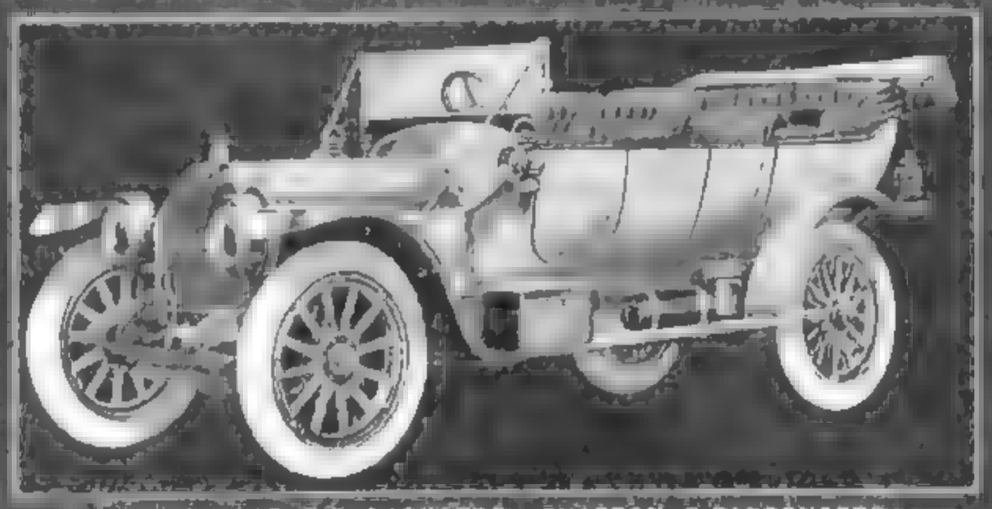
The familiar hinged-cover nickeled box

Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover Nickeled Box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Powder

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

The 1912 Thomas "Six-Forty"



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RUNABOUT 2 PASSENGERS
EACH, $4,000

THOMAS DECLARATIONS NO. 5

We assert that the carburetion and ignition of the Thomas Six-Forty is unexcelled in motor car construction. With seven passengers aboard it will throttle down on high gear to the remarkably slow speed of *three miles per hour*. This is on magneto operation and without slipping the clutch. One single mis-fire of a cylinder would stall the motor. Five miles per hour on battery is supposed to be the minimum for cars of the same weight, power and class.

Our Catalog—The Story of the Thomas—will be sent you on request

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DEPT. J, BUFFALO

the same feelings that make other animals cry or sing. The difference is that other animals are naïvely, innocently open about expressing themselves, but a gentle, virtuous maiden of thirty-five has no more liberty in such matters than a mummy. This was why Mildred called secretly and timidly upon her Maker. He was probably the only One in the universe who thoroughly understood the situation, whether He meant to do anything about it or not. She saw clearly before her three things as she went on weeping. The first was the awful-looking stranger she met that day, the second was the first line of her sonnet, the third was her muslin, fashioned into a ravishingly pretty frock. Her literary ambitions lay in the background. Still she thought literally, as she rose, wiped her eyes and crept between the sheets of her snowy bed, that what she desired above everything in the world was to become an author—one of those brilliant men and women who come trailing their amazing clouds of glory into fiction every year, tarry just long enough to "make a name," and then disappear.

It was also on this same night—or, rather, about two o'clock in the morning—that Miss Mary Yancey sat up in bed and listened. Miss Agnes Yancey also sat up in her bed in the next room and listened.

"Sister Mary," she called softly, "did you hear that?"

"Yes; what was it?"

"Sounded like a man creeping upstairs!" moaned Agnes.

"I knew it would happen," quavered Mary, "when I saw that awful creature leaning over the gate this afternoon. We must get up and see what it is."

She leaped from the bed and struck a match and lighted the candle upon the dresser.

"But if it is a man why should we get up and go to meet him?" chattered Agnes, who was getting the chill of terror.

The next moment, however, they appeared in the hall and passed solemnly in review before the portraits of their ancestors, which hung upon either side. Both were ghostly pale and wore absurdly ruffled gowns. Their hair was rolled upon hairpins, the points of which stuck out, and their bare feet looked funny and old as if they had ceased to arch themselves. Miss Mary advanced, carrying the candle in one hand and the garden shears in the other. Agnes clung to her, peering into every corner and closet, behind every door, under every bed. Suddenly they heard it again, the stealthy movements of something living which seemed to be approaching them from the kitchen stairs.

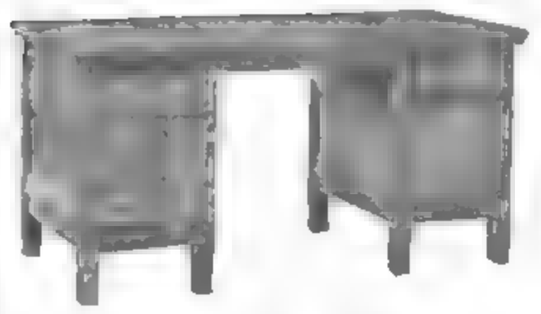
"Oh, my hair!" gasped Agnes, throwing up her hands to cover her head as she sank down upon the landing.

The next moment a large gray cat padded up the remaining steps, tail erect, purring, and prepared to rub himself against anybody's legs that were available.

"Scat!" screamed Miss Mary before she thought. The candle went bumping down the stairs. She had never spoken harshly to Thomas a Kempis before in his life. She snatched him from the floor before he could recover from his astonishment, ran to the back door, unlocked it, dropped him outside in the soft summer rain, slammed the door, then slowly climbed the stairs to her room. She could hear Agnes' staccato sobs. Both sisters were disappointed, although they were far from suspecting such a thing. Nothing is more ludicrous, if you want to look at it that way, than the longing of maidens for lovers, which changes later to an old maid's fear of a man hidden in the house. Really it is pathetic. And men should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law for allowing any good woman to remain unwed till this romantic neurasthenia develops.

Far out beyond the town a mocking bird was singing in his sleep, high up in an old elm tree before an ancient house; and inside a woman slept with the windows open wide, secure, locked within that serene assurance of her own beauty and power. Beautiful women never are afraid of men, never look for robbers under their beds.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



A Work Bench for Brain-Men

"The Desk With Brains" is built to your order from sections your dealer has in stock. Drawers, compartments and filing spaces may be put together in exact accordance with *your needs*—to exactly suit your brain requirements.

We can send you a chart showing different combinations. You can order the one you want. Then—the papers you need to refer to oftenest will be *always in easy reach*. The tools you need for brain work will be *always at hand*.

The Desk with Brains

can be made up in 8,000 different combinations. The sections are made in Quarter Sawed Oak, Mahogany, Birch, Gum, Ash, Maple, Cherry, Walnut, Circassian Walnut, Quartered Oak, Mission Oak, Fumed Oak, Golden Oak, Weathered Oak, Early English Oak, Flemish Oak, Ivory Enamel, Vernis Martin, Colonial Mahogany, Pure Brass and Nickel Trimmings, Leather Panels, Etc. Any may be added to or changed as your needs arise.

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"Ah, There's Sweetness, Madam"

A single whiff tempts your appetite. Taste it and your favorable impressions are more than confirmed. Buying Meadow-Gold Butter is buying butter satisfaction. Sweet, pure, wholesome, delicious. There is a flavor and genuine goodness about it that you do not get in ordinary butter. Made only from pure, rich, pasteurized cream. Three times covered with air-tight, odor-proof wrappings and sent from our model creameries to your table

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Dealers as well as consumers find Meadow-Gold the satisfactory butter. Trade interests because Meadow-Gold always pleases. Address nearest distributing house.

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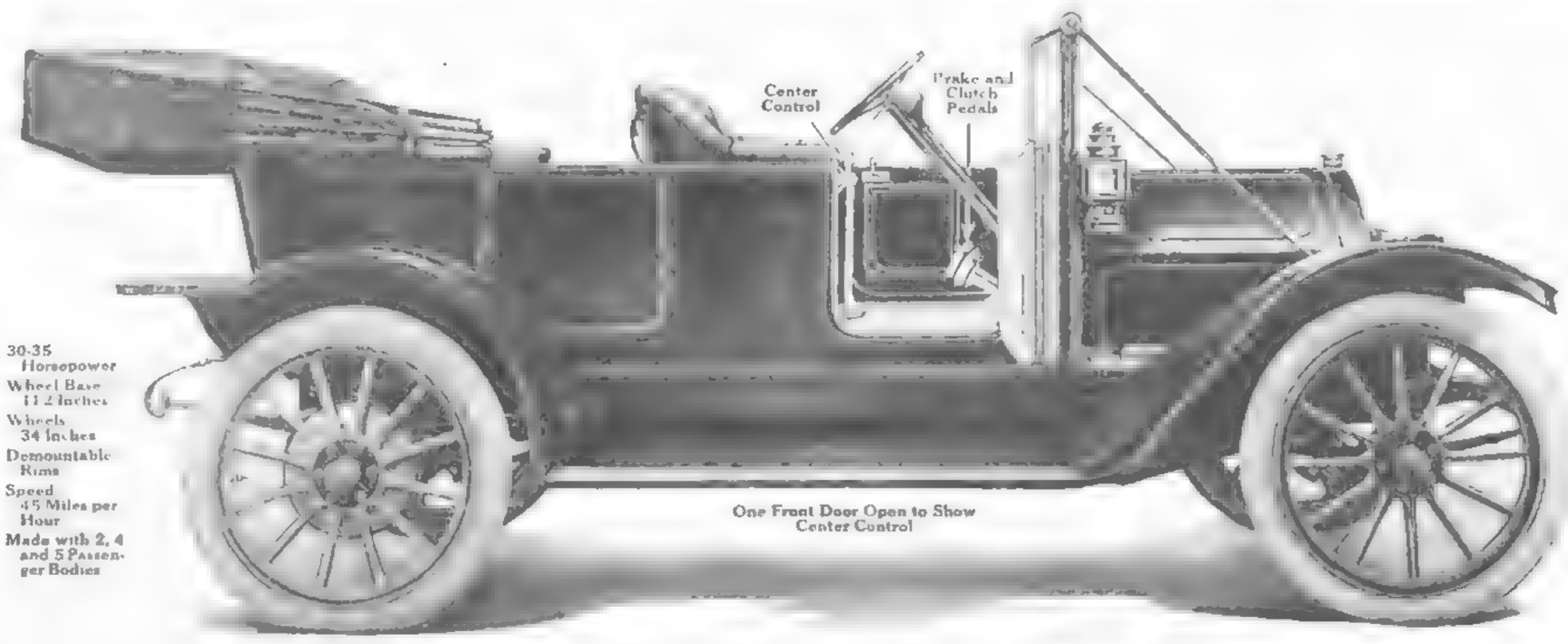
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Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $25 extra.

Reo the Fifth—$1,055
The Car That Marks My Limit

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have no quarrel with men who ask more for their cars—none with men who ask less. I have only to say that, after 25 years—after creating 24 models and building tens of thousands of cars—*here's the best I know.* I call it My Farewell Car.

I don't wish to surround this new car of mine with any intangible glamour.

Glamour is always expensive.

I am simply a shop man, engineer and designer. In my earliest memories I was puttering around my father's engine works.

On leaving school I began engine building. And the Olds Gas Engines—famous half the world over—gained their place by actual merit.

For 25 years I have built automobiles. I began with single-cylinder, six-horse-power machines. And I've run the whole gamut to six-cylinder sixties.

Tens of thousands of men, in those 25 years, have used cars of my designing. Just because they relied on me, year after year, to build the best of the current cars.

I recite this to show that I am essentially practical. I shall never attempt to create any illusions. So what I say here about Reo the Fifth will be simple, plain, everyday fact.

No Sensations

Reo the Fifth is no great innovation. The time has gone by for that.

Thousands of good men, for two decades, have worked at perfecting cars. Together they have brought the modern automobile pretty close to perfection.

I believe that this new car embodies the best that all these men have accomplished. I searched the whole world for ideas for it.

It represents, in addition, the best I have learned through 25 years of continuous striving. So it comes, I believe, pretty close to finality.

The worth of a car, in these days, depends on no exclusive devices. It depends on facilities, on experience, on honesty of purpose, on the genius for taking pains.

Here I offer you all those—each in the extreme. And no motor car maker, whatever his price, knows how to offer more.

The Lessons Taught by Tests

My chief advantage lies here:

I was among the first to start learning the needs of automobiles. And I learned faster than others, because I had more cars out.

Experience is our greatest teacher. The inexperienced designer, however well-meaning, is bound to make countless mistakes. One learns only through errors the need for infinite pains.

One cannot anticipate every possible weakness. He must watch how cars, under some conditions, fall down. Then make the fault forever impossible.

In this way we learn to multiply margins of safety. We learn the need for exactness, for careful inspection, for laboratory tests. What once seemed sufficient becomes recklessness later.

Thus I have been learning for 25 years, through the myriads of cars I have built. And the flawless construction of this Reo the Fifth is due to that boundless experience.

Common Weaknesses

I might mention a thousand points which have thus been perfected, but I'll deal with the leading essentials.

The main source of weakness in motor cars is steel. It is due to ignorance, to carelessness or skimping.

By countless tests I have learned the best alloy for each purpose. And, to be sure that I get it, I analyze each lot of steel.

For the axles and drive shaft I use Nickel Steel. I use Vanadium Steel for connections.

For the gears I use the most perfect alloy ever worked out for this purpose.

To test these gears, which others test with a hammer, I have built a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity. There I submit the gears to a crushing test, to measure exactly what each gear will stand.

The Nickel Steel axles are much larger than necessary. Every year I have built them stronger. Now my margin of safety in this vital part is considered extreme by most makers.

For the bearings on axles and on the transmission I use Timken Roller and Hyatt High Duty. Lesser bearings have led to trouble.

I have found that magnetos differ immensely. So I devised a test where, for ten hours a day, the magneto must act under tremendous compression. I have found only two makes which stand it.

Half the troubles with cars are due to a carburetor incapable of dealing with low-grade gasoline. So I adapted a carburetor to the commonest grades. And I doubly heat it—with hot air and hot water—to facilitate evaporation.

I add about one-fifth to the power of my engine by putting intake valves on top.

The long-stroke motor, the cylinders in pairs, the dust-proof transmission, the system of oiling, all simply accord with the best modern practice.

I carry inspection to the farthest extremes. Every part is inspected—every vital part tested. That is essential. Without it, flaws will creep in which only use can discover.

Good Measure

Another thing I have learned is that buyers enjoy good measure.

My wheel base is long, my wheels extra large, my tonneau is roomy. The car is over-tired. The springs are much stronger than necessary.

The design of the car, as each can see for himself, has the last touch of up-to-dateness.

The upholstering is deep, the filling is hair, the covering is genuine leather. I avoid all the petty economies.

The body finish consists of 17 coats. The lamps are enameled, as per the latest vogue. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

The most perfect car will fail to satisfy buyers unless its appearance is perfect.

Exclusive Features

In addition to all this, Reo the Fifth has two or three features found in no other car.

One is the center cane-handle control. See the picture. All the gear shifting is done by moving this handle not more than three inches. It moves in four directions—for low speed, intermediate, high speed and reverse.

Another unique feature is the absence of brake levers. Both of the brakes operate by foot pedals. One of the pedals operates the clutch and the service brake as well.

So the front of the car is clear. The driver dismounts on either side as easily as you dismount from the tonneau.

This arrangement permits of the left side drive. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars which he passes. He sits where he can look back in making a turn. He is on the up side of the road. This has only been possible heretofore in electrics.

These are features to which other cars must come. But you find them today only in Reo the Fifth.

Price—the Only Sensation

Fixed Month by Month

The only sensation in this Reo the Fifth is the price at which we shall sell it.

All the rest results from an earnest desire, in this my final achievement, to give the best that a car can give.

If I have done that—and I believe that I have—the price of $1,055 is both unique and sensational.

Most other features are found in some other cars, but the amazing fact is the price of this car in which you find the best of everything combined.

Now I wish to explain the reason.

Paring Down Cost

For the past several years, my chief effort has been to cut down the cost of my cars.

I have felt that my place in the future depended as much on paring of cost as on skill in designing.

I have been helped in this by an enormous demand for my cars. Our multiplied output has cut overhead cost.

I have also been helped by the good-will these cars created. Each has helped to sell others. So selling cost is a fraction of what it was.

I have helped myself by inventing special machinery. The parts are now made by automatic machines, invented and built in our shops. Labor cost, on some parts, has been divided by fifty. And we get the utter exactness which hand work never gave.

We now make in this whole shop only one style of chassis. That saves in itself nearly $200 per car.

We have standardized the car, so that changes aren't necessary. Our tools and machinery last until we wear them out.

The whole car is now built in this one model factory, so we pay no profits to parts makers.

This year, in addition, we have cut a big slice from our profits. This new car, we figure, will more than double our output. And our profit hereafter will be a trifle per car.

Price Not Fixed

We have also adopted a changeable price. The price of today is based on today's price for materials—the lowest they have been in years. But our contracts with dealers provide for instant advance.

The price of $1,055 is the minimum. It can certainly never go lower. But, if cost advances, the price must be advanced. Price cannot be fixed for six months in advance without leaving big margin, and we haven't done that.

This initial price is the minimum. It is the lowest price, in my estimation, which an equal car ever will cost. But that is today's price only. I very much doubt if Reo the Fifth can long be sold that low.

My Supreme Effort

A hundred makers will argue that their higher-priced cars offer more than does Reo the Fifth.

I don't wish to dispute them. Judge that for yourself. It isn't hard to make actual comparisons.

Whatever the verdict, I can only say that this car marks my limit. I would not know where to add a single iota if paid a doubled price.

Better materials I know are impossible. Better workmanship is out of the question. Better features and devices, if they exist, are still unknown to me.

More power is possible, but not economical. More size, room and weight can be had, of course, if one thinks them worth the price. But more of care or skill or quality is totally out of the question.

This Farewell Car is my finest creation. If others do better, they are better men than I.

Ask for Catalog

This car with roadster body sells for $1,000. With close-coupled body or touring car body the price now is $1,055. Our catalog shows the various body designs.

It also gives complete specifications. It enables comparisons, part by part, with any other car.

The book is ready for mailing. Ask for it now, as this car at least is worth investigation. When we send the book we'll tell you where to see the car. Address

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Velvet has countless friends and they all tell you that it's "The best you ever tucked in your pipe!" Velvet is Burley—the finest middle leaves—aged for two years in the warehouse—a mellowness rarely found—a taste that is ravenously good—never a bit of irritation. Time has evolved this smoothest of smokes and every care has been exercised to insure that this smoothness gets to you in all its goodness.

SPAULDING & MERRICK, Chicago

At your dealer's.
Full size 2-ounce tins

10c

The A B C of Unscrambling Eggs

Concluded from Page 17

of interstate commerce, with added sanction to enforce that law. He suggested that Congress say: "By restraint of trade we mean every obstruction of trade, including limitations upon the liberty of individuals who engage in trade as defined"; and then write into the statute the following definition from Baron Parke's decision in the case of Mallan versus May:

"The rule . . . is, that total restraints of trade . . . are absolutely bad, and that all restraints, though only partial, if nothing more appear, are presumed to be bad. . . . Contracts in restraint of trade are in themselves, if nothing show them to be reasonable, bad in the eye of the law. . . . But if there are circumstances recited in the instrument . . . it is for the court to determine whether the contract be a fair and reasonable one or not, and the test appears to be whether it be prejudicial or not to the public interest."

There could be no reasonable objection to the first proposal made by Senator Cummins. Such definition as he proposes would constitute a glossary of terms of the Sherman Law; and it is the legislative practice in England—and one that is growing all over the world—to add to public acts such a glossary. This clarifies the legislation and, in addition, reduces the burden imposed on the judiciary. Senator Cummins also recommends: That Congress describe certain combinations that are already in existence and that are likely to be organized in future, and then declare them to be a type of reasonable or unreasonable restraints of trade.

We should then be able to speak by the statute-book of good combinations and bad combinations, and be reasonably certain of congressional approval for our opinions. In times past the expressions "good trusts" and "bad trusts" have found their way into the public utterances of statesmen and near-statesmen. But analysis has usually disclosed the fact that the speaker's party friends were prominent in the "good trusts," whereas the "bad trusts" were officered with "enemies of the republic."

Senator Cummins further recommends the organization of an industrial commission composed of men of the highest fitness. This commission would have authority to pass upon a proposed combination of existing independent concerns, and to determine whether or not such a combination was in itself objectionable under the law. If, in the judgment of the commission, a monopoly was threatened, then the combination could by process of the courts be arrested. If, on the other hand, the commission should satisfy itself that no restraint of trade or monopoly would result, then—in the opinion of Senator Cummins—this preliminary determination ought, without doubt, to preclude any future inquiry into the questions of restraint of trade and monopolization.

It is not the senator's idea, however, by this process to preclude a prosecution for violation of the law if the combination pursue dishonest or oppressive trade methods. If this liability to prosecution could be carefully guarded in a statute the objections of many to a trade commission would be met.

The spectacle of trust promoters like Gary and Perkins rushing to the Capitol and advocating an industrial commission is unsettling to the nerves of the radical member of Congress.

"What those fellows are after is an immunity bath!" exclaims the congressman with the black soft hat. "There will be no trade commission if I have anything to do with it."

Senator Cummins would be the last to favor a trade commission whose "certificates of character" to combinations would result in immunity from prosecution for unlawful acts in restraint of trade. But the senator would meet business men halfway. He would take Mr. Gary at his word when he said:

"No decent man is desirous of violating the laws of the country or of doing anything which is inimical to the public interests. . . . Give us a commission to which we may go and say: 'Here are all the facts; here is what we would like to do; here are the results—the probable results; we do not want to antagonize the law; we do not want to do anything that we ought not to do. We want your advice.'"

And the senator from Iowa would provide a bureau to which business men could go in the spirit proposed by Mr. Gary and from it obtain the advice needed. If Mr. Gary has made his proposal with a mental reservation he will get a legislative gold brick, provided Senator Cummins has his way about it.

Commissions are necessarily of slow growth. Congress delegates its powers grudgingly, and any commission must prove its worth before it is given added authority. For an illustration one may turn to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It was far back in 1888 that this commission was created. Relief from the oppressions of the railroads was the guiding motive, supposedly, in its creation by Congress. But the legislative job was badly done, and decisions of the courts finally divested the commission of what authority it was said to possess, until it became nothing but a voice crying in the wilderness. But if it could do nothing else this impotent commission certainly emitted loud and long cries. When Interstate Commerce commissioners were regarded in Congress as a joke and were treated with scant respect these nominal guardians of the shippers' rights were continually demanding more authority—more power. If Congress was deaf to their plea the country heard, and so in 1906, with public opinion led by President Roosevelt, the Interstate Commerce Commission was recreated and given the club it needed the authority to fix rates. By the legislation of 1910 this authority was augmented, and today we have a regulation of railroad charges and service by commission which protects the rights of the shippers—and the public—and is just to the railroads. But the people were eighteen to twenty years getting it!

Query: If Congress created an industrial commission in 1912 should we have administrative control of trusts before 1930?

That would depend very largely on the personnel of the commission. It is safe to say that the commission's powers would have to be pried loose from the constitutional prerogatives of Congress by the force of public opinion.

Congress could well look to Senator Cummins for leadership in the trust question. But Congress won't. Of one thing we may be reasonably certain: For every specific proposal to amend the anti-trust law there will be 90 objections in the Senate—one Colorado vacancy—and 389 objections in the House—one Kansas vacancy—with one member proclaiming an "open mind"—Victor Berger, the Socialist. And if by any odd chance a bill gets through both houses, then it must meet the Titular Objector. He would probably veto it, insisting that Congress wait for the report of an "expert board" of political economists—or conconists—drafted from the cloistered halls of learning. In due time, and after a generous expenditure of public money, a commission of this enlightened book-learning would very possibly report as follows:

"In view of the vast extent of the industrial system of this country and the magnitude of the financial interests involved, both on the part of the trusts and of those who pay the freight, your commission believes that the possible consequences of a system of regulation are too serious to warrant its adoption at the present time."

Notwithstanding this bleak outlook, Senator Cummins will urge legislation, but in this spirit: "I would far rather see the issue settled right than settled my way if my way is wrong."

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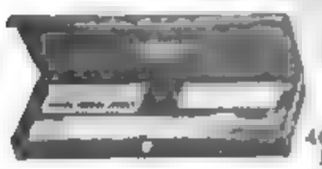

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THE SHIP'S JESTER

(Continued from Page 8)

The skipper came running up on the bridge and the crew saw him take the stairs three at a time.

"No fire drill this time," bawled Mr. Nye—"it's the real thing!" The grim smile was gone from his mouth, his glittering eyes snapped savagely as he raced aft and, under the skipper's directions, opened the main hatch. A blast of flame and smoke belched out and drove him back half fainting, while the men, without awaiting orders, quickly battened down the hatch.

"I'm afraid it's all off, Tom," said the skipper quietly. "She's an old whaleship and her bones are oil-soaked. She'll burn like a stack of hay—and God knows how long she's been smoldering belowdecks! Nothing to it but to keep the hatches on and starve the fire for lack of oxygen. If we run for it she may last until we get to Skagway."

Mr. Nye nodded.

"If we can beach her on the flat off the mouth of the river we might save her," he suggested. "There's a nineteen-foot tide there; and if we drive her hard aground at low water she'll be awash at the flood, and—we might save the engines."

"I believe you're right," the skipper replied. "When a whaleship catches fire at sea she's gone! We'll run for it. Meantime take as many men as you can use and cut through the bulkhead between the engine room and the after hold. We've got to get a stream into that hold without letting a blast of fresh air in too."

A minute later the engines of the Shandon Belle were running wide open and the column of black smoke belching from her funnel gave ample evidence that the stokers were not sparing the coal. The ship gathered headway at once; and within an hour after the discovery of the fire Tip McCune, walking aft to read the log, noticed that the ship was doing better than thirteen knots.

It was a silent, desperate battle that Tom Nye fought with the flames belowdeck. With his crew he succeeded in cutting through the bulkhead—but a rush of noxious gases drove them back; and in order to save the engine-room crew the opening was quickly boarded up and the attack on the flames abandoned in that direction. On through Chilkoot Inlet and into Taiya Inlet swept the doomed Shandon Belle.

"Ten miles from Skagway," panted Mr. Nye to Tip McCune as they came on deck together and the mate noted a familiar patch of coastline. "Ten miles more—and the bloody deck so hot it's burnin' my feet! I doubt if we'll make it."

As if in answer to his prophecy a muffled report, as of an explosion, came from below. The Shandon Belle trembled violently and the covering of the main hatch burst upward.

"Can of powder somewhere in that blasted cheap little jag of freight!" snarled Mr. Nye. "Turn the stream into the hold!" he shrieked to a little knot of seamen standing by with a hose and raced below to give the word to the engineer to start the pumps. When he came on deck a few minutes later he found the hose ripped and split in a dozen places, and a feeble stream playing into the smoking hold. The hose, old and rotten, had not been equal to the pressure of water from the steam pumps—and the last hope of the Shandon Belle was gone!

From that moment it became a race with the flames to beach the ship and try, if possible, to save the engines. Up through the inlet they raced, with the smoke and flames bursting through the splintered hatch and the molten pitch in the deck-seams tugging at the feet of the crew as they shrank back from the fearful heat. A mile and a half to starboard the town of Skagway loomed in the light of the late afternoon; but the flames were spreading rapidly and the skipper knew that it was useless to keep his engineers below any longer. He rang for full speed astern; and as the Shandon Belle pulled up in her stride the engines were stopped. Three minutes later two boats, filled with men, dropped from her blistered sides and shoved off. A third boat trailed astern, her long painter fast to the stern railing of the ship.

"Lash the wheel, Mr. Nye," commanded the skipper when he found himself, the chief mate and the chief engineer the last men

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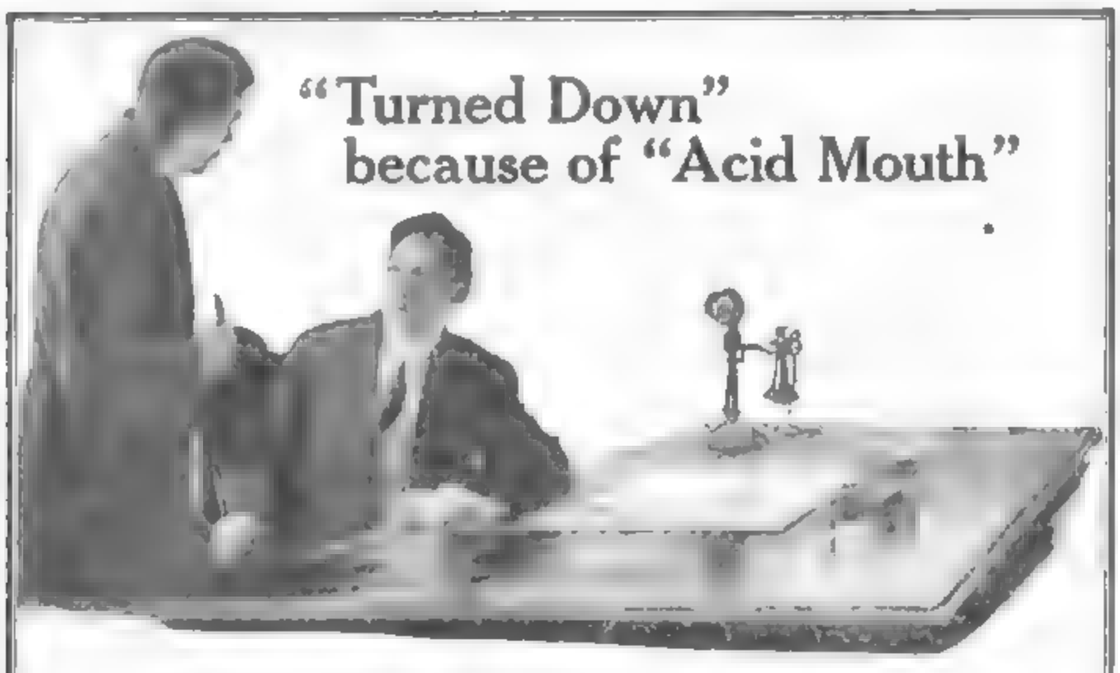

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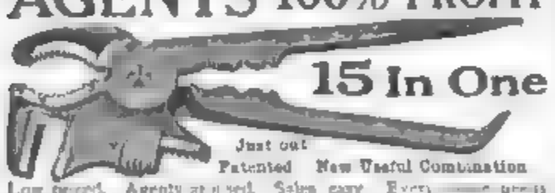

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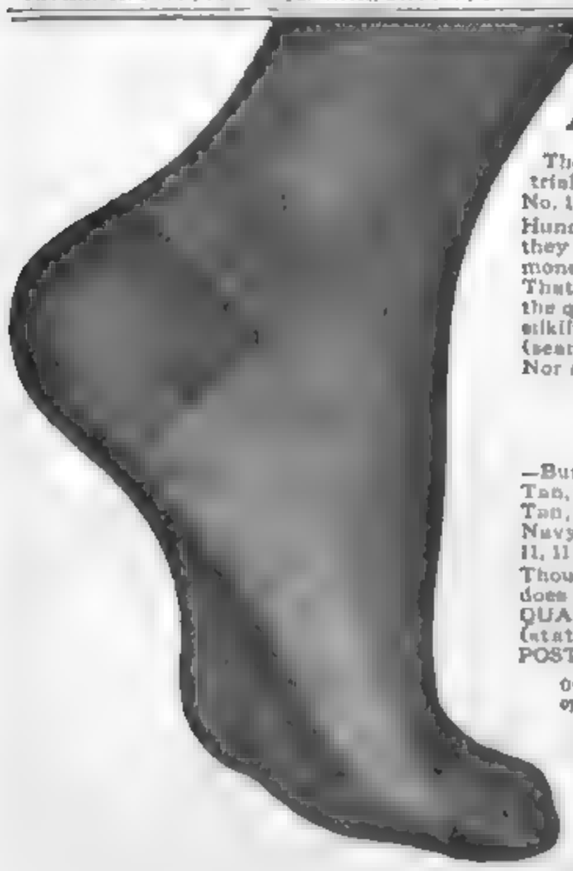

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remaining on the burning ship. "I'll head her for the flats, kick her wide open and let her go to glory!"

For answer Mr. Nye damned the Shandon Belle from keelson to truck—for he loved her. The skipper rang for full speed ahead and pointed her nose for the beach. Mr. Nye was lashing her helm when the skipper and the chief engineer hailed him from the bridge.

"We'll jump for it!" they called. "The trailing boat will pick us up."

Mr. Nye stepped out of the pilot house and joined them on the bridge.

"This is what comes o' stealing that boy Tip McCune," he said bitterly. "There ain't no luck in shanghaing—and I always said so."

With this parting shot Mr. Nye dove off the speeding vessel. The skipper and the chief hit the water beside him a second later, and the Shandon Belle, blazing and abandoned, continued at full speed for the beach. Her steam was pretty well exhausted before she struck the first time. Tip McCune, seated beside Mr. Nye in the boat, saw her hesitate as if fearful of going to destruction; but the demon in her vitals spurred her on. She lifted to a long roller, shook her forefoot free of the sand and swept grandly up on the beach. She rounded up, bows on, and lay over on her port side, while the waves broke over her. A vast cloud of steam supplanted the smoke as the flames died within her; and at the sight the skipper gulped and two big tears started across his cheeks.

Mr. Nye, observing these mute evidences of sorrow, leaned over the thwart and nudged the ship's jester in the short ribs.

"The Old Man's all broke up," he whispered hoarsely, albeit sympathetically. "Raise a bit of a chanty, Tip, and make the skipper laugh."

"I—I can't," replied Tip McCune—"I left my best pair of silk tights behind me."

"You must," reiterated Mr. Nye. "I can hit you if you don't make the skipper laugh. He never needed you before, Tip; but he does now."

In the face of such earnest pleading from the honest Nye, Tip McCune could not refuse. So he cleared his throat and in his nasal falsetto he sang:

"Strike up the band! Here comes a sailor,
Cash in his hand, fresh off a whaler,
Stand in a row,
Don't let him go;
Jack's a cinch, but every inch a sailor!"

When a skipper has just been relieved of his command by the blind force of circumstances, and his ship lies a smoldering hulk on a lee shore, sympathy is very sweet indeed. There was a subtle compliment in Tip McCune's choice of the ditty—"Jack's a cinch, but every inch a sailor!"—and the skipper was quick to perceive it. Moreover, they were, one and all, exceedingly "fresh off a whaler," and, despite his tears, the skipper had to laugh.

"Well, Tip, my lad," he said kindly, "we're all out of a job now; so suppose you let bygones be bygones. You ain't nursin' any grudge, are you, Tip?"

"Gwan, Tip; let sleepin' dogs lie," said Mr. Nye; so Tip McCune lied and said he'd had a bully good time, and that he desired to be friends with everybody—whereat the crew cheered and Mr. McCune abdicated forever his office of ship's jester.

It was late in the afternoon when they landed at Moore's Wharf. Mr. Nye, Tip McCune and the skipper ate supper together, and the two mariners accompanied Tip on a round of the combination gambling houses, saloons and variety theaters so prevalent in Skagway in those days. Before they retired in one of the alleged hotels that night Tip McCune had a job in the Northern at five hundred dollars a week—and blessed the day he was shanghaied.

Early the following morning the crew of the Shandon Belle were aboard the charred hulk. It appeared that the vessel had been beached at high tide, and with the coming of low tide she lay high and dry. Under her port quarter and just above the Plimsoll mark a great hole—nearly six feet in diameter—had been burned. She was completely gutted, a few charred uprights showing where her house had stood before the flood tide had washed most of the wreckage away. Save for the hole burned in her quarter, however, the shell of the vessel was still staunch and tight; and, beyond the damage which was bound to occur by reason of their contact with the salt water, the engines were not injured.

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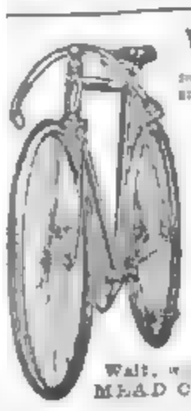

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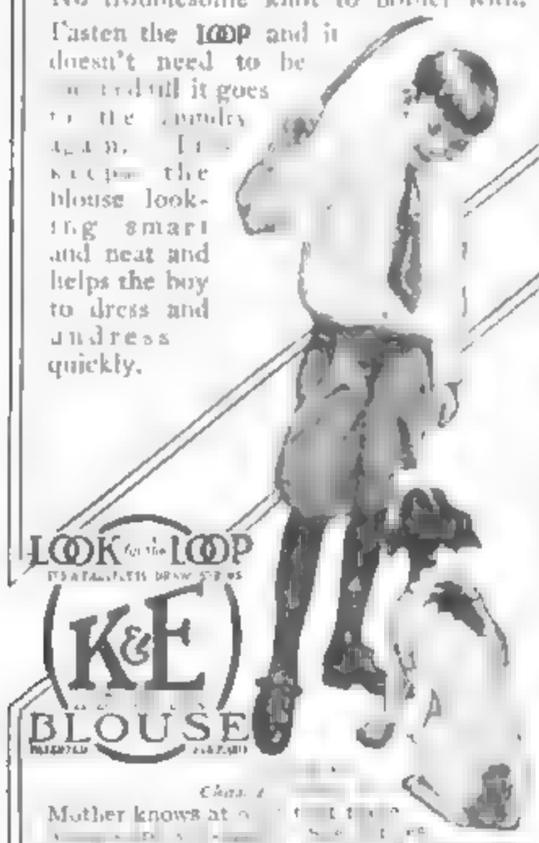

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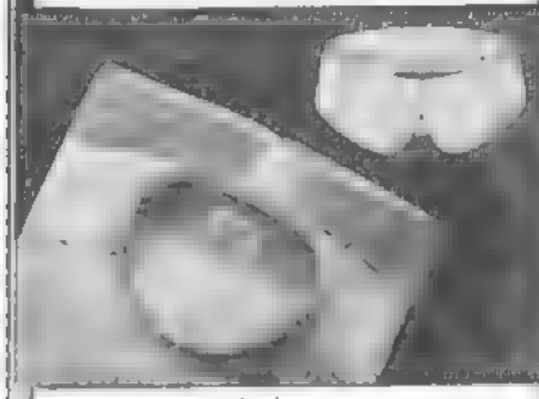

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"We'll get the old girl off and have her rebuilt," exulted the skipper after a brief [illegible].

"But she's full of water," protested Mr. Nye. "The sea comes in through that big hole in her quarter when the tide rises, and when the tide is out the water stays in the vessel."

"Well, what's to prevent our pumping her out?" snapped the skipper. "Then we'll patch that hole, have her hauled off at high water and towed down to Seattle."

The sagacious Nye shook his head.

"Easy enough if there are any pumps available in Skagway," he said; "but I don't figger there are. It's goin' to take some pumpin' to lift ten thousand gallons of water out of this hulk and patch the hole between tides. And she must be pumped out and patched before she'll float. At high water she'll be submerged."

Mr. Nye's point appeared to be well taken, as the skipper discovered an hour later. Moreover, the weather was threatening, and to await the arrival of pumps from Seattle was out of the question. The Shandon Belle could not stand many days of battering by that nineteen-foot tide, and the skipper knew it.

"Total loss," he said sorrowfully, addressing himself to Mr. Nye and Tip McCune. "I'm going to wire the owners and tell them the exact conditions."

He did. Next day he received a reply from the owners stating that the Shandon Belle had been abandoned to the underwriters, who would sell the wreck at public auction on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange at noon the following day.

"What do you suppose the wreck will bring?" Tip McCune inquired of Mr. Nye, who called to see him that night in his dressing room at the Northern.

"Fifty or a hundred dollars," replied Mr. Nye. "Nobody will make an offer for a wreck in Alaskan waters."

"Suppose one should buy that wreck, float it and haul it off the beach into deep water, what would it be worth?" inquired Tip.

"Easy twenty thousand dollars," said Mr. Nye. "The engines alone are worth that."

"Very well, then," replied Tip McCune. "I've been working here three days at five hundred a week, and I guess it's up to me to hit the boss for a couple of hundred and buy the wreck of the Shandon Belle."

"What will you do with it when you get it," demanded Mr. Nye indulgently—"use it for a watch-charm?"

"No," said Tip McCune dreamily; "I'll sell it and buy an interest in Sholto's Circus. The Old Man's awfully hard up and I could get in on the ground floor cheap."

Mr. Nye grinned and turned the conversation into other channels.

The following day Tip McCune drew two hundred dollars on account of his week's salary, wired one hundred and fifty of it to a San Francisco attorney recommended to him by the cashier of the bank, and instructed him to bid in the wreck of the Shandon Belle at the lowest possible figure. The following morning he received a wire stating that the Shandon Belle was his property at a net cost of one hundred and twenty-five dollars; so he strolled down to the beach to look at his property. It was flood tide when he arrived and the masts and top of the smokestack of the Shandon Belle were all that showed above the water; so Mr. McCune went back to town to await the ebb tide. During the interim he rounded up three carpenters and purchased a quantity of lumber sufficient to patch the hole in the wreck temporarily; after which he called on the owner of a powerful little steam tug and arranged to have the tug on hand at high water to haul off the Shandon Belle when she floated.

The moment the tide had receded sufficiently to permit of Tip McCune and his men walking out to the Shandon Belle, the work of salving her commenced. During the afternoon they labored at the wreck until the returning tide drove them shoreward.

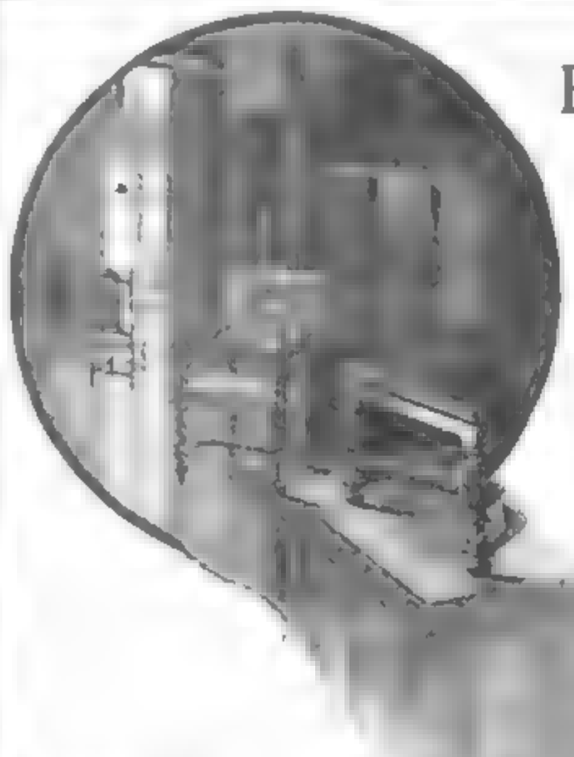
That night Tip McCune met the skipper and Mr. Nye at the hotel.

"Come down to the beach at high tide tomorrow," he said, "and watch me float the Shandon Belle."

"Hark to the ship's jester!" said Mr. Nye compassionately.

"She'll float at four o'clock," said Tip McCune. "Be on hand."

Having nothing else to do, they were both on hand. And when the tide finally came thundering in across the flats and



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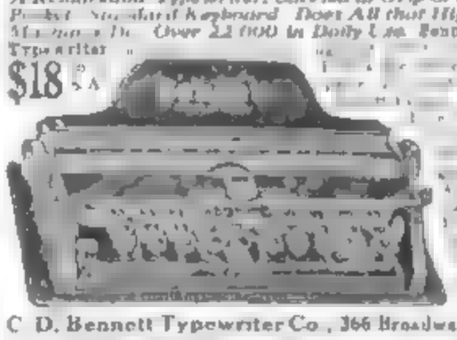

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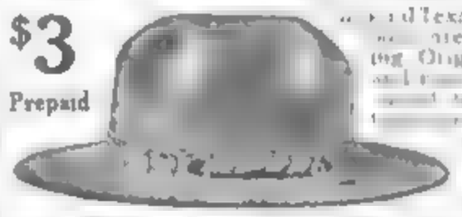

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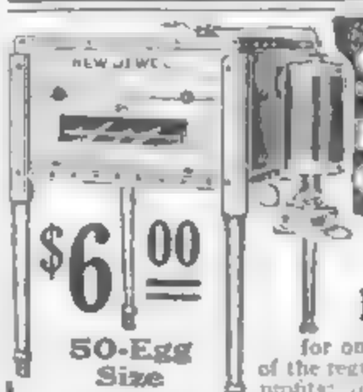

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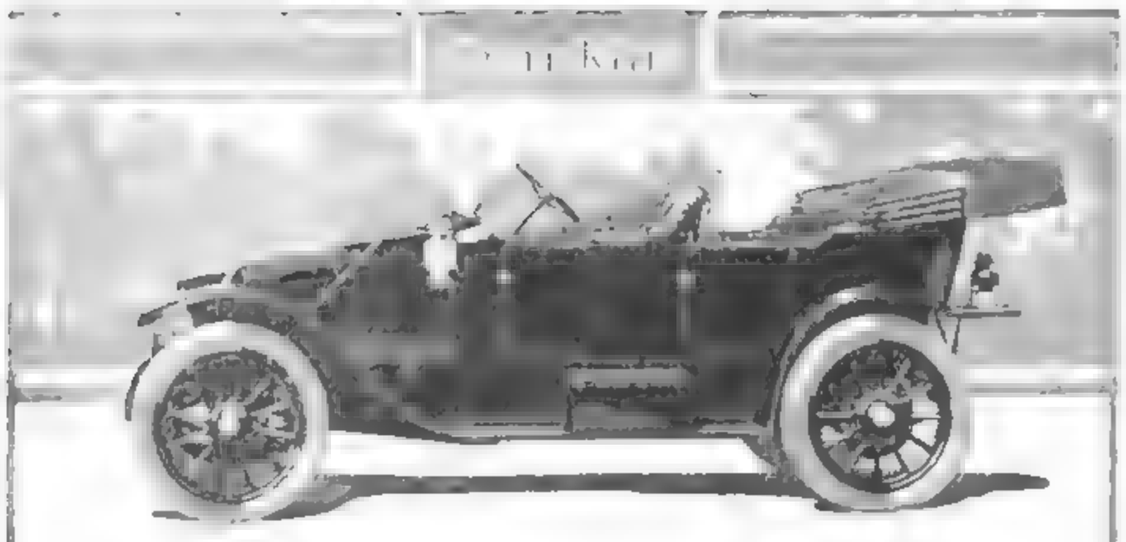

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swept up round the wreck the Shandon Belle floated!

A steam tug got a line aboard her and took her in tow before she could be driven farther up the beach; and within an hour the wreck of the Shandon Belle was moored hard and fast to the wharf!

"This is the first time on record," said Tip McCune as he joined the skipper and Mr. Nye, "that a ship's jester has ended up by owning the ship. What do you think of my vessel?"

Both mariners stared at him, fascinated and amazed.

"Rot me and grind my bones!" murmured the skipper.

"Shoot me for a junk-thief!" said Mr. Nye. "How in blazes did you do it?"

"It's very simple," replied Tip McCune modestly. "Up at the Northern the other night I got the idea from rubbering at a seltzer bottle. You know, if you've ever been in vaudeville or traveled with a circus, you will learn a whole lot of things they don't teach you in school. For instance, you learn to take a chance—and if you're broke it doesn't worry you. If you can't find a cleaner and presser to put a crease in your Sunday pants you fold them and slip them under the mattress and sleep on them. People say, 'Beware of substitutes'; but I tell you if it wasn't for substitutes we couldn't get along. Consequently, when we found there were no pumps in Skagway I looked round for a substitute—and discovered it in a seltzer bottle."

"You're a liar by the clock!" said the skipper.

"Shut up and listen!" roared Mr. Nye rudely. "Go on, Tip. What did you do next?"

"Well, you remember there was some of that up-freight piled on deck. Part of it consisted of forty-four fifty-foot lengths of three-inch iron waterpipe. The deck burned away under this pipe and the fire was so hot that it heated the pipe; and when the burning deck gave way one end of those pipes fell into the blazing hold and the other end leaned against a part of the deck that was badly burned, but did not fall through. Result: The iron piping became heated and bent in the middle at almost right angles without affecting the carrying capacity of the pipes where they were bent.

"I took these forty-four pieces of pipe and ran them out through that burned hole in the hull. One end projected into the water-filled ship and the other end projected out on to the beach. Then the tide came in and submerged the whole business—but the tide went out again, and as the tide receded the water in the Shandon Belle was siphoned out until the hold was practically free of water. Then I had the pipes withdrawn; the hole was patched and when the tide came in again the Shandon Belle floated. There was a steamship man in Skagway who said he'd give twenty-five thousand dollars for the wreck, delivered alongside the wharf—and I've just come from closing with him.

"I don't think I'll ever go to sea again," continued Tip McCune plaintively. "It's a hard life! I'll clean up here tomorrow and buy me a first-class passage back to San Francisco Saturday, on the City of Pueblo. I wired Sholto—he's the fellow that owns the circus that went broke, and he says the show is going under the hammer in two weeks if he can't make good. I'll get back just in time to bid it in for myself. You know, there's good money even in a one-ringed, one-elephant circus if you play the pumpkin circuits. It's death to go into the big cities with a show like that; and the Old Man ought to have known ——"

"Oh, say, Nye!" gasped the skipper. "And I thought all along he was just a plain damned fool!"

"Tip," said Mr. Nye humbly, "you're a smart man; and me and the skipper we — "

He broke off suddenly ashamed—and Tip McCune held out a hand to each.

"Thank you for shanghaing me," he said, and laughed. "And, remember, if you ever happen round where my circus is making a stand I'll shill you through and give you a ride on the elephant!"

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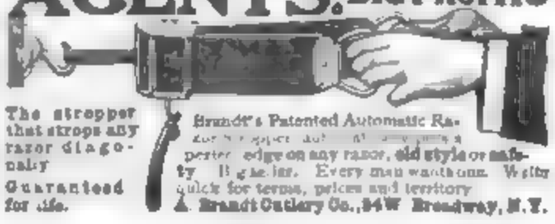

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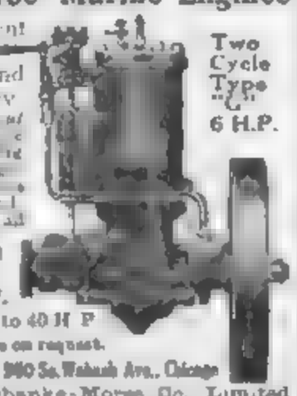

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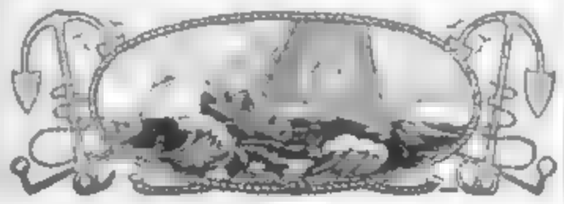

In this Hoosier Cabinet the owner has put 110 dishes, 41 packages and more than 200 other articles

How a Hoosier Cabinet Saves Miles of Steps

Your table is the center of all your kitchen work. Everything you take to your stove, to your sink, to your dining room, first goes onto your table. Everything you bring from your pantry, refrigerator, cupboard, cellar, goes onto your table.

If you must walk from place to place to collect these things and put them back again, your kitchen is not ideal. It tires you.

Your ideal kitchen saves these steps by combining in the Hoosier Cabinet a pantry and cupboard around a big table covered with pure aluminum.

The Hoosier Cabinet puts everything at your fingers' ends. You can sit down at work. Your table is not cluttered. Spices, sugar, salt, dishes, flour, utensils—everything has its place. You get through quickly.

Join the Hoosier Model Kitchen Club Now, $1

Opinions of 450,000 Owners

All over America women who own Hoosiers are delighted with their kitchens. Praises are endless.

"I wouldn't be without my Hoosier for $100."

"My Automatic Servant."

"It is simply wonderful. It saves miles of steps for tired feet."

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"It puts everything in my kitchen at my fingers' ends."

Out of 450,000 Hoosiers sold, you couldn't buy a second-hand Hoosier Cabinet for love or money anywhere.

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Without extra cost you get with the Hoosier, a sanitary, metal flour bin, capacity 65 pounds; "clock-face" patented want list; roomy cupboard for cereals, dishes, etc.; metal sugar bin, dust proof; crystal glass air-tight spice jars; glass air-tight tea and coffee jars; handy utensil hooks; sanitary rolling pin rack; improved metal bread and cake box; metal cake tray; compartment cutlery drawer; linen drawer; large pot and kettle cupboard; pan racks; sliding shelf; convenient cutting board; patented aluminum covered table, 40x39 inches—larger, more convenient than a kitchen table; copper-plated adjustable door fasteners; ball-bearing, high-grade pressed steel casters. Finish is Golden Oak, water and steam proof.

Size—height, 5 feet 8 inches—width, 3 feet 4 inches—depth of lower section, 2 feet 4 inches.

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A certain number of Hoosier Cabinets have been sent to each of the 3000 Hoosier agents (leading furniture merchant in each town) to be sold on the famous Hoosier Club Plan. Membership in these clubs is limited by the number of cabinets sent. Each member admitted pays $1.00 membership fee; balance in $1.00 weekly dues for a few weeks. The cabinet is delivered at once.

How Low Fixed Price Protects You

The Hoosier Cabinet cost is lowered by great volume of Hoosier sales. To insure you full benefit of this cost saving the low price of the Hoosier Cabinet is fixed at the factory. You enjoy the liberal credit of the club plan no matter where you live, without paying one penny more than this low fixed price.

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Thousands of women buy Hoosier Cabinets every month. With this great club offer the demand doubles. The number of Hoosiers on the club plan for each town is limited. Only 1 woman in 5 who wanted Hoosier Cabinets could get one in some towns where this plan was tried first. Those who want a real Hoosier Cabinet should go to the store of the Hoosier agent and enter their names early.

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Send now for a copy of the Model Kitchen Book (text book used in many Domestic Science Schools).

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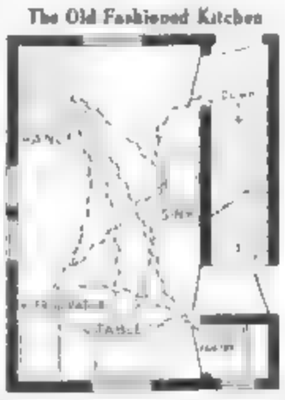
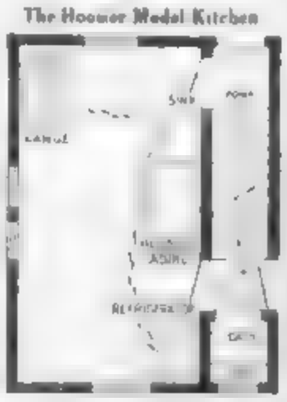
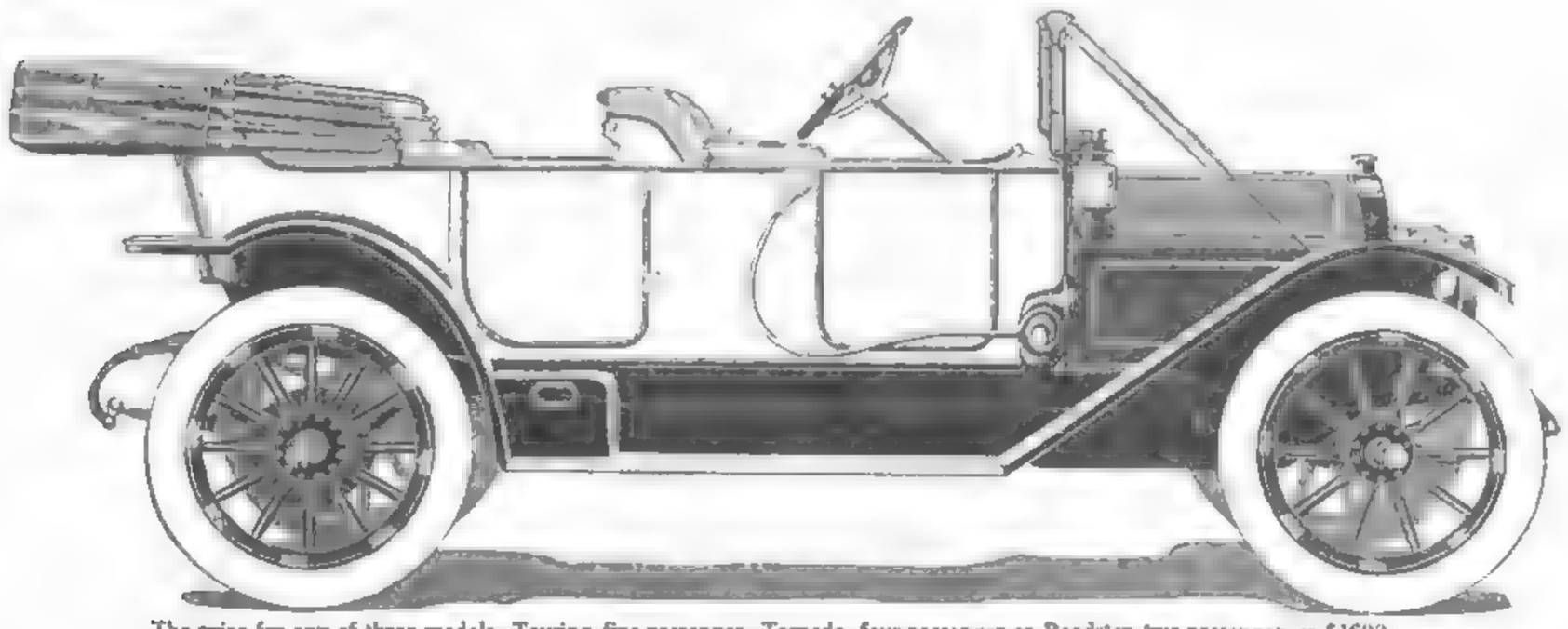


LICENSED AGENTS FOR

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

The Hoosier Model Kitchen





The price for any of three models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger or Roadster, two-passenger—is $1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip any car before it is ready for use, for top, "Disco" Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

Examine Our Rivals' Car, Too

We urge you to examine other cars as well as the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33."

If you can't find it convenient to personally examine the other cars, get catalogs and compare the illustrations. Lay the photographs of the engines and chasses side by side.

Note as a comparison of simplicity the complications of other self-starters, if there is one. Some use miles of electric wire. They are so heavy that they tax the engine with power to operate them and add a load to the car weight equal to an extra passenger.

Note how easily such starters can get out of order. Many starters are so much a part of the car that when they are out of order the automobile is out of commission.

Now turn to the amazingly simple HUDSON "33" Self-Starter. Note its weight of only 4 pounds. Note its utter simplicity of only 12 parts. It is the only self-starter that Howard E. Coffin—America's foremost engineer—would O. K.

Many cars having a jumble of rods, wires, exposed mechanism—and other mechanical obstructions—are difficult to understand.

See how they are bound to collect dust and sand that must eventually ruin the car. Vital parts of cars of such design are so inaccessible that they cannot be reached except by tearing out other parts of the car.

These things add greatly to the cost of maintenance. They interfere seriously with the performance of the car.

You need not be an automobile expert to understand such disadvantages.

You immediately recognize that by eliminating approximately 1000 parts, we can put the money thus saved into bettering the quality of the parts that are used. That is why experts do not compare the HUDSON with other cars selling within its price-range between $1400 and $2000—but with cars which sell above $2500.

What This Means in Reducing Repair Charges

Most repair expense is for the time required to remove the obstructions that interfere with the free access of the part needing attention and for the replacing of those rods and wires and other things after the repair has been made.

At 60 cents an hour—the minimum charge for such service—you can understand what this means when four or five hours must be consumed in removing and in replacing parts in order to make an adjustment that, were it not for this inaccessibility, could be made in a few minutes. You save all such expense and annoyance if you own a *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33." It is accessible in every detail.

The Dust Proof Idea

Dust and sand cut the finest bearings.

No amount of wear is so destructive. Note what provision has been made in other cars for protecting moving parts and then look at these details on the HUDSON "33." The valves are enclosed. Dust never gets into their mechanism. They are protected from such wear. Thus they are not so likely to become noisy. Every moving part of the car is fully protected and that means long service. It means a greater operating economy.

A Value Catalogs Cannot Show

It is impossible to fully compare values of automobiles by reference to illustrations and catalogs.

Even experts do not always know the character or suitableness of materials for the functions they must perform, even when the cars can be personally examined.

You cannot realize beauty by looking at illustrations. You cannot appreciate quality of finish by a hasty examination.

To do this you must have had the car for some time and then have learned how well the finish stands up under service.

You must ride in the cars to know their riding qualities. You must drive them to know which is easier to operate.

Experts Do Not Know

Even a skilled musician cannot correctly choose which of two pianos has the finer tone if he cannot test the instruments side by side.

By looking at an automobile in one salesroom and another at another place, aren't you likely to be persuaded in your choice by the more convincing salesman?

You may measure the seats and find a difference in the width, but can you carry in your mind for half an hour the qualities of one while examining the other?

Others have found that they can't do that.

But they have learned a better, safer way to choose. They make their choice as they choose their doctors. Not by demanding that the doctor explain how he will treat their affliction, but by the successes he has had for others.

Having confidence in him, his advice is faithfully followed.

Engineers must necessarily know more of their work than do laymen. In this they are experts. Their reputations rest upon their accomplishments. Why not, then, choose the most successful engineer and accept his work as the car you should have?

In such a case your choice would be the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33," for it is Howard E. Coffin's greatest car.

Thousands in the hands of owners endorse the wisdom of such a choice. The long, hard service those cars have given to the individuals who own them confirm all that has ever been said for them.

You can do no better than to choose "the Master car of the Master builder."

If you don't know the dealer nearest you, write for his address. We will also tell you much more about the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" that you will be interested in knowing.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., 7230 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

THE LIGHTED WAY

Continued from Page 23

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are always so gloomy, my young friend," she said. "We will have luncheon together, you and I, and I will try to teach you how to be gay. Tell me, then," she went on, as they reached the landing and she waited for Arnold to open the door leading into the private room, "how is the little invalid girl this morning."

"The little invalid girl is well," Arnold replied.

"She was not too tired yesterday, I hope?" Fenella asked.

"Not in the least," Arnold assured her. "We both of us felt that we did not thank you half enough for our wonderful day."

"Oh, *id, id!*" Fenella exclaimed. "It was a whim of mine, that is all. I liked having you both there. Some day you must come again, and if you are very good I may let you bring the young lady, though I'm not so sure of that. Do you know that my brother was asking me questions about her last night until I thought my head would swim?" she continued curiously.

"Count Sabatini was very kind to her," Arnold remarked. "Poor little girl, I am afraid she is going to have rather a rough time. She had quite an alarming experience last night after our return."

"You must tell me all about it presently," Fenella declared. "Shall we take this little round table near the window? It will be delightful, that, for when we are tired with one another we can watch the people in the street. Have you ever sat and watched the people in the street, Arnold?"

"Not often," he answered, giving his hat to a waiter and following her across the little room. "You see there are not many people to watch from the windows where I live, but there is always the river."

"A terribly dreary place," Fenella declared.

Arnold shook his head.

"Don't believe it," he replied. "Only a short time ago the days were very dark indeed. Ruth and I together did little else except watch the barges come up, and the slowly moving vessels, and the lights, and the swarms of people on Blackfriars Bridge. Life was all watching then."

"One would weary soon," she murmured, "of being a spectator. You are scarcely that now."

"There has been a great change," he answered simply. "In those days I was very near starvation. I had no idea how I was going to find work. Yet even then I found myself longing for adventures of any sort—anything to quicken the blood, to feel the earth swell beneath my feet."

She was watching him with that curious look in her eyes that he never wholly understood—half mocking, half tender.

"And, after all," she murmured, "you found your way to Tooley Street and the office of Mr. Samuel Weatherley."

She threw herself back in her chair and laughed so irresistibly that Arnold in a moment or two found himself laughing too.

"It is all very well," he said, "but I am not at all sure that adventures do not sometimes come even to Tooley Street."

She shook her head.

"I shall never believe it. Tell me now about Mr. Weatherley. Was he very sorry when he arrived for having caused you so much anxiety?"

"I have not yet seen Mr. Weatherley," Arnold replied. "Up until the time when I left the office he had not arrived."

She set down the glass she had been in the act of raising. For the first time she seemed to take this matter seriously.

"What time was that?" she asked.

"Ten minutes past twelve."

She frowned.

"It certainly does begin to look a little queer," she admitted. "Do you think that he has met with an accident?"

"We have already tried the hospitals and the police station," he told her.

She looked at him steadfastly.

"You have an idea—you have some idea of what has happened," she said.

"Nothing very definite," Arnold replied gravely. "I cannot imagine what it all means, but I believe that Mr. Weatherley has disappeared."

XXVI

FOR several moments Fenella sat quite still. She was suddenly an altered woman. All the natural gayety and vivacity seemed to have faded from her features. There were suggestions of another self zealously kept concealed. It was a curious revelation. Even her tone, when she spoke, was altered. The words seemed to be dragged from her lips.

"You have some reason for saying this," she murmured.

"I have," Arnold admitted.

Just then the waiter entered the room, bringing in a portion of the lunch they had ordered. Fenella rose and walked to a mirror at the other end of the apartment. She stood there powdering her cheeks for a moment, with her back turned to Arnold. When the waiter had gone she returned, humming a tune. Her effort at self-rehabilitation was obvious.

"You gave me a shock, my friend," she declared, sitting down. "Please do not do it again. I am not accustomed to having things put to me quite so plainly."

"I am sorry," Arnold said. "It was hideously clumsy of me."

"It is of no consequence now," she continued. "Please give me some of that red wine and go on with your story. Tell me exactly what you mean."

"It is simply this," Arnold explained. "A few days ago I noticed that Mr. Weatherley was busy writing for several hours. It was evidently some private matter and nothing whatever to do with the business. When he had finished he put some documents into a small safe, locked them up and, to my surprise, gave me the key."

"This was long ago?"

"It was almost immediately after Mr. Rosario's murder," he replied. "When he gave me the key he told me that if anything unexpected should happen to him I was to open the safe and inspect the documents. He particularly used the words: 'If anything unexpected should happen to me or if I should disappear.'"

"You really believe, then," she asked, "that he had some idea in his mind that something was likely to happen to him, or that he intended to disappear?"

"His action proves it," Arnold reminded her. "So far as we know there is no earthly reason for his not having turned up at the office this morning. This afternoon I shall open the safe."

"You mean that you will open it if you do not find him in the office when you return?"

"He will not be there," Arnold said decidedly.

Fenella's eyes were filled with fear. Arnold went on hastily:

"Perhaps I ought not to say that. I have nothing in the world to go on. It is only just an idea of mine. It isn't that I am afraid anything has happened to him, but I feel convinced somehow that we shall not hear anything more of Mr. Weatherley for some time."

"You will open the safe then, this afternoon?"

"I must," Arnold replied.

For several minutes neither of them spoke a word. Fenella made a pretense at eating her luncheon. Arnold ate mechanically, his thoughts striving in vain to focus themselves upon the immediate question. It was she who ended the silence.

"What do you think you will find in those documents?"

"I—I don't know," Arnold answered. "To tell you the truth," he went on earnestly, "I was going to ask you whether you knew of anything in his life or affairs that could explain this?"

"I am not sure that I understand you," she said.

"It seems a strange question," Arnold continued, "and yet it presents itself. I was going to ask you whether you knew of any reason whatsoever why Mr. Weatherley should voluntarily choose to go into hiding?"

"You have something in your mind when you ask me a question like this. What should I know about it at all? What makes you ask me?"

Then Arnold took courage. Her eyes seemed to be compelling him.

"What I am going to say," he began, "may sound very foolish to you. I cannot help it. I only hope that you will not be angry with me."

Her eyes met his steadily.

"No," she murmured, "I will not be angry—I promise you that. It is better that I should know exactly what is in your mind. At present I do not understand."

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His manner acquired a new earnestness. He forgot his luncheon and leaned across the table toward her.

"Fenella," he said, "try to consider how these things of which I am going to speak must have presented themselves to me. Try, if you can, to put yourself in my position for a few minutes. Before that evening on which Mr. Weatherley asked me to come to your house nothing in the shape of an adventure had ever happened to me. I had had my troubles, but they were ordinary ones such as the whole world knows of. From the time when I went to school to the time when I had to leave college hurriedly, lost my father and came up to London a pauper, life with me was entirely an obvious affair. From the night I crossed the threshold of your house things were different."

There was a cloud upon her face. She began to drum with her slim forefingers upon the tablecloth.

"I think that I would rather you did not go on," she said.

"I must," he declared fervently. "These things have been in my mind too long. It is not well for our friendship that I should have such thoughts and leave them unuttered. On that very first evening—the first time I ever saw you—you behaved, in a way, strangely. You took me into your little sitting room and I could see that you were in trouble. Something was happening, or you were afraid that it was going to happen. You sent me to the window to look out and see if any one was watching the house. You remember all that?"

"Yes," she murmured, "I remember."

"There was some one watching it," Arnold went on. "I told you—I saw your lips quiver with fear. Then your husband came in and took you away. You left me there in the room alone. I was to wait for you. While I was there one of the men who had been watching stole up through your garden to the very window. I saw his face. I saw his hand upon the window-sill with that strange ring upon his finger. You have not forgotten?"

"Forgotten!" she repeated. "As though that were possible!"

"Very well," Arnold continued. "Now let me ask you to remember another evening only last week—the night I dined with your brother. I brought you home from the music hall and we found that your sitting room had been entered from that same window. The door was locked and we all thought that burglars must be there. I climbed in at the window from the garden. You know what I found."

All the time she seemed to have been making an effort at listening to him unconcernedly. At this point, however, she broke down. She abandoned her attempt at continuing her luncheon. She looked up at him and she was trembling.

"Don't go on!" she begged—"please don't!"

"I must," he insisted. "These things have taken possession of me. I cannot sleep or rest for thinking of them."

"For my sake," she implored, "try to forget!"

He shook his head.

"It isn't possible," he said simply. "I am not made like that. Even if you hate me for it I must go on. You know what I found in your sitting room that night."

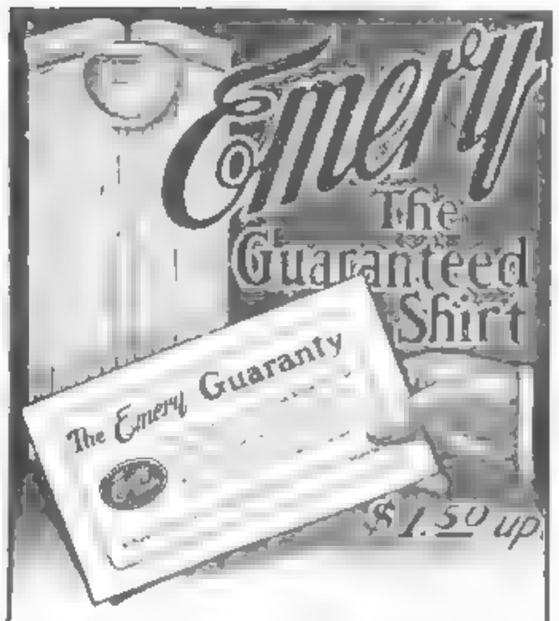
"But this is cruel!" she murmured.

"I found a dead man—a man who to all appearance had been murdered there. Not only that, but there must have been people close at hand who were connected with him in some way or who were responsible for the crime. We left the room for five minutes and when we came back he had disappeared. All that we can judge as to what became of him is that this same night a dead man was left in a taxicab not far away by an unknown man whom as yet the police have failed to find."

"But this is all too horrible!" she murmured. "Why do you remind me of it?"

"Because I must," he went on. "Listen. There are other things. This man Starling, for instance, whom I met at your house and who is suspected of the murder of Rosario—both your brother and you seem to be trying to shield him. I don't understand it. I can't understand it. Your brother talked to me strangely the night I dined with him, but half the time I felt that he was not serious. I do not for a moment believe that he would stoop to any undignified or criminal action. I believe in him as I do in you. Yet if Starling is guilty why do you both protect him?"

"Is there anything else?" she faltered.



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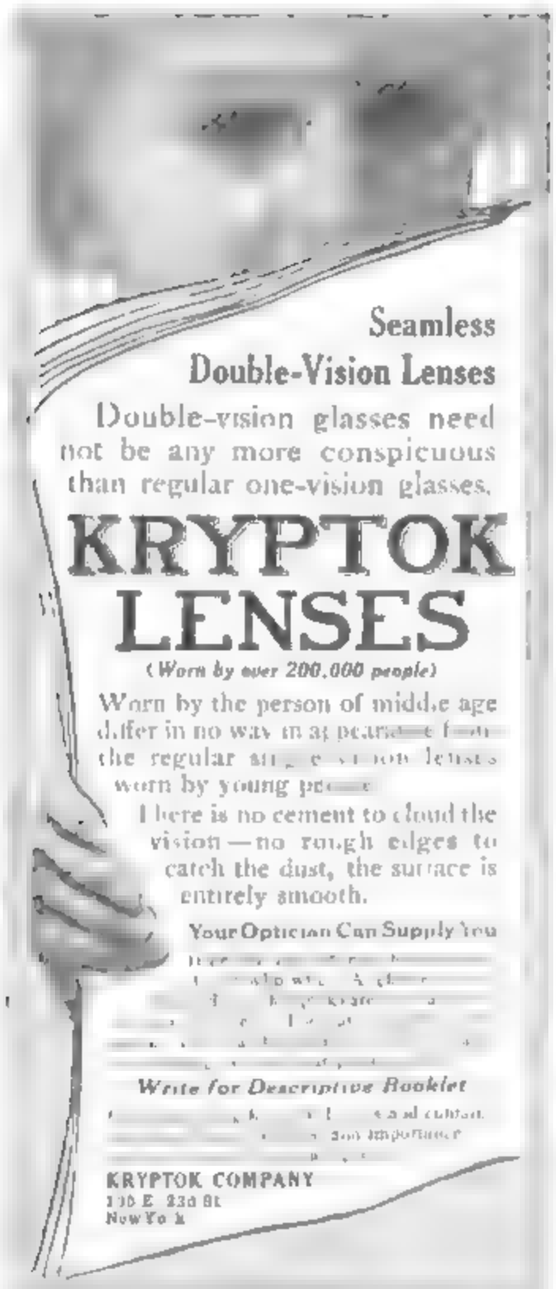

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"There is the final thing," he reminded her, "the reason why I have mentioned these matters to you at all—I mean the disappearance of Mr. Weatherley. Supposing he does not come back, how am I to keep silent, knowing all that I know—knowing that he was living in a house surrounded by mysteries? I hate my suspicions. They are like ugly shadows that follow me about. I like and admire your brother, and you—you know ——"

He could not finish his sentence. She raised her eyes and he saw that they were full of tears.

"Help me," he begged. "You can if you will. Give me your confidence and I will tell you something that I think even you do not know."

"Something concerning with these happenings."

"Something concerned with them," he assented. "I will tell you when and by whom the body of that man was removed from your sitting room."

She sat looking at him like a woman turned to stone. There was incredulity in her eyes, incredulity and horror.

"You cannot know that!" she faltered.

"I do know it," he asserted.

"Why have you kept this a secret from me?" she asked.

"I do not know," he answered. "Somehow or other, when I have been with you, I have felt more anxious to talk of other things. Then there was another reason that made me anxious to forget the whole affair if I could. I had some knowledge of one of the men who were concerned in taking the victim away."

"Listen," Fenella replied. "I do not ask you to tell me anything more about that night—I do not wish to hear anything. Tell me instead exactly what it is that you want from me."

"I want nothing more nor less," he answered gently, "than permission to be your friend and to possess a little more of your confidence. I want you to end this mystery that surrounds the things of which I have spoken."

"And supposing," she said thoughtfully, "supposing I find that my obligations to other people forbid me to discuss these matters any more with you?"

"I can only hope," he answered, "that you will not feel like that. Remember that these things must have some bearing upon the disappearance of Mr. Weatherley."

She rose to her feet with a little shrug of the shoulders and walked up and down the room for several moments, humming a light tune to herself. Arnold watched her, struggling all the time against the reluctant admiration with which she always inspired him.

"And it was for a luncheon such as this," she protested, "that I wore my new Paris gown and came all the way from the country. I expected compliments at least. Perhaps I even hoped," she whispered, leaning a little toward him, with a smile upon her lips that was half mirthful, half provocative, "that I might have turned for a moment that wonderfully hard head of yours."

Arnold rose abruptly to his feet.

"You treat men as though they were puppets," he muttered.

"And you speak of puppets," she murmured, "as though theirs was a most undesirable existence. Have you never tried to be a puppet, Arnold?"

He stepped a little farther back still and gripped the back of the chair, but she kept close to him.

"I am to have no other answer from you, then, but this foolery?" he demanded roughly.

"Why, yes!" she replied graciously. "I have an answer ready for you. You are so abrupt. Listen to what I propose. We will go together to your office and see whether it is true that Mr. Weatherley has not returned. If he has really disappeared and I think that anything that I can tell you will help, perhaps then I will do as you ask. It depends a great deal upon what you find in those papers. Shall we go now or would you like to stay here a little longer?"

"We will go at once," he said firmly.

She sighed and passed out of the door.

"It is I who am a heroine," she declared. "I am coming down to Tooley Street with you. I am coming to brave the smells and the fog and the heat."

He handed her into the car. He had sufficiently recovered his self-control to smile. "In other words," he said, "you mean to be there when I open the safe!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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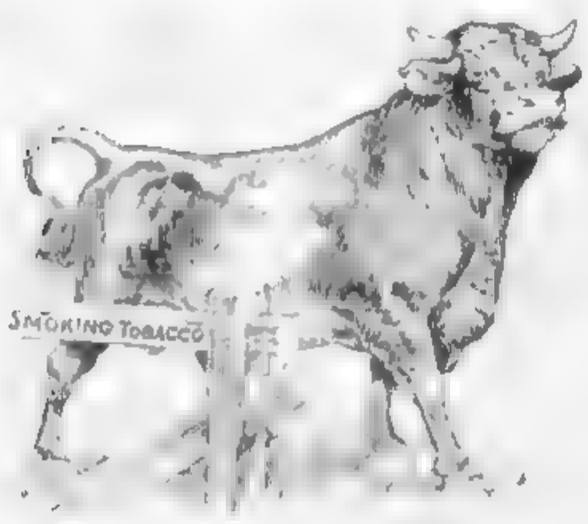

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THE PANAMA PLUM TREE

(Continued from Page 9

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The Board of Trade and Transportation of New York has put itself on record out and out in favor of free tolls for American ships.

The Hansa Line, of Bremen—the third largest German steamship company—with a fleet of more than sixty steamers, is now putting on Panama ships.

It looks as if the East were alive to Panama's possibilities, all right—doesn't it?—and unanimous at least on the fact that there is a prize worth trying for? Curiously enough—but it is not surprising—though the American shippers, the American transportation men, talk freely of Panama, the foreign steamship men are as mum as oysters! I had a curious experience of this in a European line of big freighters. A friend, who is one of the leading agents, had happened to tell me of the two big freighters they were having constructed in anticipation of the Panama trade.

"Freighters for Panama traffic!" exclaimed their general manager, not knowing I had already seen photographs of the architect's prints. "Not a ton! We have no plans whatever as to Panama." Yet this line already has an agent on the field in every city on the Pacific Coast. The reason for this reticence is too plain for comment. Leave affairs exactly as they are, let American navigation laws stand just as they exist, and, tolls or no tolls at Panama, the foreign carriers will continue to handle ninety-one per cent of American commerce.

A Treaty That Ties Our Hands

When you have said that the shippers of the Eastern American seaports are unanimous on the fact that Panama presages one of the biggest trade revivals America has ever known—you are at the absolute limit of their agreement. On the subject of navigation laws, tolls or no tolls, ship subsidy and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, there is the same conflicting, contradictory opinion as on the Pacific Coast. In proportion to his breadth of view, a man usually recognizes the reason for the violently contradictory views; and, in proportion to the microscopic animalculæ of his gray matter, he considers the other fellow "a liar" and "a fool." There doesn't seem to be anything halfway in views on Panama. It was the same when Spain set out for treasure on the high seas four centuries ago. They fell to breaking heads at once. That is the case with Panama today.

"No tolls—no tolls at all; free tolls to the whole world. Such a policy will inaugurate the greatest activity in preparations for the canal that the world has ever known in the history of shipping and commerce!" declares John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union.

"I don't know what Hay was thinking of in that Pauncefote treaty, to put us at a disadvantage with nations that already have an advantage over us in building and operating cheaper than we can!" declared the editor who was close to Theodore Roosevelt's confidence during the negotiations; "but I do know that, Hay-Pauncefote treaty or no Hay-Pauncefote treaty, having spent four hundred million dollars on the canal I don't believe in making a present of it to the steamship companies of the world! Let them pay tolls for what they get; and if that throws our world traffic into the hands of foreign carriers let the foreigners act as carriers. These dray-carts in the street act as carriers for us; and it doesn't impoverish us to let them do the carrying——"

"But wait!" says Lewis Nixon, who has had much experience in American shipping. "But wait! That freighting of foreign vessels and the use of foreign capital, insurance, brokerage and other charges has drained us in thirty years of six billion dollars in gold—two hundred millions a year it has cost. So long as a foreign octopus has a tentacle fastened to every one of our seaports, sucking our financial lifeblood, so long will legislation be futile to build up the system of a patient bleeding to death. The one thing our foreign rivals fear is a preference for our own ships in tonnage taxes. The regulation this way is constitutional—subsidies are not!"

"Yes; the navigation laws are utterly obsolete and unworkable! They date back to 1789 and 1812 and 1840. They must be abolished!" declared a Maritime Exchange man.

"But if you abolish the laws, and let Americans build and buy and equip abroad, won't the abolition of those laws let foreign ships in on your coast-to-coast trade? And, because they can operate cheaper, won't that swamp the American completely?"

Free Toll and Free Trade

"Of course it would. It would put us Americans all out of business as long as protection keeps the price of material so high; but, when you abolish the old laws, pass new ones! What American shipping needs is a free toll for coast-to-coast trade—not free tolls for international trade. Then pass a law closing our port-to-port traffic to foreigners—and our merchant marine will take care of itself, without any subsidies."

"As a steamship man, of course I want free tolls," declared the president of one of the big companies; "but as a member of Congress I don't know whether I think I should support that. Traffic could stand a toll lower than Suez, which began at two dollars and is now under one dollar and thirty cents, without any detriment."

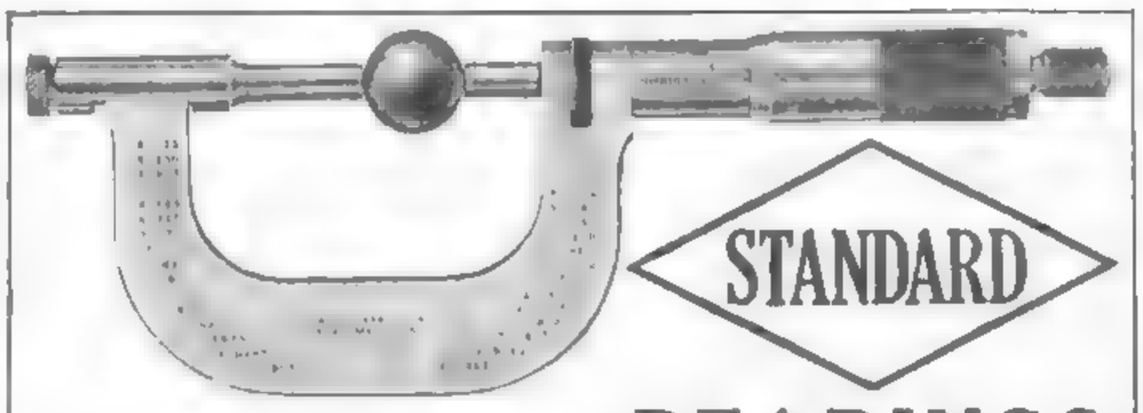
Right against that advocacy of the Suez policy stands the resolution of the Suez directors themselves, when they made their last reduction to six francs plus: "Each alleviation of the burden borne by the shipping trade constitutes a stimulus for the activity of maritime commerce. The reduction from the higher to the lower tariff has been compensated by the increased tonnage."

"What would be the effect of Senator Bristow's bill for the operation of a Government steamship line through Panama?" I asked President Dearborn, of the Pacific-Hawaii, which cannot be accused of being "a little brother" to any railroad system or having any affiliation outside its own directorate.

"What would be the effect of a Government-operated line?" he repeated. "The Government's Panama Line is being run at a loss now. Put the American merchant marine, with its high cost of building and high cost of operating, in competition with a Government line run at a loss—why, such a project would put us all out of business—that is all! It may be good politics, but it would simply kill what there is of our American merchant marine. We have built up, without subsidy, fear or favor, our present fleet of more than twenty ships. Why put us out of business?"

"So long as the law which denies American listed companies the right to go abroad for their boats remains in effect, any scheme for a merchant marine must fail to command the necessary capital," said President Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank.

"There is little inducement for the investment of capital in steamships under our present navigation laws," declare Nelson Cook & Company, of Baltimore. "Under the laws, a citizen of the United



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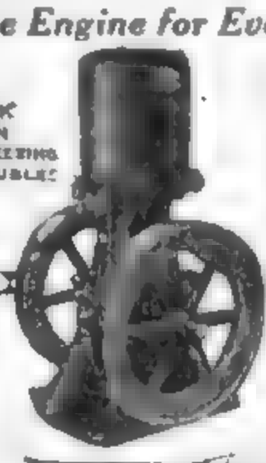

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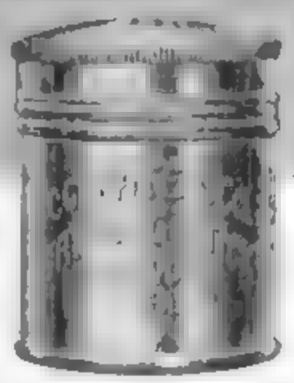

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States is positively forbidden to purchase a ship built in a foreign port. Furthermore, he is so restricted by the laws governing maintenance and operation as to be unable to compete with foreign-owned vessels. Ships can be built in foreign countries at about forty per cent below the cost here. It costs twice as much to run a steamship in this country as it does the foreign owner. Foreign ships are prohibited from trading in our intercoastal trade. There seem to be only two sides to this question—either our navigation laws must be changed so an American citizen can buy his ships in the lowest market; or the Government should protect the American owner by a subsidy. What we should prefer is that the navigation laws be repealed."

"Panama will cause a great revival of the merchant marine because the time is ripe for it," said President Dearborn, of the Pacific-Hawaii. "Free tolls are the best kind of subsidy—free tolls for the intercoastal traffic, and a toll beneath that of Suez for international traffic, either American or foreign. This will not violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. A great change is impending in transportation on this continent, and I do not think the railroads will oppose it. What they lose in continental traffic they will make up many times in local freight. We want free tolls for intercoastal trade if we can get them; but if you abolish all the navigation laws and let foreigners engage in our intercoastal trade, that will put the American marine out of business; for foreigners can build at half we can and operate cheaper; and they are satisfied with two or three per cent on capital where American capital will not venture unless sure of more. Without the coastwise laws we should be helpless in competition; and it is very doubtful, indeed, if a subsidy is legal under our laws. Reserve to us the coastal traffic and give our coastal ships free toll—and our merchant marine will prosper when Panama opens."

Eastern and Western Views

And now, comparing views regarding Panama on the Atlantic and Pacific, how do they stand?

Both demand the repeal of the old navigation laws; but the East says, "not all" the navigation laws. Reserve to the American marine the coast-to-coast trade.

Both declare that free tolls are all the merchant marine needs for prosperity; but again the East says, "free tolls, but not for all"; free tolls only for intercoastal trade—and tolls on international traffic, whether in American or foreign bottoms. This, certain authority contends, would violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The exact words of the section of the treaty in question are:

ARTICLE III. The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules in terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, nor its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

Both East and West alike seem lukewarm or indecisive on the subject of a subsidy. It will be noticed that both Mr. Dearborn and Mr. Nixon, authorities on shipping, contend that a subsidy might be held to be illegal or unconstitutional. It will be remembered, when tenders were opened for the Panama postal subsidy, there was only one offer—that of the Pacific-Hawaii; and the Pacific-Hawaii found itself utterly unable to conform to the terms of the post-office requirements. This was not because the bankers and railroads conspired to crush a subsidized Panama line, but simply because the speed demanded for untried waters and the small amount of mail available to earn the subsidy rendered the scheme, as outlined by the Post-Office Department, financially impossible. Panama, in these days of express fliers and aviators, will never be a great mail route but a great freight route. The two types of ships are different—one for speed, one for space; and the amount of mail available does not justify the outlay of capital needed for the speedy ship.

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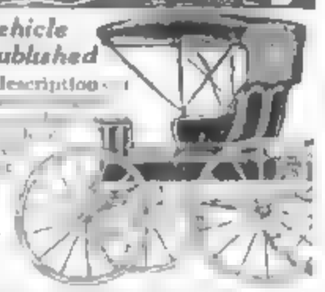

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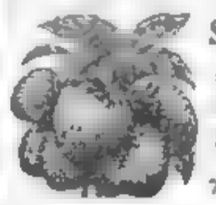

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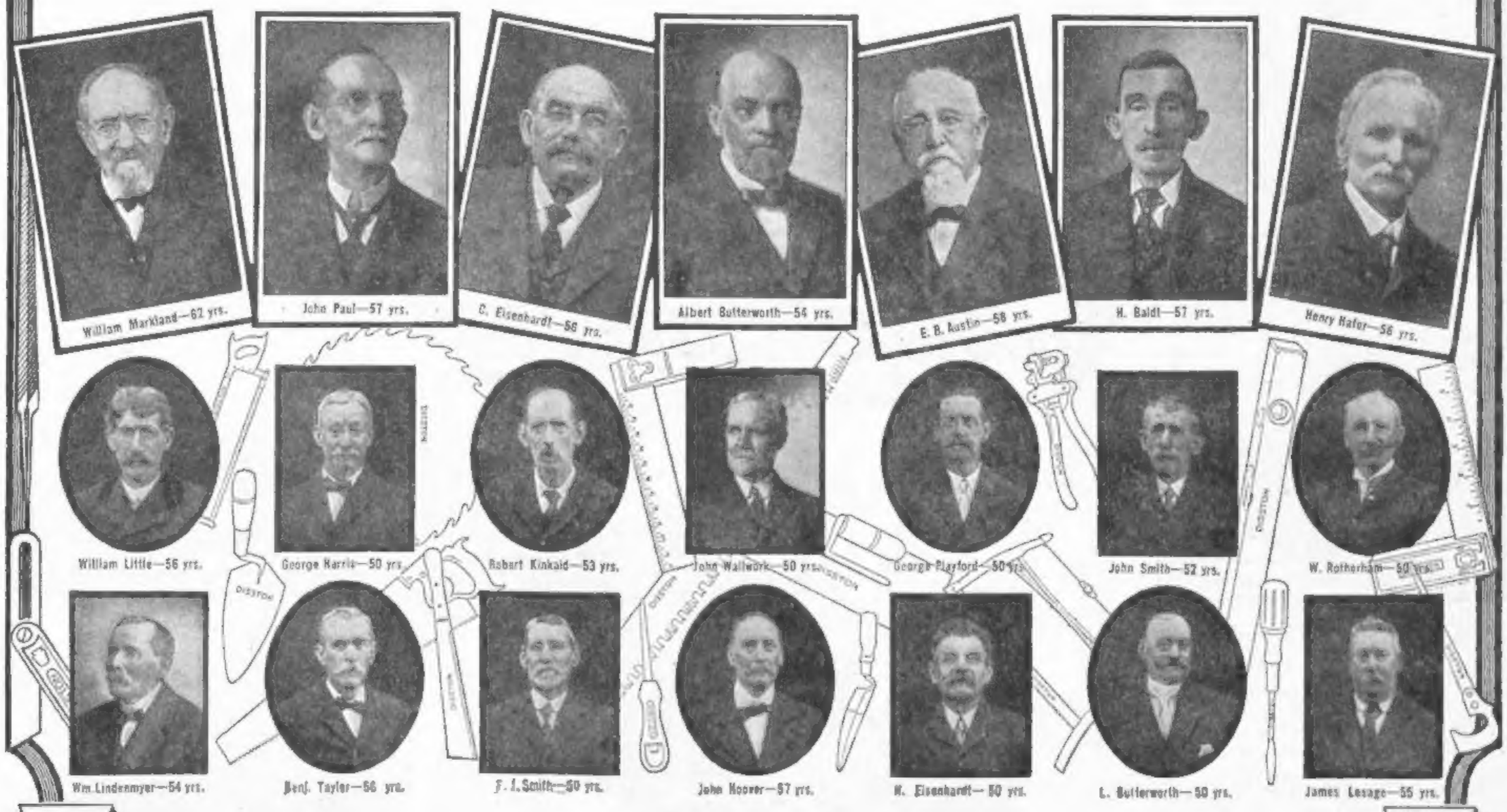

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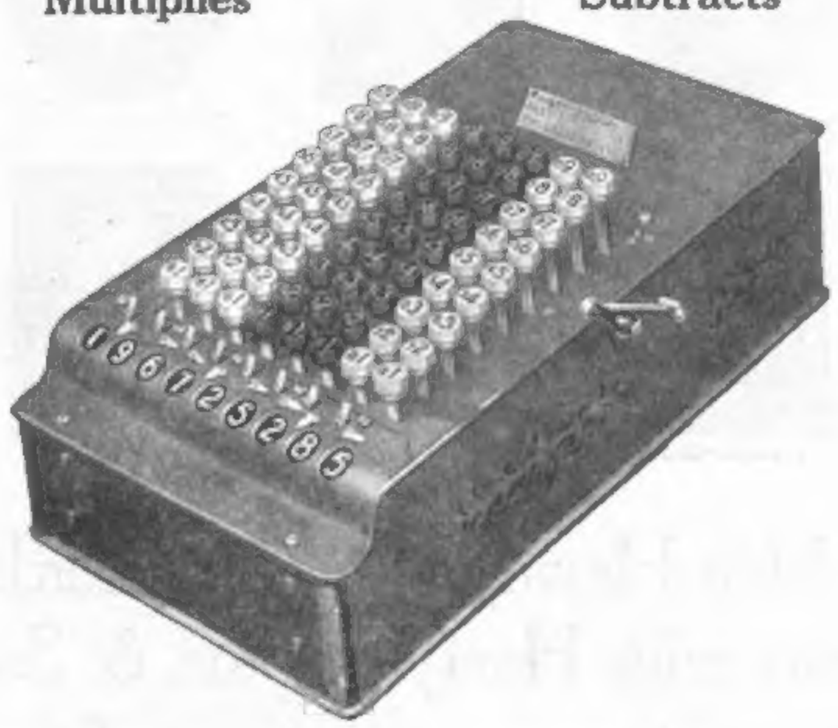

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